

BRITANNIA ^{and} EVE

SEPTEMBER

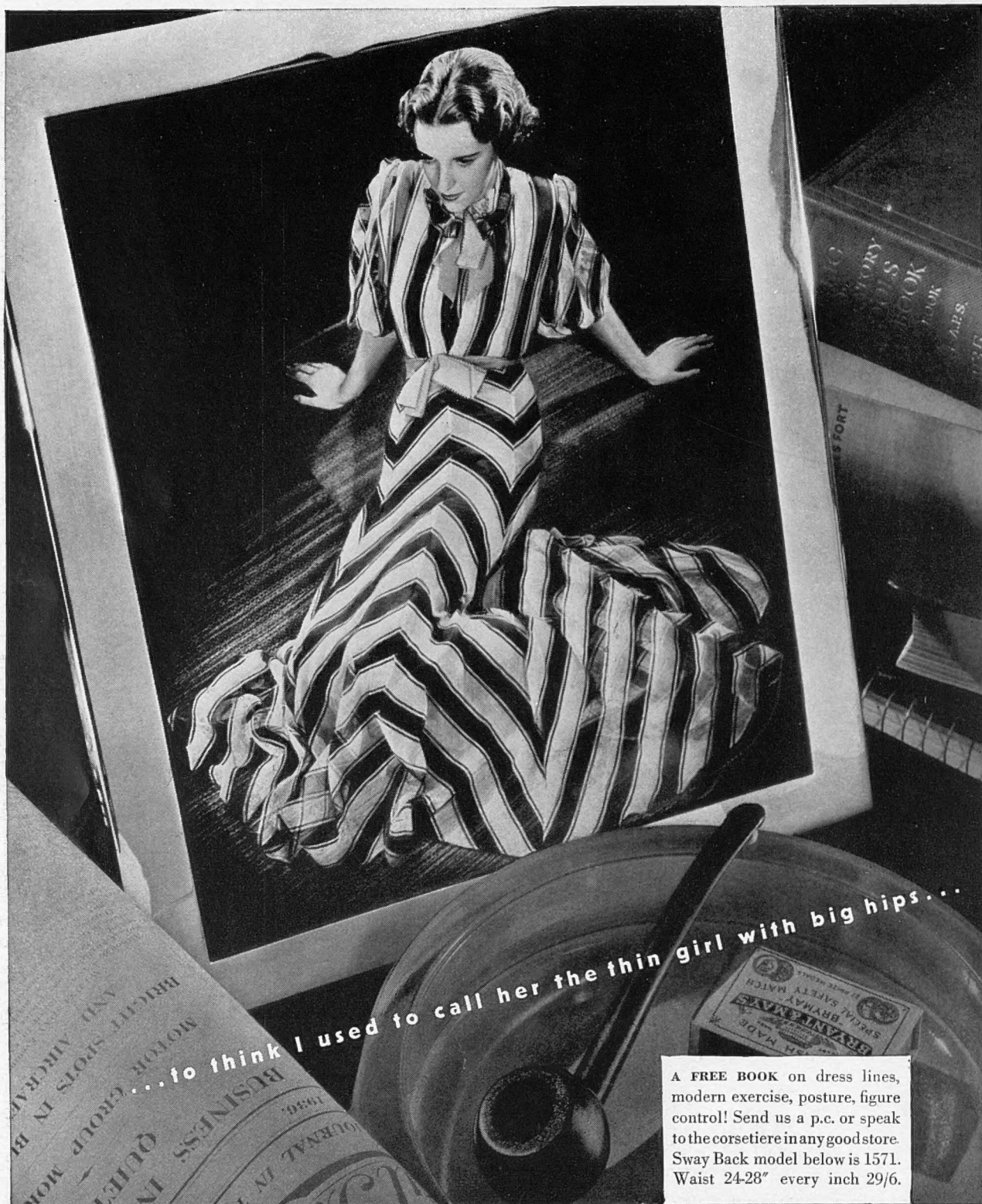
1936

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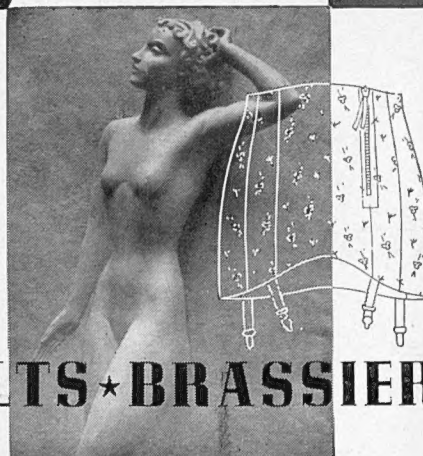


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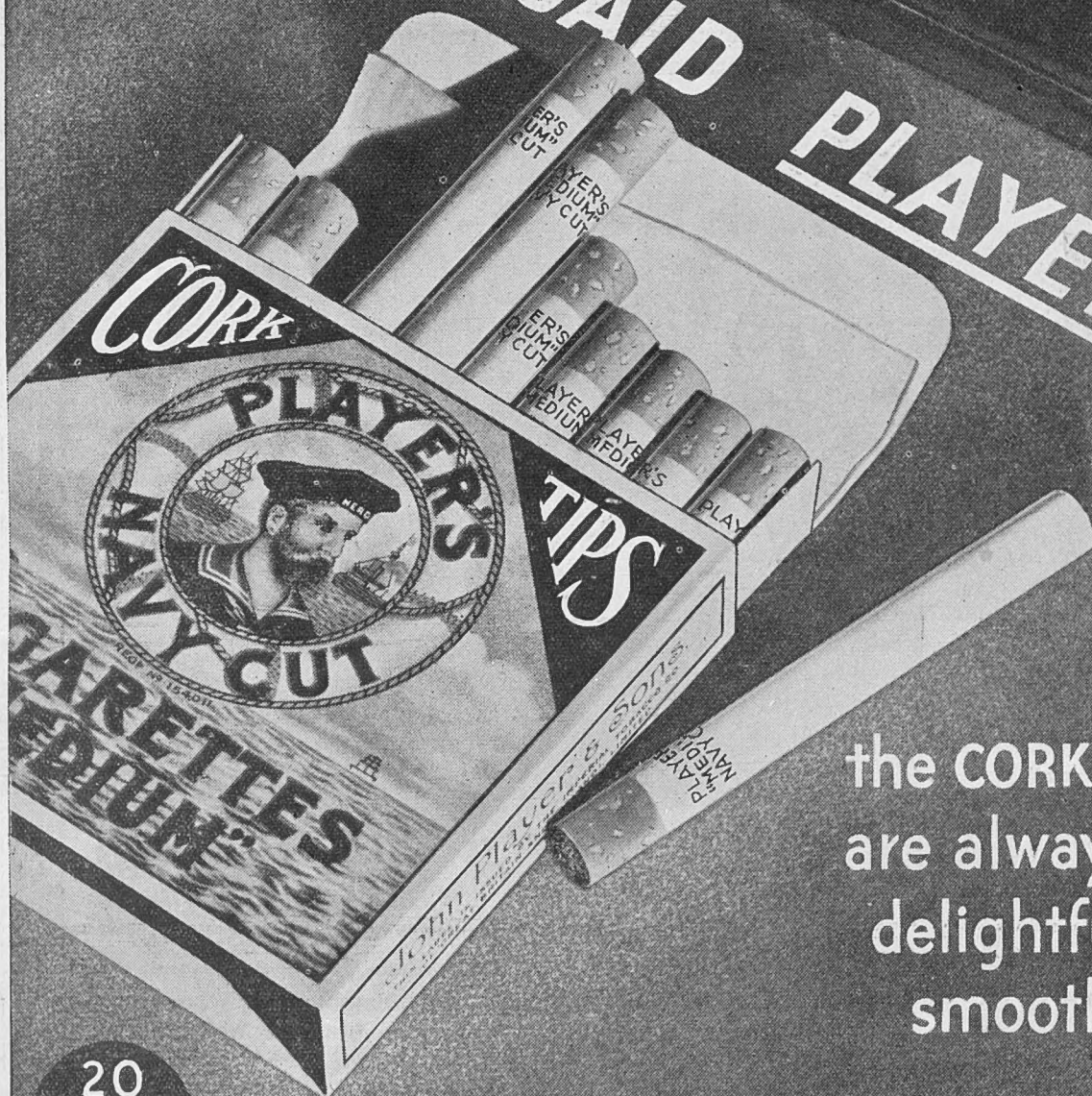
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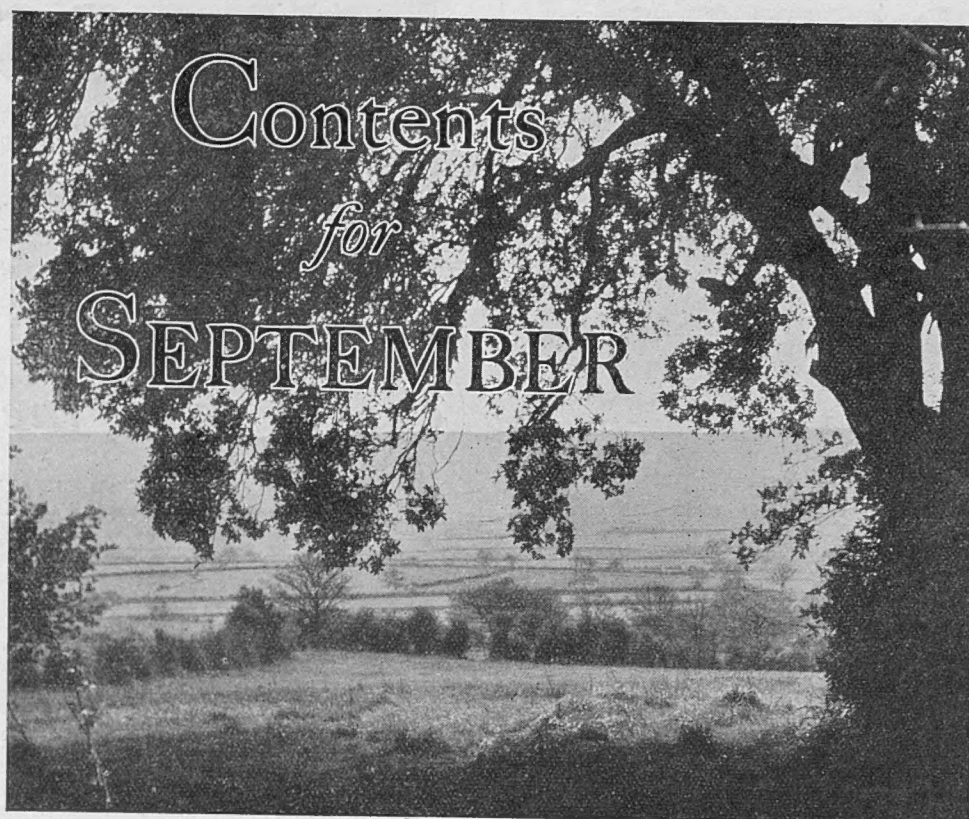
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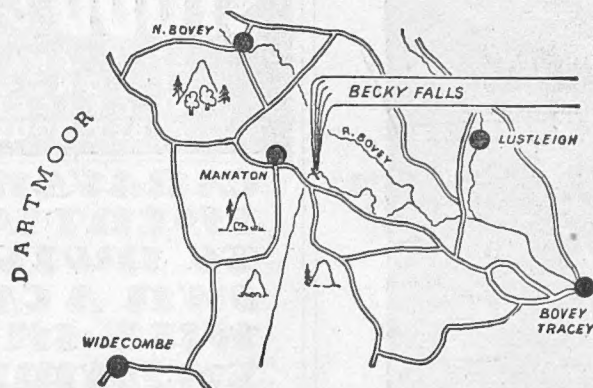
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Under the Stars

September

To you who
are born in Virgo
(August 23rd to September 22nd)

Your Ruler is Mercury

SHY and self-contained with an apartness of mind that refuses to take colour from others, you are in spirit our great constructive critics. Instinctively you classify, test and analyse. You never waste time toying with an idea; you either reduce it straightway to a working possibility, or dismiss it as impracticable.

You prefer facts to fancy.

This quality is apt to make some of you hard, sceptical and fault-finding, but its true purpose is to bestow discrimination.

To discover, promote and always act on what is real is your ideal. To determine and present the "absolute" is your aim. And although the quality of imagination is by no means lacking, either among the greater or lesser of you, it is an imagination that has to proceed from facts—a form of conception which lances your mind like a searchlight to probe into the hypothetical and clarify the unknown into that which *is*—and so return triumphantly again with facts. Read Sir James Jeans' books on stars and you will contact a typical Virgo mind.

Alas! that you are usually *too shy to shine* except in the family circle, or in the discharge of your duties. For this reason you often occupy subservient posts, as you lack the aggression necessary to becoming masters. Besides, worldly recognition is immaterial to you, the satisfactory fulfilment of your task is its own reward.

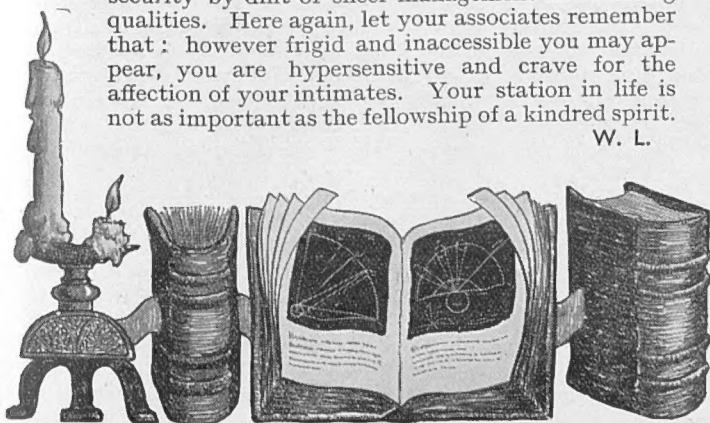
So often many of you will take on honorary posts—particularly in scholarly research—for which there is no adequate stipend. But once let a crisis call the scholar out from his seclusion into the world, and no one will then equal him in the ordering of vast schemes. He will card-index chaos and prescribe the right remedy to the crisis. Sacrifice men, perhaps, a little too willingly to the organisation, only because he will be the first to immolate himself in service. Instance Bonar Law.

By a curious twist—a mere opposition of planets in the natal horoscope—there are none who can be more coldly selfish, material-minded and capable of outwitting others for the sake of personal gain than you. Just as there are none capable of a higher degree of selfless devotion.

As hobbies, you collect maps, keep diaries and are great on inventories: like to piece puzzles, or crack your mind on an intricate problem. Are painstaking and finished in all you do.

Riches will not come easily. You will have many reversals of fortune. But you win through to final security by dint of sheer management and sterling qualities. Here again, let your associates remember that: however frigid and inaccessible you may appear, you are hypersensitive and crave for the affection of your intimates. Your station in life is not as important as the fellowship of a kindred spirit.

W. L.



5
WEDNESDAY
2+3

LUCKY DAY: WEDNESDAY.

STONE: LAPIS LAZULI.

LUCKY NUMBER: Five, or any sequence of numerals, such as 23, which added together make five. Seven and one are also good.



HEALTH

Fussy and faddy though you may seem over food and clothing, you have a very sound notion of hygiene. Are clever diagnosticians, but err in taking too many medicines.

The years between fourteen and twenty-one need care, or lung trouble may develop. Between thirty-five and forty-two guard against nervous over-strain. This sign governs the bowels. Health with you largely depends on a contented mind.



MARRIAGE

You are well-mated with any of the signs but especially with Taurus (April 20 to May 20), Scorpio (October 24 to November 21), or Capricorn (December 22 to January 20) whose work-fever matches yours in intensity.

Women stenographers usually marry their employers, who find their services indispensable. They are proficient housewives and will wear themselves to a frazzle to overcome difficulties. But their orderliness frightens the family.



CAREER

Astro-physicists, mathematicians, scholars, teachers and statisticians are usually born in Virgo. So, too, are chemists, secretaries, and horticulturists, all those following any profession in which accuracy and analysis predominate. Here, also, are found eminent statesmen, for this sign confers tact and a sense of diplomacy as well as exactitude.

Those of you who can overcome your shyness are fluent speakers. Mercury, your ruler, invariably gives ease of expression: to those born in Gemini, he brings a mischievous wit, to those in Virgo, a witty persuasiveness.



CHILDREN

Are easily tired and very susceptible to storms, either in the weather or family. Their life should be well-ordered—daily exercise, regular and well-cooked meals—or they will soon be poorly.

Unfortunately, they tend to be unkind and sarcastic to other children, and have to be taught to be less critical if they are to become "good-mixers." But if only the inborn reserve of Virgo can be broken down at an early age, much will have been done to secure their future happiness.



SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

This is definitely a twelvemonth in which all of you should meet fewer difficulties. Success rewards enterprise for those born between August 23 and 27, this is particularly marked in literature, politics, and company promotion. Artists born between September 7 and 22 come into their own. For others with birthdays between these latter dates, nuptials and much cause for happy satisfaction in home circles.



BAL MORAL



QUEEN VICTORIA,
with her Scots
terrier and her stout
Scots stick, as she
was in old age: Sir
William Nicholson's
famous drawing

Some Memories and Stories

By James Milne

(Who belongs to Deeside; and these
reminiscences are written from his
own and his parents' knowledge of
the Royal Family's life in Scotland)

THE King is at Balmoral this September, so continuing, in a new reign, a tradition which has become part of the British Royal Family and part of the history of Scotland. He is the fourth sovereign in succession to keep a home fire burning in Scotland, for that has always been the meaning of Balmoral; the yearly holiday and rest which the humblest subject of the King claims in right.

Young Scots have invented the word "Balmorality" for the general Sassénach invasion of the Highlands, but that is another and a different tale. Ours here are simple memories about Royalty among the heather of Deeside; memories begun in childhood on the spot, and refreshed, on returns of the native, all down the years.

What are our earliest recollections? Mine certainly include intimately the names of Queen Victoria and Balmoral Castle, and a grand picture they must have made in the child mind. It was already almost a tradition when I got it, in many instalments from my mother, whose Highland blood made her a very good Royalist. Or was she just one of the "fans" the Queen had in all the Victorian women?

It was the Queen this, the Queen that, and the Queen all the time, and the worship was as much for the Lady of Balmoral as for the Sovereign. She was the heart and centre of household talk, and ours was a liberal education in all Royalty as well as in Democracy, for Scotland has contrived to link both, one

as sentiment, which is vitally important, the other as practice, which is necessary.

My mother was only a girl when Queen Victoria first went to Balmoral, in 1848, eighty-eight years ago, but she had the story from her elders and she told it to us. With it was the saying of a lilt which some local bard had written at the time, and which had been passed down in its mixed Aberdeenshire Doric and English. We listened to:

"The eighth o' September will ne'er
be forgotten,
A merrier day I'm sure never was seen;
They ran an' they jumpit o'er
moorlan' an' mountain
To bonnie Aboyne to welcome the
Queen."

Aboyne, ancestral home of the Marquis of Huntly, "Cock o' the North," and now so fashionable and so famous for its Highland Games, was then the rail-head on Deeside, not as to-day Ballater, which is higher up the valley, ten or a dozen miles nearer Balmoral. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort had travelled in their yacht from the Thames to Aberdeen and then taken train to Aboyne; but we preferred the poetry of it:

"The Queen an' her Consort, wi' three
bonnie barnies,
Arrived at twelve upon Charlestown
Green;
The birdies were singin', the Church
bells were ringin'
An' a' were rejoicin' to welcome the
Queen."

My mother would stop to explain that the "three bonnie barnies" were the Princess Royal, who became the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, who later was King Edward VII, and Prince Alfred, first the Duke of Edinburgh and then, by succession through his father, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, in Germany. "Rale, healthy, good-lookin' and happy-lookin' littlins," was the summary of them got from a Deeside woman who saw them, and she added that the Queen kept a "gie sharp but kin'ly eye" on them. For herself she was "smilin' and bowen," but Prince Albert was reserved though as "han'som, upstandin' a man as you could wish to see, an' evidently clever and a husband to make a wife feel proud."

My mother imparted her news of what, she heard, Queen Victoria wore, as if it were a secret straight from Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix. She wore a purple gown in the plentiful yards of the time, a white cottage bonnet, still kept alive in blue by the Salvation Army lasses, and a Stuart tartan plaid round her shoulders.

Another thing which excited us more, there being mischief in it, was the chronicle about the Aboyne hotel-keeper, who, by much practice, had learned to walk backward, yet when he was conducting the Queen and Prince Albert into his place for lunch, tripped on a rug and comically fell down before them. He probably had (Continued on page 114)

Right: Crathie Church, near Ballater, where the late King and Queen Mary worshipped every Sunday when in residence at Balmoral



King Edward VII. in Highland dress with his four eldest grandchildren, the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VIII.), the Duke of York, Princess Mary (Princess Royal), and the Duke of Gloucester

Right: Queen Victoria riding at Balmoral. The famous John Brown holds the pony while Princess Louise talks to the retriever

Below: An excellent photograph of Balmoral Castle



Six Experiments which may

*Death, Disease, Perfect Health and Food—
to make a Better World by Synthetic*

I. RAYS AGAINST DISEASE

NEWSPAPER headlines suggest it is in the hands of dictators and presidents that the future of humanity lies. But that is only because the real moulders of our lives are publicity-shy. They are the scientists and technicians, and in their laboratories our future health and happiness is now being forged.

Of the great experiments which will affect our lives, I have in this article picked six. All are of first importance, but to a world which has until now accepted suffering and easy death as inevitable the most important is that which seeks to conquer disease. I refer to the astounding development during the last few years of the Healing Ray.

Fortunately for humanity a famous German doctor named Erwin Schliephake suffered a few years ago from a poisoned

finger. Fortunately also ordinary treatment had no effect, so that the finger grew septic, swollen, in danger of amputation. But most fortunate of all was the new ultra-short wave apparatus which happened to be lying in the doctor's surgery.

For years the world's doctors had been using medium-wave-length radio waves to cure ailments ranging from rheumatism to general paralysis of the insane. Transmitted through the body they raised its temperature locally, relieved pain and hastened recovery from infection. But there was nothing magical about this diathermy, as it is called; merely the action of heat.

Dr. Schliephake was one of the first to suggest that it was in the ultra-short waves below ten metres that hitherto unknown phenomena might be sought. Hence the presence in his house of the new apparatus.

For an hour he held his finger in the air space between the electrodes. After a few minutes the pain subsided. That day the finger grew no worse. For another week he treated himself every day. By then pain had vanished, infection had gone, the finger

had subsided. It was cured. Wild with excitement, Schliephake experimented further. In one week he used his short waves to cure patients of dozens of bad boils and whitlows, which simply withered away and died in their path. He had no failures. Rival doctors, reading of his successes, ridiculed his "discovery" which was, they said, based merely on ordinary heat diathermy. The German smiled and carried on.

A dying girl abandoned by specialists was brought to him. A septic wound in the side, a collapsed lung and displaced heart had defeated all doctors. Himself almost without hope, Schliephake daily bathed her body in six-metre radiations. From the first treatment the trouble was halted. After steady irradiation she recovered, was discharged completely cured.

A local hospital sent him twenty-five cases of acute pulmonary ulcers with which the operative death-rate is from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. The rays "picked out" the hidden ulcers, destroyed them. All were cured, none died.

An Englishman with an inoperable brain tumour, unable to speak or understand, was brought to Schliephake's



Change Our Lives

Science and Research aim High Discovery and New Machinery

Giessen clinic. Daily waves were transmitted through his skull. After a few weeks he was sitting up, reading, even playing bridge. . . .

Ulcers, tumours, septic wounds, infections of all kinds gave way before the ultra-short apparatus. Bed-ridden rheumatics walked. Tuberculars recovered their health. Similar results, too, were won by medical followers all over the world. But—"Just heat!" said the critics.

In reply Schliephake took living cultures of germs, kept them at constant temperature and bombarded them with rays. Under certain wave-lengths nothing happened, but each culture turned out to have one length in which it could not survive and rapidly died. At a certain critical frequency the germs were "shaken to death," while the surrounding tissue was unharmed.

Short waves, too, had a selective action on growths. Several German experts working independently found that rats' cancers disappeared when attacked with waves of exactly 3.4 metres.

The great experiments are continuing all over the world. Schliephake believes that each germ and disease has its own fatal wave-length which will readily destroy it. The promise of such a discovery is beyond estimate. It means

Hence the amazing experiments biologists are making with "artificial hearts" and excised organs, which may lead to the wholesale grafting of "spare parts" to replace worn ones removed by operation.

For the first time a few months ago an animal organ lived for weeks outside its body. This historic experiment was made by the aviator-scientist, Charles Lindberg, in collaboration with Dr. Alexander Carrell. They evolved an artificial heart of glass and steel which pumped blood serum and was fitted with an oxygen "lung"

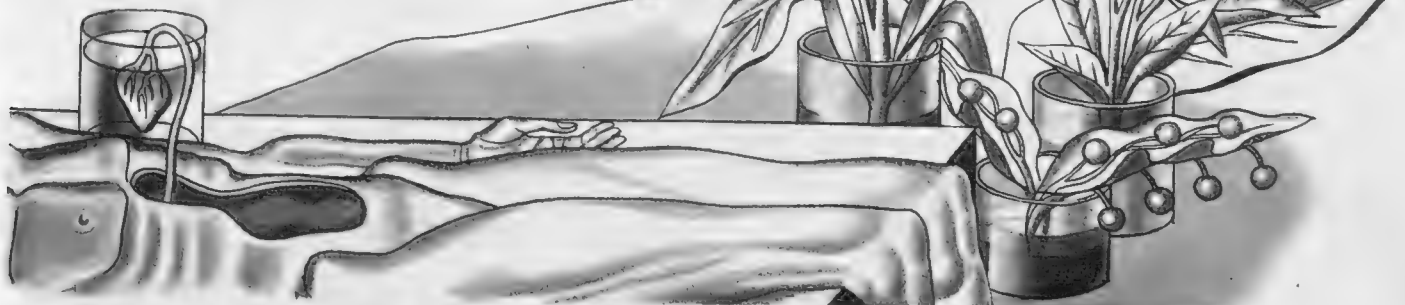
(Continued on p. 92)

By A. P. Luscombe Whyte

that every germ disease will be conquered; that epidemics, including the common cold, will lose their terror; even perhaps that the greatest scourge of all, cancer, will soon yield to the silent, invisible rays.

2. CONQUEST OF DEATH.

Disease causes death; but not every death is caused by disease. Often a sound body dies because some controlling organ has suddenly tired and laid down on the job. The life of the body—which continually repairs itself with new cells—is limited only by that of its organs.



ERIC FRASER



Montgolfier's balloon ascending at Versailles on September 18th, 1783, in the presence of a large crowd and the Royal Family. The balloon carried a sheep, a cock and a duck, and it descended in safety in a wood at Vincennes, with the livestock no worse for their trip

THE summer of 1782 was very hot. The countryside of France was scorched by the heat of days of burning sun and cloudless skies. The peasants working in the fields of Annonay envied the lot of their friends in the town who worked in the cool of buildings, away from the glare and dust. And the workers in the town, tired of the cramped monotony of toiling in stuffy factories, thought of their friends in the fields and envied them their freedom. Such is the foolish paradox of human desire.

Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier, young sons of a paper manufacturer in the town, loved the country and all it stood for. They were dreamers, and the idea of a lifetime in a paper factory appalled them. Their spare time they spent with the peasants in the fields helping them with their labour and learning what they could about crops and cattle and husbandry. Fascinated were they by folk lore and by the uncanny accuracy with which country folk could foretell a change in the weather. This led them to study the movements of birds, the changes in the wind, and the varied form of cloud and sky.

Blanchard and Jeffries leaving Dover on their cross-Channel flight as reconstructed for Alexander Korda's film, "Conquest of the Air"



The Romance

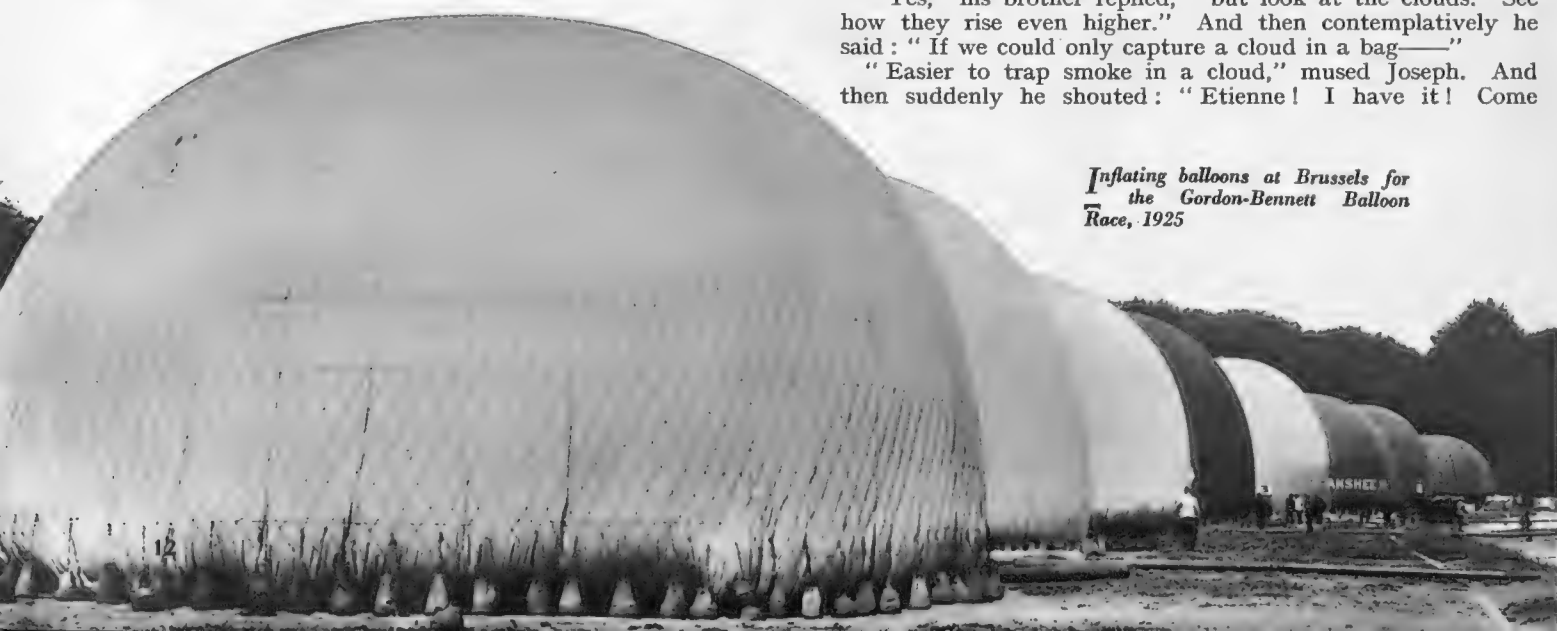
One morning, as they lay on their backs in the sun watching the scurrying clouds high above them, their thoughts turned to flying and flight, subjects which for long had stirred their imagination. They regarded the two as separate. To fly like the birds, history and their own conception deemed to be impossible but flight from the ground, or, in other words, levitation, they were sure was within the reach of man.

"Look," said Joseph, pointing towards a cottage on the border of the field, "Look, Etienne, how easily the smoke rises from that chimney."

"Yes," his brother replied, "but look at the clouds. See how they rise even higher." And then contemplatively he said: "If we could only capture a cloud in a bag——"

"Easier to trap smoke in a cloud," mused Joseph. And then suddenly he shouted: "Etienne! I have it! Come

Inflating balloons at Brussels for the Gordon-Bennett Balloon Race, 1925



with me—quick ! ” The two lads jumped up and ran across the fields to the paper factory. While one procured a large flimsy paper bag, the other coaxed a fire into producing volumes of smoke. They held the orifice over the fire and watched the hot smoke filling the bag until it could hold no more and the smoke flowed out, curling round the lip of the hole and creeping up the outer surface stretched smooth by the pressure inside. They released the bag and, scarcely believing what they saw, watched it silently rise to the ceiling. The two youths had found the means of levitation.

In the months that followed they worked on producing a balloon of large proportions which they hoped would be able to carry a load into the air. Making sections of linen and paper, which they joined together with buttons and button-holes, they built a balloon with a circumference of 110 feet.

On June 5, 1783, they placed it over a large smoking fire in the centre of the market-place at Annonay for the first public demonstration. Strangely enough, they did not realise that it was the hot air that made the balloon rise, but ascribed it to the smoke which they termed rather mysteriously, and with a precocious eye to publicity, “Montgolfier Gas.” The demonstration was an unqualified success, the balloon rising to a height of 6,000 feet. Referring to it on September 2, 1783, the Gazette of France said :—

“A discovery has been made, of which the Government, in order to prevent panic among the people, deems it prudent to take official notice. The Balloon has been invented”

The question of “panic among the people” had proved to be no idle fear, as Professor Charles, a French chemist, had discovered to his mortification.

On August 27, 1783, the streets of Paris were filled with

THE three balloons about to ascend from Düsseldorf. Just before the start. Standing by the basket are (left to right) Herr Major Witt, Miss Rosemary Rees, Mr. T. Fuller and Mr. Nigel Tangye, the author of this article



of Ballooning

By Nigel

Tangye

incredulous people gathered to witness the procession of Professor Charles's rubber balloon, filled with hydrogen, on its way to the Champ de Mars, the chosen spot for the first ascent of a hydrogen balloon. The weather was miserable, damp and drizzly; but, in spite of this, 100,000 gathered to witness the ascent.

To the accompaniment of a salvo of cannon, the inventor released his balloon, which rose “majestically in a copious shower of rain,” and which was soon lost to view, obscured by the low rain-clouds.

After a flight of several hours, leakage of gas caused the balloon to descend, and, to the terror of the villagers, it appeared suddenly over the village of Gonesse. Rapidly, this monster of the skies fell downward and on to the main street, and bumped and rolled with the wind along its whole length, scattering the inhabitants right and left. Finally it came to rest, rolling backwards and forwards in the breeze.

Soon heads appeared from hiding places and the villagers, armed with scythes and pitchforks, approached to kill the monster. Its rolling movement (Continued on page 96)

THE Gordon Bennett Race for 1924, held at Brussels. The Belgian balloon “Belgica” (winner of the race) ascending



East Wind

*Retreat is the Better
Part of Indiscretion*



A MILE on such an inadequate mount convinced her that she was better on foot

CHARLES FORDYCE was clever enough to know that a woman needs a compliment most when least she deserves one. Berenice was in an ill humour, and making no attempt to disguise it. So he took her hand, examined the fingertips, and said, "I like the mauve enamel."

"Oh, blow the enamel!" Berenice exclaimed ungraciously. "This'll be the fifth time we've dined out this week." She kicked back the train of her primrose-yellow negligée, lit a cigarette, and flopped on the chesterfield with a sigh of infinite boredom.

Charles reflected—but dared not say so—that her heightened colour was most becoming. Her large hazel eyes were flashing, her lovely painted mouth was curved with discontent. Her hair remained sleek; Berenice was too civilised to allow annoyance to tamper with the skill of her coiffeur.

"I thought," he said placidly, "that dinner and a theatre would be more bearable than a supper-dance. I've

simply got to entertain this man from New York. He's important."

Berenice controlled her irritation, and regarded her husband thoughtfully. Charles was not conventionally handsome; his square features had too much individuality. But he was presentable, interesting, attractive in his quiet, assured way. No one could take him for anything but a well-bred, successful man, with his carefully groomed appearance, his serious eyes, his humorous, fastidious mouth.

"The worst of being a master," sighed Berenice, "is that it makes you so completely a slave."

Charles laughed. "Epigram, darling, slightly sub-standard."

"Sub-standard. Horrid commercial phrase!"

"Commerce," said Charles, "is not in itself elegant. But it gives us all this"—he waved a hand at the luxurious room—"the things you enjoy and deserve."

He came to Berenice, moved her feet

with gentle, authoritative hands, so that there should be room for him to sit beside her, and said "I'm sorry you find my associates boring. I know, of course, that most of them are. I never want to make unreasonable demands."

"I know," she admitted. "You're really very kind, Charles."

"It's not kindness. I'm terribly proud of you. This continual effort, in and out of office hours, is simply to try to do better—for you, Berenice."

"But we're rich enough already. Why can't you relax sometimes? If only you'd tell your business friends that after office hours your time is your own, then we might have some time to ourselves, a little freedom."

"I can't afford to, my dear."

"Freedom, obviously, is a luxury for the poor."

Berenice spoke bitterly, and Charles rapped back, "Do you want me to give you the privileges of the poor? Don't be foolish, Berenice. Each grade of society has to carry its special burdens, and ours

in Morocco



By
Kathleen
Hewitt

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

involves certain obligations in my leisure time." He rose and paced the room with quick, nervous steps.

"Supposing I say I won't come to this dinner on Friday?"

"Then I should have to make suitable excuses."

"I'd so much rather go away for a long week-end. With you, Charles. Just us two—somewhere where everyone didn't know who we were."

"Impossible."

"How much would you lose by canceling the dinner?"

"One can't say. It's not the actual amount. It's the tactics——"

"The tactics of being a mechanism and not a man."

"If you like to call it that."

"Truth is one of my few vices."

Charles almost groaned. He glanced at his watch. "We are due," he said, "at the Ritz in forty minutes."

"But how lovely!" cried Berenice,

with acid irony. "I adore going out to dinner." She rose, threw away her cigarette, and studied her mauve fingertips. Their artificiality, she thought, was a symbol of her whole life. She flashed a brilliant smile at Charles. "I shall wear my scarlet chiffon; it gives me courage."

IT may have been the scarlet chiffon that exhilarated Berenice. Certainly she had never looked more exquisite or talked more amusingly. She sat between Jerome Platt, the wealthy New York financier, and a rather melancholy young Spaniard, Sylvain Sidonio, whom Mr. Platt had brought along. Mrs. Platt was middle-aged, fat, and slightly vulgar in quite a natural way; she had the mind of a thrifty peasant though her husband controlled millions.

Then there was Dolly Delavigne, who sat between Charles and Mr. Platt. Dolly was blonde, pretty, superficial, with

a quite deceptive air of helplessness that set most men at their ease.

The dinner was excellent. At first the conversation was general, but as Mr. Platt became increasingly interested in Dolly, Charles courteously applied himself to Mrs. Platt.

Berenice overheard her declaring, "I make them wear wool summer and winter. The boys don't like it, of course. But I tell them there's no sense in catching cold. You agree, don't you, Mr. Fordyce?"

"Absolutely," said Charles, reaching for the champagne as if it were a lifeline.

Berenice wished that he could talk to the Spaniard, for Charles had learnt Spanish in South America, and enjoyed any opportunity of speaking the language.

She said to her neighbour, "You are very quiet."

Sylvain Sidonio gazed at her for a moment before answering. He was, perhaps, twenty-nine or thirty, with a

long, olive-skinned face. His eyes were extremely light: they had the coldness of glass; his nose was aquiline, and his mouth slightly cynical. Now he smiled; he had perfect teeth, and Berenice realised that he was handsome, a fact that had not struck her on their first introduction. "So—I am quiet?" he said.

"And bored?"

"Not at all. It is perhaps that I am lazy. I dislike unnecessary effort."

Somewhat piqued, she waited for further enlightenment. He supplied it. "People chatter about nothing, laugh when they are not merry; they wonder always what impression they are making, striving to please."

"That's true. It's a social necessity."

"Is it? I prefer tranquillity."

"It doesn't occur to you," Berenice smiled, "that I should like to be entertained?"

"Any chattering of mine," said Sylvain, "would not entertain you. It would be an insignificant part of the social function. Your attitude might be, 'The champagne is a little too cold, the soufflé is perfect; this Spaniard has too few adjectives,' and to-morrow you would forget it all during another dinner, listening to a new table companion. Must I be a mild seasoning to the champagne and the soufflé?"

"But if you're silent," countered Berenice, "I'm just as likely to have forgotten you."

"Well, I'm being myself. I'd rather be forgotten for what I am than remembered for pretences I have adopted just to please you for the moment."

Berenice laughed. "In theorising, you fail in your threat of silence." Already she was intrigued.

"I realise now that you are not a fool."

"Must I speak to prove that?"

Faces make such thick masks. Life is so odd. There's only one thing to do with it."

"And that is?"

"Do you speak Spanish?"

"No. My husband does."

"Well, an idiom of your own language expresses it perfectly. One must 'take it easy.'"

To take it easy? . . .

She said aloud, "If only one could."

"I could teach you," said Sylvain. "It's a useful secret."

"I admit"—Berenice's eyes roamed round the table—"I'm rather tired of this sort of thing."

Dolly Delavigne was making goo-goo eyes at the susceptible Platt. Mrs. Platt's voice, a little shrill, was telling Charles, "I always say if you don't do a thing yourself, you never know how it's going to be done."

Sylvain said, "I am the happiest man in the world. I know how to live my life. I could tell you how to live yours."

Crumbling a wafer, she asked, "You're—independent? I mean, you don't have to work?"

"I am rich. And that is the danger."

"I know," she said fervently.

"To-morrow," he said, "I am leaving London, going home." He broke off and said suddenly, "Why don't you pay a visit to my country, to Spain?"

"Surely," Berenice smiled, "that would be a little—compromising?"

"I didn't suggest"—Sylvain spoke with dignity—"that you should come with me. It is possible that you would find me a difficult fellow-traveller. No, I myself am going to Morocco, to my villa at Grimaud. It's about—what is your English measure?—twenty miles from Tangier, on the coast. It is pleasant there. Everything golden, sun and sand and the brilliant sea. There I can be quite quiet, quite content. I shall 'take it easy.'"

"I envy you. I should love to get away."

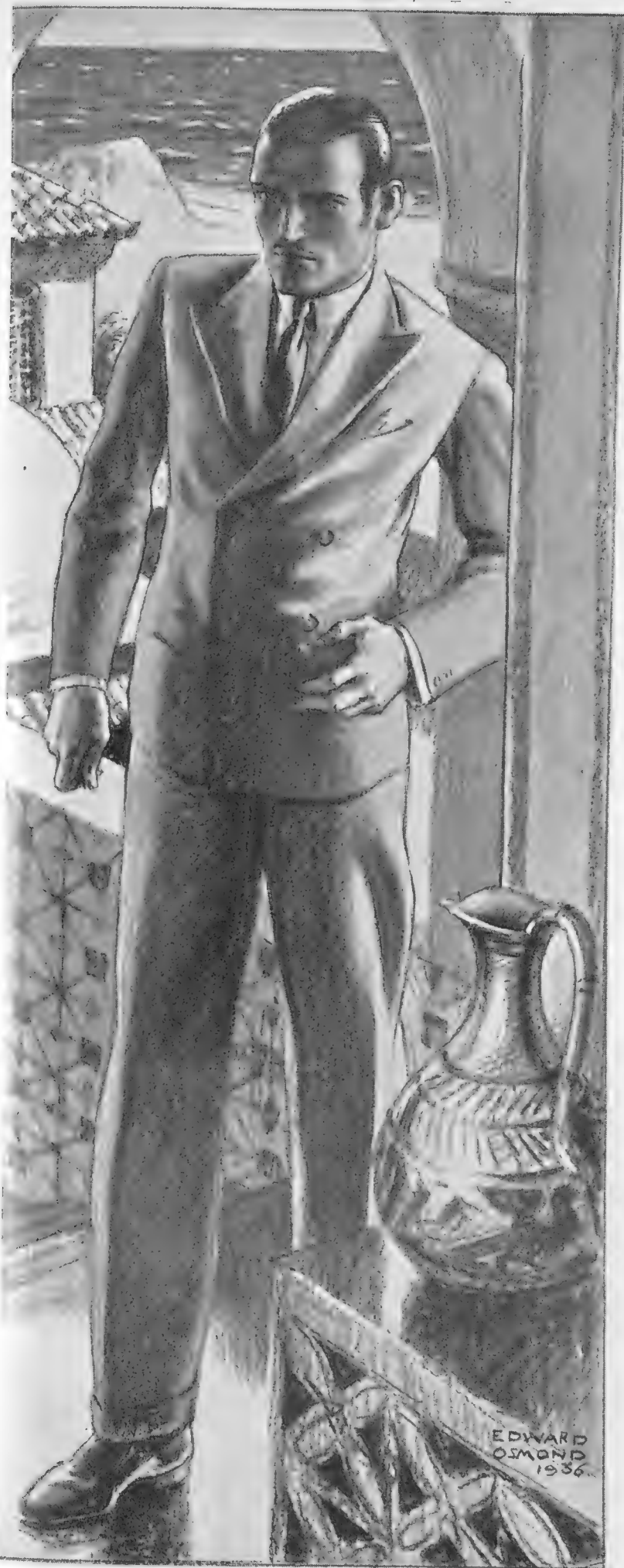
"You would find Spain enchanting. I suggest it without personal interest, you understand, when I shall be on the other side of the Straits of Gibraltar. You could stay at an hotel. Perhaps you will allow me to recommend one that I know."

Charles had suggested that a change would do her good. She had pooh-poohed the idea, mainly because she could not think of anywhere she wanted to go. "I think I might try Spain," she said, and nibbled a sugared grape, thinking already of tickets and routes. She might travel without a maid, giving herself a complete holiday from her London environment. "You must give me the name of that hotel," she said.

Mrs. Platt was declaring, "It's the strong soda that rots



SILVAIN tiptoed to Berenice's door. All was quiet moment later Berenice had undone the bolt on her side.



within. He turned the key with a sharp click. A She stood in the doorway fully dressed for travelling

the linen. A tablespoonful to the gallon, *that's* enough, I always say."

Charles agreed. "You're quite right, Mrs. Platt."

Jerome Platt refilled Dolly Delavigne's glass, murmuring fatuously, "Mustn't neglect the little lady," while Berenice could see, as clearly as if the table were made of glass, Dolly's satin sandal touching the impressionable toe of the man from New York.

To-morrow evening, and the evening after, there would be just the same kind of party.

Sylvain was staring at Berenice, safe in the absorption of the others. "You will like my country," he said.

"It will at least be a kind of escape," she said softly.

BERENICE sat at a table in the long, white-walled lounge, bidly watching the coming and going through the arched entrances. Languid Spanish girls, with their neat black heads and warm complexions, were accompanied by courteous, attentive young men. A party of American women clucked loudly over their luggage as a porter sorted it by the gates of the lift; the waiters repeated orders in staccato voices; a small orchestra played a tango as only true Spaniards can.

Yes, thought Berenice, it is pleasant here. She gazed out through the half-open shutters, over the tops of pine trees that stretched like a green carpet down the hillside, thinking that probably at this moment Charles was struggling into a boiled shirt for one of his inevitable dinners, while she was lounging at her ease, not caring where the hands of the clock might be pointing.

She strolled out to the terrace, now flooded with the gold of afternoon sunshine. A wrought-iron railing threw symmetrical shadows across the white stone, making an exquisite black pattern. Berenice fetched her camera—she was an enthusiastic photographer—and took a snap. Then she moved along the terrace, to sit on the low parapet between two giant pots of pelargonium.

It was a quarter to seven. She wondered lazily whether she would dine on the terrace, as she was, or whether she should go and change. A fat, prosperous-looking man who was staying in the hotel paused to chat for a few minutes, but her indifference drove him away.

Berenice yawned. It was lovely here, very peaceful—but perhaps a little dull. Someone came up the steps beside her, but she did not turn, till a voice said pleasantly, "Ah, taking it easy, as I advised."

She swung round. It was Sylvain Sidonio. "I thought you were in Morocco," she exclaimed.

"The coast-line of Spain, from my verandah, is only so much mauve mist, but it looked irresistible," he said, dropping into a cane chair. "Well, how do you like it here? I feel responsible, you know."

"It's delightful; but I was just thinking of returning to London to-morrow."

"That's a pity. I had another suggestion to make." Sylvain called to a waiter who appeared in the archway of the lounge. "You will have an aperitif?" he suggested. "And then I hope we may dine together. Out here, perhaps, without formality."

Berenice, playing with the stem of her sherry glass, asked, "What was your alternative suggestion?"

"I should like you to see my villa. It is not so far, across that strip of water."

Berenice laughed. "You waste no time beating about the bush. Doesn't it occur to you that such a jaunt might be too unconventional for a seriously married lady?"

"Everything would be quite *comme il faut*. My villa is large, I have an excellent staff of Moorish servants, a French cook, and a Spanish housekeeper who would act as the necessary chaperone."

"I'll think it over," she promised. Against this exotic background, where he was so much at home, Sylvain took on an added charm. The journey to Morocco might have to be forgone as too indiscreet, but for the moment it was amusing to have an interesting companion. Berenice studied Sylvain's profile, trying to assess the man, but there was something that defied her usually quick perception. At any rate she was glad that he showed no inclination to make love to her.

During dinner they discussed the project of her going to Sylvain's villa. Though usually prone to hasty decisions, Berenice pleaded that she must decide in the morning, and noted that Sylvain made no violent attempt to coerce her. He merely remarked, (Continued on page 102)

The Big Woman

*The Whirligig of
Time brings in its
—Compensations*

HOW Bertha laughed when her customers referred to her as "a clever little woman who runs up my things." Force of habit, she supposed it must be, because from time immemorial all the grand ladies employed "a little woman round the corner" to do renovations and "run up" the seaside gingham for the older children. Perhaps in those days the seamstress was tiny; all frazzled up with her unwanted virginity and the continual drudgery of sitting up half the night getting a frock through in a couple of days after the recognised modistes had refused to touch it in so many weeks.

But Bertha wasn't tiny. A big woman, full in hip and bosom, with strong, wiry black hair standing out in spikes around her big, pleasant face, and which looked, when she was angry, something like the spines of a hedgehog. Brave, flashing, sapphire-blue eyes had Bertha, only tender when she paused from coming back from her shopping or delivering a gown to pat a child's head, pressing a coin in a grubby hand, or to relieve a harassed, laden neighbour of the babe in her arms.

She lived in two rooms in Pimlico, ten minutes' walk from Victoria Station. A poor district, and Bertha could have done much better for herself, but, as she said, tossing her fine head: "Here I started and here I stay until I retire . . ."

She had her private dreams about this. One of these days she was going back to her native village in Somerset, buy herself a cottage and live on her savings and the produce of her garden, keep a few chickens, possibly a pig.

And, unlike the conventional "little woman," Bertha had no obscure relations dependent on her.

Once there had been a baby; it had lived only three hours. Bertha's sound common sense told her it was best that it should have died. "Mine and Dick Cheverton's child; poor mite, it wouldn't have had a chance . . ."

But even now, twenty years later, there was a raw emptiness in her heart; she couldn't forget that fleeting serenity of spirit, the eager fulfilment of the flesh which had come to her when the midwife had placed her son in her arms. She sewed and knitted for all the mothers in her neighbourhood; exquisite little garments fit for the babies of a princess, and she never could

By Barbara
Hedworth

SHE considered it his male privilege that he should return from these expeditions to Mayfair either noisily drunk or alcoholically morose

JACK M.
FALLON



make up her mind whether her generous delight in working late into the night for another woman's child compensated for her dark, lasting pain that she had lost her own.

She was too sensible to brood about the past. Besides, eighteen years was a long time, and the rich ecstasy of her love affair and her subsequent runaway marriage hadn't lasted quite four months. She called herself by her maiden name, Bertha Brown, she who was legally the Honourable Mrs. Richard Cheverton and sister-in-law to the present Earl of Wrye.

During those first months after she'd left Dick and was struggling to make a living as a sewing woman here in a cul-de-sac in Pimlico she started wondering whether he would have gone through with their marriage had he really taken seriously his quick-tempered father's threat to cut him off with the proverbial shilling if he persisted in carrying his blank, blank, blank infatuation for his mother's lady's-maid as far as the altar rail.

"His bark is worse than his bite, Bertha, darling; if you'll take a chance, I'm game" Dick had begged.

Bertha had taken the chance, not caring two hoots about the earl's forgiveness, loving the handsome, irresponsible Dick Cheverton in such a way that nothing mattered so long as she could bring that quick, charming smile to his lips, a hot, eager fire to his smouldering eyes. She'd loved her Dick with all the uneasy, questioning fervour of newly-awakened passions. She took a sharp, sensuous delight in his slim, well-built figure; she could listen, adoring, to the well-bred cadence of his voice without having the slightest idea what he was talking about. She was his slave; incredibly happy that he wanted to marry her instead of his ice-cold second cousin Alicia, who had a dowry of many thousands of pounds.

Dick Cheverton was just out of the army when he fell in love with his mother's big, beautiful, dusky-haired lady's-maid. His family had lost a fortune during the war, but there had been enough to see Dick through his exams (he'd been studying for the Bar before he joined up) if he hadn't burned his boats by doing a bolt with Bertha Brown.

They were married at a registrar's office in London. He wrote twice to his father and once to his mother. When his letters were returned to him unopened, he shrugged a slim, resigned shoulder and

Illustrated

by Jack

M. Faulks

told Bertha he was going to chuck the Bar and find himself something to do in the City.

He had taken her to a small hotel in Bloomsbury. She lived there, after their week-end honeymoon at the Metropole, Brighton, until she left him three months later. Thanks to a man who'd been with him in the retreat from Mons and his social connections, Dick got himself a job on the Stock Exchange. He was paid on a commission basis and often didn't make four pounds a week. He and Bertha spent twice that amount despite the fact that she had given up lunching so as to save on the hotel bill and washed his socks and fine silk underwear surreptitiously in her room.

Soon the hotel people began pressing for their money, and Bertha urged Dick to let her find them furnished rooms.

She was so passionately eager to serve him; she had big, strong arms made for scrubbing and scouring; she was a deft one at tossing an omelette, and Dick had missed something in not having tasted her meat pasties and soda cakes. They could live on so little, and so comfortably, in a home of their own, coaxed Bertha over and over again.

But in the end it was Bertha who left the hotel alone. For two months she lived in a rapturous fool's paradise. She

was so young, so inexperienced in the ways of men that it never occurred to her that Dick's love could die. At first she had encouraged him to dress up in his grand tails; jaunty with a flower in his buttonhole, to go dining and to the theatre with his friends.

"I'll pick up business that way, Bertha, sweet."

She'd believed that. She considered it his male privilege that he should return from these expeditions to Mayfair either noisily drunk or alcoholically morose. She didn't hold it against him that he came back all the way by taxi, whereas she walked everywhere to save pennies. Dick was a gentleman, and therefore entitled to lose much more than he could afford at poker and bridge.

Then, dimly, she discovered that Dick was bored, homesick for his own people.

But still she didn't give in. She was telling herself with the unfailing optimism of her twenty-two years, that everything would come right once Dick started making more money. She wouldn't admit that the dream was over until he began coming home with other women's powder whitening the silk facings of his dress clothes, and received by special messages scented notes which he never showed to Bertha, but which told her without her having to read them, that

he'd be going out not to return until the early hours of the morning.

So she left him.

THERE was no melodrama about it. She just walked out of the hotel one bright June afternoon, carrying her neat pilgrim basket, and came to these rooms in Pimlico.

She hadn't ten shillings in the wide world, and had to pawn the gold signet ring Dick had given her to pay her first week's rent. Over a pot of tea graciously provided by her landlady, she sat down stiffly on the edge of a horsehair sofa and considered her future. On one thing she'd been fiercely determined; she'd starve before working in a rich man's house.

Dick had kindled in her a harsh fear of his class. Instinctively she held the aristocracy in awed reverence, but it was months before she could pass a slim house in Mayfair, the secure Victorian mansions of Belgravia, without a cold panic curling icy tendrils round her heart. For Bertha, each one of them was the home of a Dick Cheverton . . . gay, charming, irresponsible . . . men who called to your flesh and set a spell on your senses, and finally lifted you out of the pleasant safety of a good job to drop you into penury and want and dire loneliness.

A fortnight after her arrival in Pimlico, she discovered she was with child. She had exactly two pounds eight shillings and not an idea as to how she was going to earn any more.

Then, in the cold blackness of the night, when she lay awake trying to drag herself out of her apathy as to how she was going to live, the inspiration came to her. She'd

take in sewing, be her own mistress—she who'd served others since her fourteenth birthday.

Next morning she pawned the fox fur Lady Wrye had given her for Christmas and paid her first instalment on a sewing machine. Then, her lips set in a straight, stubborn line, and, with shame seeping into her fine eyes, she wrote to all the ladies who had come to the Wryes' shabby-magnificent castle in Gloucestershire and to their house in Cumberland Place and offered her services.

Because she signed herself "Yours, faithfully, Bertha Brown," they concluded the young scoundrel Dick hadn't married the poor girl, after all, and were sorry for her.

Within a month Bertha was up to her eyes in work. You wouldn't have thought it possible that those large hands of hers could work the finest embroidery; dressed always with clumsy, puritanical simplicity, no one would have imagined how easily Bertha picked up the lines of a fashionable sketch, or her shrewd eye for colour.

It had been hard in the beginning, tearing Dick out of her heart. She fought her creeping bitterness with her fierce delight in the child in her womb. Bit by bit, she forced herself to think of Dick romantically; the ardent lover who had waited, chafing and impatient if she were a few minutes late, in the orchard at his parents' home



WHAT in heaven's name was Dick doing sitting there all dolled up in a chauffeur's uniform?

in Gloucestershire. She dallied with the memories of his first keen, sharp kisses, but she wouldn't allow herself to look back on the days in the Bloomsbury hotel when every maudlin drunken caress had seemed like an insult to her body.

When her baby died three hours after its birth, Bertha couldn't find a reason for not dying too. But the desire for life was strong in her fine big body. She got well and strong again despite herself, and when the first angry pain of her loss eased, she persuaded herself that it was best for the baby, half-aristocrat and half-peasant, that it should have died. A great philosopher was Bertha, although she wouldn't have understood what the word meant.

In eighteen years she'd had no word of Dick. She heard indirectly that he had gone abroad. He had never approached her for a divorce; she was big-minded enough to have given it to him, but for herself she believed steadfastly in the irrevocability of the marriage vow.

Well, she'd come through. That was her one shining conceit. She hadn't let life and a tempestuous romance get her down. She was the most popular woman in her neighbourhood, although she didn't boast of one close friend; with her splendid health record and the savings mounting up at the bank every week, she had nothing to fear from old age.

She was fond of her work, the sternly controlled sensuousness of her thrilling to the touch of a rich piece of velvet, and the smooth ripples of a roll of satin. She loved her room best when it was strewn with snippets of bright gay colours.

Her ladies brought their confidences to Bertha.

"For God's sake give the frock a Molyneux line, Bertha; you see, my husband gave me fifty pounds for the thing . . ." And then she'd learn how most of that money had gone on taking some sleek-headed young man dancing and dining.

They could gossip to Bertha about their husbands and their lovers and their overdrafts, while she crawled around them on her knees, her mouth full of pins, because she never gossiped herself.



HE told her although he guessed her intentions, "I haven't come to cadge money: it's you I want"

Then, one day, the Lady Dulcie Greale came to her. Bertha, who studied all the Society papers, recognised her at once. A lovely blonde with vague, questioning eyes and a sulky, discontented mouth.

Lady Dulcie came to the point at once.

"I've got to have a wedding frock which won't shame me at St. Margaret's, and I'm flat 'broke' . . . Mrs. Scott Wilson sent me to you . . ."

Bertha produced her numerous fashion books; she had them from Paris and New York as well as from London . . . and had the impertinence to try and improve on the sketches, if you please.

"Something faintly Russian," she reflected aloud, scanning Lady Dulcie's world-weary features.

Lady Dulcie shook her head.

"Too ordinary; they've gone Russian at Streatham and Golder's Green . . . I want to start something new . . ."

In the end she chose a gown which might have been worn by a mediæval saint, gathered high at the neck and with a thick silk girdle.

Lady Dulcie wasn't a very pleasant young woman, and yet Bertha was keenly

interested and looked forward to her coming for her first fitting. And gradually the girl began talking to her "little sewing woman" just like Bertha's other customers.

"Bertha," she jerked once, "do you believe in love lasting out beyond the honeymoon. . . ?"

Then, all in a rush, without waiting for Bertha's answer, she told her how she was going to marry Jock Jennings, the leader of the band at the Miraflores Hotel. They loved each other fiercely, disturbingly. Jock had all the money on his side and Dulcie a line of ancestors which stretched back to the Stuart period. According to Dulcie's 1936 standards it was an ideal match.

"But will it last?" She threw out her vermillion-tipped hands dramatically. She and Jock had so little to bring each other. Jock had a divorced wife somewhere in Brixton; Dulcie had had lovers. (She'd come out around the time when "Bright Young Things" had been front page news). "And," Dulcie told Bertha, with a defiant toss of her pale gold head, "I was just a bit brighter than most of them. . ." (Continued on page 94)

Outposts of Empire



THE not very regular or punctual bi-weekly train leaving Tabacum on its way to Chillagoe

OUR home. Approaching it from the desolation of the bush, it has a settled air of homeliness

BUSH country at Tabacum. thousands of square miles

THIS place, Tabacum, is really no place. It does not exist on any map. It is, in fact, merely a location in the bush of northern Australia, somewhere between the blue Pacific and the crocodile-infested waters flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria, only 17 degrees south of the Equator, all of 2,000 miles from the hub of Melbourne and farther from there than from Japan.

That was not always its name. Originally it was known as Duhrn, later as Gol-Gol, still later as Springmount (why, I don't know, for there are neither springs nor mountains), and finally, when the

motley crowd of hopeful, but utterly inexperienced, prospective growers of tobacco invaded its primeval privacy, as Tabacum, a name which has at least the virtue of a certain propriety, though who thought of it and decided upon it must himself go down anonymously in its history. So far that name officially sticks to it, though the settlers, with common human perverseness, ignore all other nomenclature and call it the "Thirteen-and-a-half Mile." A medley of strange names to give to a place which is no place.

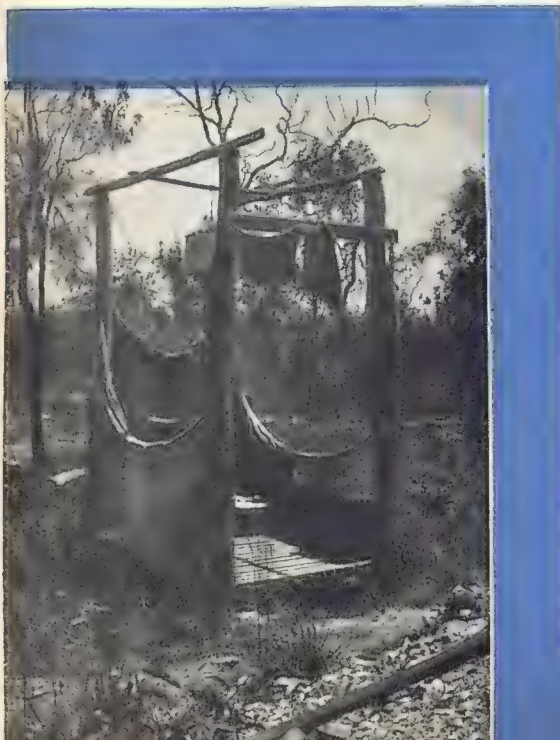
If you looked down upon it from an aeroplane, you would not be able to see it. All you would see would be a vast expanse of tree-tops, hundreds, even thousands, of square miles of them, with here and there, at wide intervals, pin-pricks of clearings marking homesteads—or what have been homesteads, for already in the four years since they were established a number have been abandoned—in its unlimited and otherwise unbroken monotony.

There is no clearing at Tabacum. There is, in fact, nothing but a galvanised iron shelter at the side of the narrow-gauge railway running down from the miniature metropolis of Mareeba to the tin and silver mines round Chillagoe, ninety miles farther out south by west, and until two years ago there was not even the shelter. Tabacum then was just a name on two posts planted by the railway authorities, who may have had some system in plotting its location, and the location of other sidings like it, though I am not too

sure that they had. That their system, if they had one, was at best a haphazard affair may be judged from the fact that they did not put the nameboard on its present site but half a mile farther away. It was a forgotten Russian who put Tabacum where it is. His house (if I may so call the erection of bark under which he lived) was half a mile from where the authorities planted the posts and the name, but he, feeling it would be to his much greater convenience if the siding were half a mile nearer his front door, uprooted Tabacum and re-planted it!

Since then it has grown in importance to the extent that there has been added to the nameboard the erection of galvanised iron and already sun-blistered wood, the earthen floor of which is constantly overlaid by a carpet of dead gum-leaves and odd bits of paper and string from grocery parcels eddied there by the winds. Under its shelter, twice a week at half-past eleven in the mornings, the few surrounding inhabitants congregate to await the arrival of the train with their stores. If they are punctual, they will assuredly await it, for the train never is. Sometimes it does not come at all.

But if the settlers are few, they are as varied in character, nationality, and profession as a gold rush. Tabacum is cosmopolitan. It boasts of a dentist, a jockey, an architect, a crane-driver, a land surveyor, an ex-legionaire of the French Foreign Legion, a journalist, an ex-naval gunner, an ex-hussar, a musician, and a number of others of many accomplishments in general though none in particular to give a name to. Of nationalities there are Australians, Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Italians, Germans, Greeks,



OUR bathroom at Tabacum. Not exactly a luxury outfit

Tabacum is far from the madding crowd, and most people would be shy of life in such a place. In fact, they would be inclined to account it not life at all, but a living death

HAVING a clean up. A picture taken before we had established our house



Typical of hundreds of other bush country

THIS well went down 47 feet, cost £75 to dig, and then produced no water

ONE of our neighbours standing outside his bark "humpy." Clothes don't seem to worry him much

By J. E. Knox

Swiss, Albanians, a Turk (!) and, until recently, the Russian who, because of the proximity of his hut to the siding, cherished the distant hope that he would one day be a stationmaster.

The railway siding is Tabacum. It is the hub of our small world; the spokes are the dusty meandering tracks which radiate all ways from it through the bush, dwindling as they go, and finally coming to abrupt dead-ends in huddles of lonely barns and huts set down miles from the hub in their little pockets of clearings in the vast and otherwise uninhabited bush. Our spoke leads north-west, a distance of only a few miles, and our dead-end is known officially as Kingsbrook, although if you asked anyone to be directed to the place of that name you would have difficulty in finding anyone who had ever heard of it.

One morning some three years ago, on that vague highway which runs down to Dimbula—a highway that is really only a direction which changes as often as the rains and floods in the wet seasons come to wipe it out—travellers might have seen what would be to them the most unusual sight of a one-room house, our house, being jolted out on the back of a motor truck from Mareeba. The undertaking would have been delicate enough on smooth roads, but on those rough wandering uncertainties, and especially along the narrow track, which had to be cut through the bush from the Mulligan turn-off literally to give the house "house room," it was perilous. The house did fall off the truck when crossing the rocky depression of Granite Creek, on the other side of Chewko (another Tabacum with a different name), and was coaxed back on

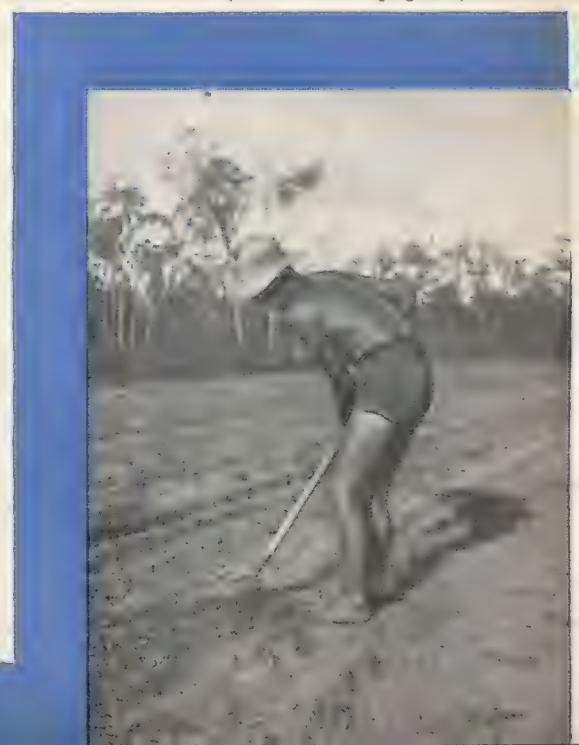
to it only after much labour and the entertainment of grave doubts as to its ability to stand up to the operation without catastrophic disintegration. A very large world it looked, perched up there on top of its (by contrast) very small mechanical Atlas.

It is an unimposing, slightly lop-sided, rather pathetic-looking wooden house with an iron roof. Its one room, 10 ft. by 10, has three glass-less holes for windows, and two doorways, one leading to the veranda at the front and the other to the lean-to kitchen at the back. The veranda runs round two sides only, thus giving the look of lop-sidedness, the front portion being merely a thoroughfare, though that portion of the side, ten feet by eight, screened by canvas, is our communal living-room and dining-room and my bedroom. Within its confined space are crowded my bunk, three chairs (so-called), a table, capable of seating six people comfortably, with its feet set in tins emptied of herrings and tomato sauce and now filled with water to discourage the ants, a standing "tucker" safe likewise safeguarded, a home-made cupboard which supports the gramophone, and the bookshelves which hang, Damoclean fashion, above my head when I am in bed, and which very insecurely support such a load of mixed literature as it would be

difficult to find the counterpart in any one small place elsewhere. Chance, not choice, dictates which shall be on a bush bookshelf, with the result that the titles of those books we have display an astonishing catholicity.

By comparison with many others that I know, however, it is a comfortable house and serves its simple purposes of a place in which to

(Continued on page 98)



A "WHITE" man at work. Shorts and hat are common working dress—or undress



"'IT'S not bad news, Kris?'
Out in the street she
looked up at him . . . and
there was anxiety in her eyes

Easy Money

OUTSIDE the lawyer's offices, in the glare of the Mediterranean sun, Kris drew a deep breath and took a good look round. Everything seemed to be going on just the same.

Beyond the wide stretch of the Promenade des Italiens, with its gay kiosks and sun-drenched palm trees, motor craft trailed ribbons of wake across the blue distance of the bay. Bored women from all over the world were still on hand, with beach shorts or parasols, according to their age and legs. A horse with a straw hat on his head and a fiacre in tow paused in his sleepy amble long enough to pass a sour look at this Englishman standing in the sun. . . .

Slowly a freckled grin came to divide his face. Pulling down the brim of his hat Kris Milward set off briskly for the room he rented at the little hotel-pension on the Rue d'Anjou. He was thinking of Irma now, and the difference this would make. In the foyer Madame la Concierge beckoned him. She liked this young man.

"It is," she announced, "that a lady awaits you."

With Irma in his thoughts Kris hurried into the lounge.

*Nice Girl—Nice Boy—
Bad Film Star—Crooked
Deal—Riviera Setting—
Pleasant Story—Very!*

By B. L. Jacot

Irma was the first person he wanted to tell. A girl—obviously English in her simple flannel suit and flame-coloured beret—was holding out on the Louis XV settee against the scrutiny of an old lady with lorgnettes at the writing-table. She rose as he entered.

"I heard you'd had a letter, Kris," she began with a rush. "I came round in case—in case it might be bad news."

"Come outside," he growled. Expecting Irma with her sophisticated wit and lazy drawl, this was a let-down. He had known Janey Ashe since she was a child with a hoop, and she still looked more like a boy than a girl, especially when she was riding or playing golf.

"It's not bad news, Kris?" Out in the street she looked up at him, a broad six foot, from the level of her own slim smallness, and there was anxiety in her eyes.

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," he decided after a pause. "You're wasting your sympathy. I've just heard that an old aunt of mine in St. Louis has left me two million francs. I hadn't heard of her for years, and didn't know she knew I existed. I've just been to identify myself."

"Oh, Kris!" She pulled him up to a halt. "Two million!"

"French francs."

"I know. But—what'll you do now? To think that when you woke up this morning you just had your job in a bank here. You won't give it up, will you?"

"I am not," he told her, "as loopy about this business as that. Not that I quite know where I am yet. It means I shall get more golf. Get around a bit more." Ever since he had met Irma he had been conscious of the smallness of his income compared with the sort of incomes she was used to rubbing up against.

"There'll be a lot of things I'll be able to do now that I've always—"

He stopped short. There was a queer, almost solemn look in this girl's grey eyes behind the heavy lashes. In the old days the Ashes had been more than comfortably off. Janey's father had died while she was at a finishing school in Paris, and when they had settled his complicated affairs Mrs. Ashe found she had only a pittance to put up against the world. Kris lost sight of them for some time, but when he came out to the Riviera with a brand-new job one of the first persons he met was Janey. Out of school and in a job, too.

For two years now this girl had held a job at a fashionable *couturier's*, receiving the wealthy women of the world with a charming English accent when they called at the *établissement* to look over the gowns. What she earned made all the difference to the comfort of the little apartment she and her mother shared on the Rue Mauberge.

"Who've you told, Kris?" she asked.

"No one but you." He lost his feeling of embarrassment at her smile. There was no resentment that this sort of luck had not

happened to her. The two million might have been hers she looked so pleased about it.

"Not even Irma?"

He coloured boyishly at the name. "I was going to telephone. I thought I might catch her when—what do you know about her?"

"She was in our place to-day buying gowns. Kris, she's beautiful!"

"D'you really think so?"

"I think she's one of the loveliest women I've ever seen. Even for a movie star."

"She's great!"

Just over two years ago Kris Milward was at Cambridge. Golf was his game and he got his blue in his first year. The fact that he was one of the leading amateurs, together with an uncle who happened to be a director, got him his job with the bank—an international house where social contacts were as important as efficiency at the cashier's counter. Golf had done a lot for Kris Milward, but he was most grateful for one thing. It was the game that had brought Irma into his life.

Just over six weeks ago in the later stages of the French Amateur a man Kris did not know had taken him across to meet the famous star. When he came out ahead in the final next day Press cameras caught him with the cup under one arm and Irma on the other. How it had happened he did not know, but the wide publicity the photographs made flattered him. Irma Runecke was beautiful enough to dazzle men twice Kris's age: her profile and slow Southern drawl were worshipped from Hollywood to Vienna: from that moment he had not been able to look sanely at anything. Not that he had seen

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



ELDERLY men in uniform, young men in flannels, business men with bald domes . . . —they were clustered round like bees

much of Irma. She was staying at her villa on the mountain road, but her engagements kept her busy.

"You're terribly in love with her, Kris, aren't you?" Janey asked.

The question caught him with that identical thought in his mind, and in spite of himself he coloured again up to the roots of his straw-coloured hair. "One day," he promised, "someone is going to step on that nose of yours if you don't keep it out of other people's affairs."

"I was only wondering. No one sees anything of you now. If you're not hanging round her villa it's because she's somewhere in the town, and you're hanging about there instead."

"You seem to know a lot about it? Why shouldn't I, anyway?"

She handed him her bag to hold while she tucked a straggling black curl under her beret, taking it back from him impatiently. "I'd do just the same if I were a man. I don't blame you. But I haven't played golf for weeks."

"You never have, my sweet."

"Perhaps I haven't, but I'd like to try again one day when you're not so busy. I suppose you couldn't make any promises to a girl? This evening, for instance—no? Well, there's always the week-end. What about—"

"I'd like to, Janey," he put in, and he meant it. This girl was playing round 12, and you didn't have to talk to her unless you felt inclined. "But it's like this. Irma is going—"

"All right! I knew I hadn't a chance, but if I take up bull fighting or something, and forget how to speak English, no one shall say I didn't try to stick to golf and Anglo-Saxons. And now like a fool I'm going to tell you after all."

Kris Milward was thorough rather than quick. Give him a two-day job, it would probably take him a week, but it would come back finished inside and out. This girl had taught him how to fish as a boy, and with his touch a barge pole would have been more use to him than a trout rod. But you could not shake his putting at golf. "How d'you mean you're going to tell me something?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. I mean I'm just going to tell you something. But I'll say good-bye to you first. Good-bye, Kris. Irma and that press agent of hers have been having afternoon tea at the Ritz-Bristol, and they were still there when I left half an hour ago."

As soon as Kris entered the Ritz-Bristol he knew that Irma was in the hotel. At the far end of the Palm Lounge a wide circle of chairs had been made round a solitary table with its tea trolleys. Elderly men in uniform, young men in flannels, business men with bald domes, dark-eyed young men with patent-leather hair—they were clustered round like bees. From an unseen centre Irma's lazy voice was talking.

Kris's instincts were all for backing away. But, hat in hand, he walked across to join the group. It was three days since he had seen Irma, and things were getting so that this was almost more than he could bear. Except for a rare occasion now and then, won by patient waiting at all sorts of unlikely hours, he seldom got more than a word or two with her. When he got a chance of talking to her alone she was sweet to him. They talked of golf. Cambridge. His home in Leicestershire.

Irma noticed him as he stood at the fringe, and waved a slim, jewelled hand. "I must fly!" she announced unexpectedly. "Here's Kris come to take me away."

Eyes focused on him as she gathered up her gloves and bag. In contrast to other women in sports clothes, Irma was wearing a model gown with a large hat shading her eyes. She always looked as if she had just stepped off the set, fresh, sophisticated, groomed to the last eyelash, and the sight of her made Kris weak at the knees. She laid a hand on his arm as they walked down the lounge, and unconsciously Kris's chin lifted a shade.

"My dear!" she breathed as they emerged into the evening sun on the Promenade. "You arrived just in time. I have been trying to get away for the last half-hour. I think you must be psychic. You can drive me home in a taxi."

He hailed a taxi, this time no longer shying at the 50-franc fare up to the Villa Rose. "I heard to-day," he mentioned, "that an old aunt of mine has left me some money."

"But, Kris! How wonderful. I hope it was a lot."

"Two million francs."

"Fancy riding in a taxi with two millionaires rolled in one!"

"About what you get for every picture you make."

She laughed. "And to think I've been talking money all day. You saw that fat old man with the carnation? That was Leidler. He wants to buy a night club. His idea is for me to put new life in it."

"Where do you come in?"

"Leidler puts up the money for a half-share—and I must say it looks a good thing. What's the point of my filling

the hotel here for the sake of the people I'm under contract to? But I don't care much for Leidler . . ."

She handed him her gloves and parasol to hold as they entered her villa, then from the satin couch in the marvellous room, two-thirds windows, overlooking the bay, she telephoned to the town for *fruit en petite citerne*, mountain strawberries, *écrevisses*, extra champagne.

"We begin," she announced, as she took back her parasol, "to celebrate!"

When she had to leave for the cabaret at the Ritz-Bristol Kris drove her into the town in her car. He drove her back to the villa in the early hours, and for a while they sat together on the balcony of her villa under the stars with the blue velvet of the Mediterranean night engulfing them. It seemed then that the new life opening up before him was sweet. He was content to sit and watch the glowing end of his cigarette, listening to Irma's lazy voice from time to time. He had never been so happy before.

When Irma's maid came to ask if there was anything else Madame required, Irma sent her to bed. "You can take one of my cars when you go," she told Kris. "You don't have to



hurry. You've finished with going to work. That must feel fine!"

Getting up in the morning to be at the bank at nine had lain, a nagging thought, at the back of his mind. He wondered now why he had allowed it to bother him. Why not just walk out?

"Listen, Irma," he said softly. "I'd like to talk to you about this night club. Why shouldn't I—"

She stopped him by groping for his hand in the darkness. "Don't let's talk business, Kris. Talk to Charlie Groves in the morning. I don't want to spoil this—this perfect night." Her voice grew huskier. "It's meant a lot to me—being here with you . . ."

He felt the warmth of her lithe body close beside him. Her hair caught up the dim light of the stars, absorbing it and shaping

a fragrant blur at his shoulder. Her poise, her sophistication emerging from the five or six years that separated them in age, had always awed him, the younger one. It was there no longer now. Holding her close he kissed her, and emotion came to choke him.

Lying awake in his room that night he remembered the stammered words in which he had asked her to marry him. Her promise had cut the thread leaving his old life a long way behind, opening up a new life ahead that thrilled him to dream about. If he could scarcely bring himself to believe all that had happened to him that day, Kris Milward was not to be blamed for it.

In the morning he meant to go round to the bank and arrange to leave as soon as possible. He had arrangements to make about his salary and the small allowance he had from his mother in England. But Irma's publicity man called him on the telephone as he was dressing, and asked for an urgent appointment. Kris met Charlie Groves at the Ritz-Bristol. A tired citizen with the look of a sheep about him, he spoke in jerks, moving over the conversational ground like a car with a fierce clutch. Leidler was thinking of buying the night club, with or without Irma, and Groves had to act quickly. If Kris was thinking of putting up some money they ought to buy an option.

Kris told him to buy an option. He wrote a cheque for 3,000 francs, which just about cleaned him out, then he went round to the lawyer with the spade beard to find out when he

would be able to draw against funds. It might be arranged in a week or so, he learned. It was as he was strolling back towards the hotel along the Promenade that he met Janey. She was with a French girl who was loaded up with hat boxes.

"You've left your job?" she asked.

He grinned at her a little uneasily. "Why not?"

"Didn't they mind?"

"I haven't asked them."

The girl with the boxes moved away as Janey looked at him for a while in silence. "You haven't wasted much time," she decided. "What's it feel like to be a millionaire?"

A feeling of embarrassment came over him. Janey was essentially a part of the old life. Living next to each other in the country, with parents on the best of terms, naturally such things as riding, fishing, and later golfing had become common properties of life to be explored. He could not help remembering now how this girl used to kick his shins when he pulled her hair. He still had the collection of birds' eggs she had pooled with his own. "How would you like to try it for a night and see?"

"Meaning which?"

"Oh, we could go and dance somewhere."

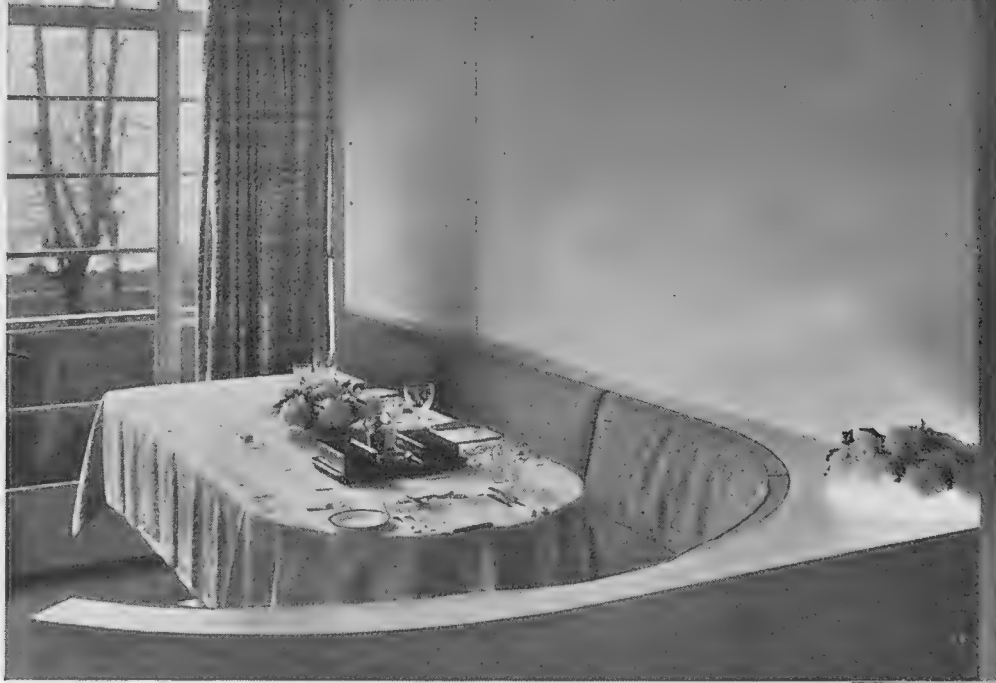
"I'd rather play golf."

"Why don't you learn then?"

(Continued on page 80)

"As she shrank back, raising his arms, the man's voice sounded ordinarily: 'Come on. All of you. Get against the wall there.'"





D I N I N G R E C E S S



THE dining-recess has solved one of the vital problems of the small house and flat.

Where space is limited a room set aside solely for the purpose of meals is an extravagance in space. At the same time the service of food in the one and only sitting-room has its obvious disadvantages.

Thus, the recess, leading off the sitting-room (a room apart which, with four walls, would be much too small for practical purposes), provides the need for a place in which to sit at meals without occupying more than the strictest minimum of space.

In the really small flat, the dining-recess is really a boon. It covers the need, already referred to, and it gives an added appearance of spaciousness to the sitting-room.

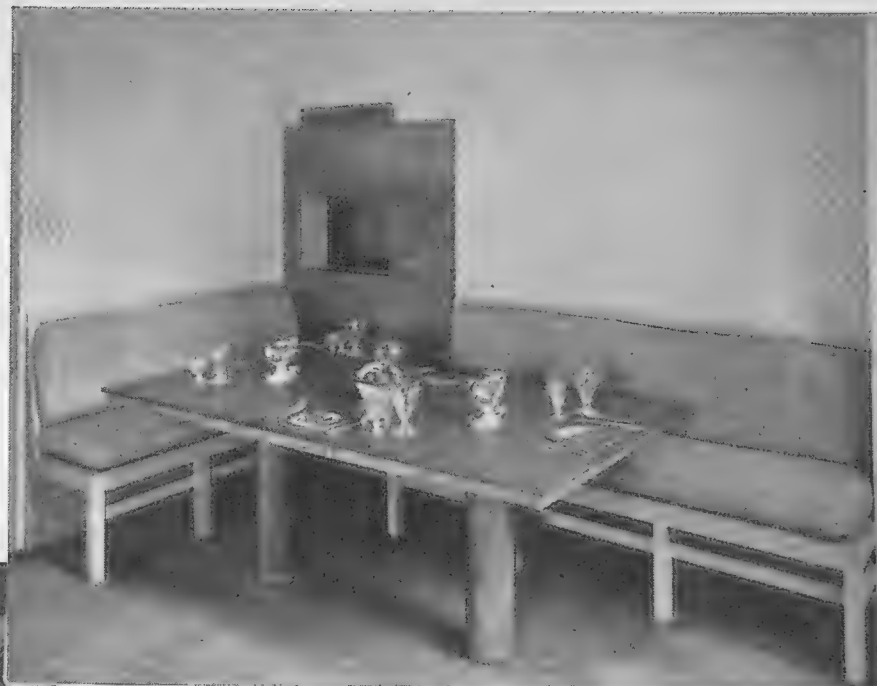
In one block of small, recently-erected flats, the recess is entered through an archway from the sitting-room. It measures about nine feet by twelve, has its own service door from the kitchen and is lit by a window of its own.

Looking through from the sitting-room this-recess, which of course follows the colouring of the main scheme, is very decorative, and by accommodating the dining-table and chairs, leaves the rest of the room comfortably free for easy chairs and a lounge settee.

So practical has this expedient proved that many architects have adopted it for small houses where the extra space gained by eliminating the separate dining-room can be given to bedrooms and other parts of the house which might otherwise be skimped.

On this page we show, at the top on the left-hand side, an ingenious recess designed by Doris Howard Robertson. Here a seat is built along one wall, forming a semi-circle at the end. It is painted cream to match the walls and upholstered in a fawn tweed. The interesting concealed lighting fixture in

By WINIFRED LEWIS



the back of the seat is worth noting, so also is the strip of mirror glass at one end which gives an added depth.

A more simple recess is shown at the bottom of the left-hand page. In this case an upholstered seat is built along the back of the recess, and an oblong table stands flush with the wall on one side.

In the centre of the same page another striking scheme of decoration for the dining-recess is shown. Here the walls are off-white. The sideboard—a shallow affair which is built into one wall—is painted white and backed with a strip of black opaque glass. The small dining-table is also topped with black glass and black glass decanters decorate the sideboard.

At the top of the right-hand page is a recess designed by Mrs. Monro. The polished wood table is "L" shaped and runs right up to the serving hatch at one end. The attractive covering of the built-in seat is in string colour, and the walls are treated with a green paper delicately patterned with beige.

Centred on this page is the picture of a dining-table which was photographed in a new block of West-end flats where one end of the sitting-room, though not actually recessed, is used for dining.

The polished walnut table fits against the wall and is given an added interest by the charmingly shaped mirror which backs it. The table can be pulled forward and lengthened by means of the flap at the far end.

Another charming recess, this time separated from the main sitting-room by modern folding glass doors, is at the bottom of this page.

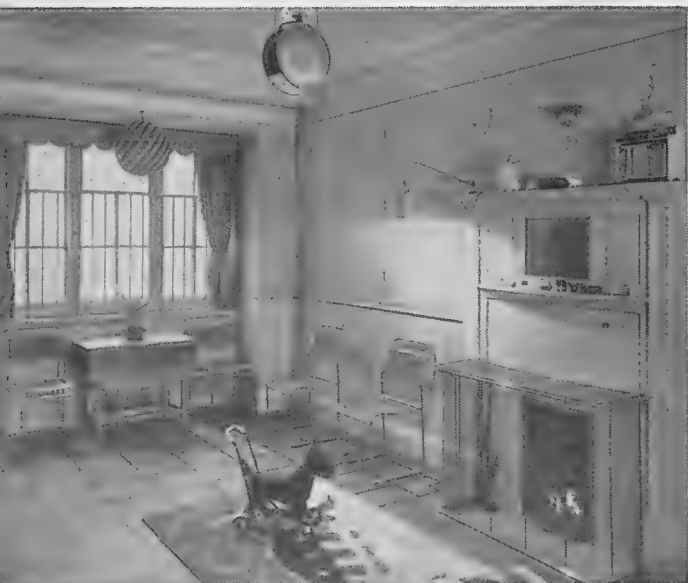
Being more spacious, this recess permits centralising the dining-table which, however, is small. The serving hatch, seen in the background opens into the kitchen, and has pull-through drawers. Painted shutters screen this practical feature from view when the service of meals is through.

The colour scheme chosen for the dining-recess, and which is, of course, repeated in the sitting-room beyond, is one of palest green flat-tone painted walls with woodwork of a slightly thicker shade. The furniture of scrubbed oak is delicately proportioned in keeping with the space available, and heavy damask curtains of deep, rich green curtain the window, which is almost hidden from view on the right of the picture.

The dining-chairs have coverings of rich ruby velvet and both colours—green and ruby—are prominent in the flower picture which hangs above the graceful small buffet.



WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR?



Top: A nursery with off-white walls and woodwork. Taffeta candy-striped curtains in scarlet and white. Scarlet chair seats. Below this, a sitting-room with ice-blue walls and woodwork. Upholstery, soft brown. White lamps. Top (right): A man's bedroom, deep cream walls, bedcover boldly striped with green, rich yellow and blue. Carpet, blue-green. Below (left): A bedroom scheme with pale peach walls, peach woodwork with green relief. Quilted bedhead and cover peach, green and softest blue

primrose—nearer deep cream. Curtains, orchid—darker than the walls. Carpet, rich purple. Palest yellow lampshades. Ebonised furniture is perfect with this scheme.

Now another scheme with mauve as the basic colour.

Pale mauve walls. Platinum grey woodwork. Taffeta curtains several tones darker than the walls. Bedspread and accessories, lettuce green. Grey oak furniture.

GREEN

In its many different shades, green adapts itself specially well to period schemes. A Regency dining-room, for instance, can be done like this:

Walls and ceiling, old parchment colour. Woodwork, jade green. Jade satin curtains with a draped pelmet of parchment satin. Chair seats, green satin embossed with cream. Carpet, neutral.

Another scheme with green:

Green walls—choose your favourite shade, but not too dark. Cream woodwork. Plain chair covers of old rose. Figured curtains with old rose background showing white and green. White lamps and cream rugs on pale fawn carpet.

RED

You dark people who lean to bright colourings, try this: Walls, off-white, with woodwork to match. Curtains, Oriental glazed chintz in lacquer red with cream design. Chair covers, coarse natural linen piped with lacquer red. Small chair seats plain lacquer red. Accessories, antique green.

In a nursery off-white walls are good with white painted furniture, chair seats covered in scarlet linen or American cloth. Scarlet oil silk curtains and a line of red outlining the woodwork.

YELLOW

Everything depends on the shade of yellow you like. If it's soft and creamy, nasturtium reds and browns look grand against it. If it's a shriller yellow you're fond of, try blue together with it.

And if you fancy mixing several shades of yellow, there's this: Walls and woodwork, deep, rich cream. Curtains, daffodil yellow corduroy velvet. Carpet, old gold and accessories emerald green. W. L.

BLUE

How about pastel blue walls (ice-blue is the very smartest shade, just now), chair covers of deep plum colour. Shaded blue cushions and white lamps. Smart.

Or, if you like even more delicate combinations. Painted walls of flat tone sky blue. Woodwork a slightly deeper shade. Curtains and bedspread of orchid silk and a neutral grey carpet.

MAUVE

Shades of mauve are popular for bedroom schemes, so if you number this colour among your favourites try one of these combinations some time.

Walls, orchid. Woodwork, fresh, pale

YOU know as well as I that there is really nothing new under the sun. As for colours in decoration—well, they're the same old colours, and it's up to us to give them charm by matching them in a new way.

Strange as it is, startling new effects can still be achieved with the very colours we've been using since Time began.

You've got a favourite colour. Of course you have. So why not use it? We've worked out some interesting combinations and set them out below. Your favourite colour is pretty sure to be there, but if it's not, write and tell us what it is and our experts will think up something stunning for you.

FLOOR TREATMENTS

THE final touch of distinction to a decorative ensemble is provided by the floor.

Few people attach enough importance to this vital aspect of comfort and decoration in the home. Carpets are chosen or linoleum is laid and, in most cases, this suffices, but a great deal more can be done to make the floor an original and decorative feature of the room.

Carpet, of course, will always be first in our affections on account of its beauty and comfort, but when carpet is impracticable for some reason, or too expensive, there are attractive and inexpensive substitutes.

In one of the illustrations coloured matting is shown in a sitting-room; the walls are white. Black and white fibre matting fitted up to the wainscot is effective, comfortable and cheap.

Natural straw matting can also be used with good effect in a small room, especially where walls and paintwork are light in colour.

Old floors sometimes present a problem when the redecoration of a room is being considered.

When either hardwood or softwood floors become badly discoloured splintered or knotty, varnishing and staining serves only to emphasise the imperfections.

In such cases it is worth while to have the floors reconditioned by means of an electrical machine, which removes stains, old varnish and paint and restores the wood to its original beauty.

Floors can be electrically surfaced to their original smoothness and stained to the desired tone with permanent preservative stain and polish.

This reconditioning must, of course, be carried out by



experts, who also make a speciality of bleaching and reviving old parquet floors.

Coloured painted floors are beautiful and make a fine background for furnishings. Quite a number of reliable paints are now made for floor work, but the surface must first be carefully prepared before the paint is applied.

Wash the floor first with hot soda water, afterwards rinsing with plenty of cold. Any deposit of wax or polish should be removed with turpentine. Rough spots should be sandpapered and all scaly pieces carefully scraped off. Two coats of ground paint are advisable before the final colouring.

Cement or concrete floors can often be painted quite successfully if the following method is used.

Make a solution of three pounds of zinc sulphate to a gallon of water. Apply this to the floor and give it several days to dry. Sweep out any remaining dry powder and then paint.

Parquet flooring, though always popular, is generally thought expensive for the average pocket. This, however, is not the case. Some very well known makers have declared that they can lay in a private house the same parquet as that which has been provided in royal palaces and many of the finest mansions in (Continued on page 113)



Top, a luxurious floor in white marble and bright red tiles. The walls are of rough plaster. On the right is an original and inexpensive floor covering of black and white matting fitted close to the walls. Tiling is both old and new. Coloured asphalt tiles are the latest importation from America and can be used with much the same effect as that in the charming cottage bedroom shown just above



Old Tales Re-told

Some Pages *from the* History of Pope

Alexander

Borgia



Written and Illustrated
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

IN spite of its religious and pious character throughout the ages, Rome—mighty centre of Christianity—has nevertheless endured periods of such excess and licentiousness as have rarely been witnessed in other places.

Not even the Senate of ancient Rome was spared the humiliation of being the prey of young degenerates, who covered their most sacred institutions with ridicule and shame. And the same degradation happened many a time to the second Rome, the Rome of the Popes.

Whenever, in fact, the Popes have been Kings as well, their religious tasks have assumed a place of secondary importance. They had a restless-life, and the best of them were never totally free from the fever of conquest.

Political intrigues were called "diplomacy" for the benefit of the Holy Church, and armed invasions "sacred wars." But, never before or after, has the Vatican attained to such horrors as when, under the Papacy of Alexander VI, formerly Rodrigo Borgia.

A Spaniard by birth, he was rapidly pushed to the fore by his uncle, Pope Calixtus III, who made him Cardinal at the very immature age of twenty-four! Tall, and strong as a prizefighter; fond of violent sport; and so excessively inclined towards women that whatever the seriousness, the secrecy, or the solemnity of the task he was discharging, he was

invariably surrounded by the most compromising female companions.

In 1460, while at the head of a Legation at Siena, his revelry reached, if not surpassed, the boldness of a pagan orgy; following which he received the severest reprimand ever administered by a Pope—strong enough to have crushed any other Prelate, although it had little or no effect on the young Rodrigo!

He had a great weapon with which to fight the battle of life. He was extremely attractive, jovial in his manner, and possessed a power of persuading anyone that black was white. His boldness, however shameless, seemed to gain him a halo of admiration; and the next Pope, Paul II, who had been his great friend, continued to bestow on him every imaginable favour.

The famous writer, Gaspar Veronensis, a contemporary, described Rodrigo in the following terms: "A comely man of cheerful countenance and honeyed discourse, who gains the affection of all the women he admires and attracts them as the lodestone does iron. It is indeed supposed that he proceeds no further." A supposition which can well be left to the optimistic Gaspar!

At about this time Rodrigo fell in love with the daughter of his mistress. For a long time the rosebud had been a great temptation, and Rodrigo was not the man to resist temptation even under such circumstances

The beautiful Rosa Vanozza was growing into a true Carmen, endowed with all the provocative charm of the classic Spanish beauty. He was so fascinated that he pushed to one side every other adventure, and plunged body and soul into his new liaison. Rosa had every characteristic that could please an exacting man of Rodrigo's type. Exaggeratedly faithful to the cult of the Madonna, violent in her love and, at the same time, docile and ready to accede to all his wishes.

She followed him to Venice, and thence to Rome, where she was given a sumptuous abode. In less than twelve years, without taking the least trouble to avoid publicity, she bore him five children. Of these, boys—Giovanni, Cesare and Guiffry—and one girl—Lucrezia—played important rôles in subsequent history. Brought up surrounded by every luxury, they were spoiled by the tender indulgence of their mother and the blind pride of their enthusiastic father.

After Pius II came three more Popes. In each case the activities of Cardinal Borgia in support of their election had won him fresh honours—and the extremely profitable position of Vice Chancellor. In other words, Rodrigo was accumulating ammunition for his supreme coup. He was amassing the wealth that would enable him finally to achieve the Triple Crown and the keys of St. Peter's.

The conclave that followed the death of Innocent VIII is one of the most

dramatic in all the history of Papal Rome. Day after day the huge Square in front of St. Peter's was thronged with people waiting for the issue of the election, and at the end of each day all eyes were fixed on a certain chimney of the Vatican from which the continued appearance of smoke would announce to the public that no decision had been arrived at and that Rome was still without a master. And day after day the rising smoke from the famous chimney disappointed the crowd which tried in vain to guess what was happening behind those majestic walls.

Rodrigo Borgia was now sixty-one years old. He had served under five different Popes. He had been waiting for thirty-seven years. If he failed this time it would be the end of a life's ambition. The moral discredit with which he was looked upon rendered his task extremely difficult. Yet, through underhanded manœuvres, every day the number of the incorruptibles was diminishing. With astonishing regularity every day an opposer changed his views in favour of Borgia; and until the proper number of votes was reached the thin column of smoke appeared on the inflamed sky of the Roman sunset.

On the 11th of August, 1492, a tremendous storm was unleashed over the City of the Seven Hills. The tension of the crowd was such that not even the storm was able to disperse the mob. Everyone felt that if the conclave lasted longer there would be trouble all over the Kingdom.

That day, when the appointed time came, the smoke did not appear! Evening fell, dark and menacing. The bells sounded evening Vespers, and still no smoke issued from the chimney. That meant that the Pope had been elected. What then was the reason for such a long hesitation?

It was 10 o'clock in the evening. From the black sky an ominous rumbling heralded the appearance of a figure on the balcony. Thousands of voices shouted: "Silenzio!" A violent flash of lightning illuminated the scene and a deafening clap of thunder exploded disconcertingly near, as though God from Heaven was issuing a protest against the blasphemy about to be pronounced.

The doors of the balcony closed immediately, and the figure, recognised as Cardinal Sforza, disappeared. His withdrawal was a fresh provocation to the crowd. They began to yell and curse, threatening to invade the Vatican and themselves elect a Pope. There was no time to be lost. The storm on earth threatened to be more terrifying than the storm in the heavens!

Cardinal Sforza reappeared, and under a torrential downpour he pronounced the formula announcing the election of Rodrigo Borgia as Pope Alexander VI. The elements could not have received the amazing news in a more impressive and tragic manner!

The people of Rome were accustomed to bear anything with an astonishing degree of philosophy. Even the most serious comments degenerated in jokes while the drenched people, eager to reach their homes, evacuated the Square.

At the same time five proud figures, still pale after the compulsory homage, left the Vatican. They were the Cardinals who had withstood bribery and had valiantly and openly fought against the Borgia up to the last. It is with a keen sense of reverence that History has recorded their names. They were the Cardinals of Naples, Siena, Portugal, San

their cupidity was going to cost them later, when Pope Alexander became the most deadly enemy of all three families, and never rested until they were completely broken. In comparison, the huge sums of money given to the less important members of the Sacred College, can be considered minor presents!

Once on the throne of St. Peter, Alexander planned to enlarge to their utmost the domains of the Church, and at the same time to gain for his children the highest pinnacles of glory and wealth.

The means to be used were, alliances first, conquests afterwards. His three sons were grown-up young men; his

He was so fascinated with the beautiful Rosa Vanozza that he pushed to one side every other adventure, and plunged body and soul into his new liaison



Pietro in Vicoli and Santa Maria in Portico.

As a contrast, without even the formality of a bogus contract of sale, the magnificent Borgia Palace, with all its contents, became the property of the Cardinal Orsini. The historic Abbey of Subiaco was given to the Cardinal Colonna; and the Cardinal Ascanio Sforza was elevated to the envied position of Vice Chancellor. (This, to mention only three of the most famous names.) They little knew how dearly

daughter, Lucrezia, although only thirteen, was already married to a nobleman of Aragon—a suitable marriage for the daughter of the Cardinal Borgia, but not for the daughter of Pope Alexander.

Lucrezia was growing into a striking beauty and her brilliant and precocious intelligence gave her father the vision of a far greater future. In his hands she would be a perfect subject for her own advancement and an ideal trap for the diabolical schemes maturing in his mind.

Alexander soon sanctioned her divorce, so that she could be free to marry again in accordance with his new ideas.

The system adopted by Alexander was to be a game of chess played on the map of Italy. He needed a foothold in the south, so he advanced one of his valuable pieces and placed it in the Court of Naples, marrying his son Guiffry to Sancia of Aragon, daughter to the presumptive heir to the crown of Naples. He needed to make sure of the north, and with his accustomed dexterity arranged for the marriage of Lucrezia to no less a man than Giovanni Sforza, Duke of Pesaro, most conveniently situated between Milan and Venice.

Whilst the fourteen-year-old bride was preparing her rich dowry for her second marriage, young Guiffry took up his position beneath the shadow of Vesuvius at Naples. Giovanni Borgia, another son, was made Duke of Gandia; and Cesare, to the astonishment of the world, was made Cardinal of Santa Maria Novella.

This last investiture produced a comical incident. As there was no precedent in the Church for an illegitimate son to assume the purple, Pope Alexander secured false witnesses to swear that Cesare was the son of Ferdinand of Castille, an imaginary name assumed by a certain Don Manuel Melchiori, who, with tears of emotion in his eyes, played the rôle of father to Cesare and husband to the still beautiful Rosa Vanozza.

These long strides were made over a very short period.

The marriage of Lucrezia was prepared with the intention of astonishing Rome; the splendour of the two-fold pomp of Royalty and Holy Church, in fact, eclipsed anything ever seen before. To Cesare was allotted the task of organising the reception and procession. The celebration was performed in the Vatican, despite that its holy portals had always been strictly forbidden to women.

The most lovely women of Rome, freely and tantalisingly attired, surrounded the radiant Lucrezia, and the brilliant *mise en scène* provided a striking contrast to the usual austerity of the great halls.

A throne was erected for the Pope, and at his feet, on an array of cushions, Lucrezia and her sister-in-law, Sancia of Naples, reclined like two pagan goddesses in repose.

The following quotations, recording the scene are from two different eyewitnesses. Tommaso Tommasi wrote: "The general appearance of the assemblage and the conversation which was carried on for some hours would have led one to think that the occasion was an audience given by some superb royal voluptuary of ancient Assyria rather than the severely simple consistory of a Roman pontiff, who ought, in everything he does, to add lustre to the sanctity of the name he bears."

And in the daily journal of the Master of Ceremonies we find: "The Pope entered the chapel of the Holy Apostles, and by his side upon the marble desk where the canons of St. Peter's are accustomed to intone the Epistle and Gospel, were seated his daughter, Lucrezia, and Sancia, his daughter-in-law, while round about them, to the endless shame of the Church, and the scandal of the people, were many Roman women much more worthy to dwell in the domain of Messalina than in St. Peter's city."



A throne was erected for the Pope and her sister-in-law,

Other writers speak of "strange dances and freely-worded songs" that startled everyone present.

The success of this first experiment convinced Alexander that he was far above the level of reproach or criticism. Masquerades, cavalcades, functions, festivals, public and private, followed almost without interruption.

There was, however, a great difference between Pope Alexander and his son, Cesare. The latter, with the exception of being interested in sport and a

splendid athlete, was totally deprived of any other good qualities. Whereas the Pope counterbalanced his faults with many good points. He was a first-class statesman, extremely quick in visualising the most intricate problems, still more prompt and complete in his resolutions. For centuries past the Catholic Church had considered that to acquire knowledge meant to acquire strength. Therefore, knowledge should remain the monopoly of the Church. Alexander in many instances abolished the barrier raised by



Pope, and at his feet, on an array of cushions, Lucrezia Sancia of Naples, reclined like two Pagan goddesses in repose

this selfish policy, and endeavoured to spread knowledge and education far beyond the frontier of his domain.

Things went smoothly for a few years, when a terrible tragedy struck Alexander in the person of his eldest son, Giovanni. Since childhood there had been a strong difference in the character of the two brothers, Giovanni and Cesare. The first, open and friendly with everyone, was strongly inclined towards study. Cesare was the very opposite. Cunning, shrewd, and capable of carrying treachery

to a fine art. It was a common saying that the father "never did what he said, while Cesare never said what he did."

As the brothers attained manhood they grew further apart, and had little or nothing in common beyond a strong affection towards their sister, Lucrezia.

On the 14th of June, 1497, a great family dinner took place in the villa of Rosa Vanozza. With the exception of the Pope, who was at the Vatican, and Lucrezia, who was temporarily staying

in a convent, there were eight guests, all of them Borgias. After an extremely cordial evening Giovanni and Cesare took leave of their mother and left together.

According to Cesare's statement, at a certain point Giovanni told him that had an appointment to keep and left him. Cesare had to leave Naples at daybreak, so they bade farewell and proceeded each in a different direction. Giovanni took the road leading to the Convent of St. Sixtus where Lucrezia

There was a violent scuffle, and then all disappeared in the darkness of the night, except the unfortunate valet who was left lying in a pool of blood. He died a few minutes later in a house near by, before he could give any clear description of what had happened.

It was only later in the following day that Pope Alexander was informed that the Duke of Gandia had not returned. At first the Pope showed no anxiety, observing that sometimes discretion in love affairs may keep a young man waiting for the darkness of the night. But as the hours passed without receiving any news he, too, became perturbed and refused to go to bed.

In the end he gave way to utter despair. Over and over again he kept repeating: "Search, search everywhere for my boy."

Many people for the hope of reward, many others for their sincere attachment to the popular Duke of Gandia, joined in searching far and wide, but without result. And the fate of the valet left little hope regarding the fate of his master.

At first, general speculation did not go beyond imagining the probable revenge of a jealous husband.

Finally, however, a man was found who made an important statement. He was unloading a barge during the night of 14th and 15th. His own words were as follows: "Signori, after I unloaded my wood on the bank on Wednesday morning, I remained in my boat, enjoying the cool night air, and watching that nobody made off with what I had unloaded; it was about two in the morning when I saw two men on foot come out of the lane to the left of the Church of St. Jerome. They walked in the middle of the street, and by the care with which they looked about in every direction, proved that they had come to see if anyone was passing. When they were certain that the locality was deserted, they went back into the lane; soon after two others came out, using the same precautions. Finding everything as they wished, they signed to their comrades to join them. Thereupon, a man on a dapple grey horse rode out, with the body of a dead man lying across the saddle behind him, the head and arms hanging down on one side, and the feet on the other, the hands and feet being held by the two men who first came out to reconnoitre. The three drew near the river while the others watched the street; they went to the spot where the city drains discharge into the Tiber, the horseman turned his horse so that his tail was towards



*Cesare Borgia.
A sketch made
from the contemporary
portrait by Giorgione*

was temporarily in residence. Cesare, that same evening, made a brief appearance at the Vatican, where he took leave of his father before undertaking his journey. It is known that at a certain point Giovanni dismissed his lackeys and took only a confidential servant with him. As they reached the Piazza della Giudecca he met the same masked man who, a few hours before, had brought him a note at his mother's house. Giovanni told his servant to wait there and that he would be back within two hours, and away he went with the masked messenger. Where to, no-one ever learnt!

When Giovanni returned he dismissed the masked man and, together with his servant, headed for his Palace. At the corner of the Ghetto they were assaulted by four men on foot and one horseman.



*At the third swing the horsemen threw the body of the
Duke of Gandia with all their strength into the Tiber*

the stream, and the men at his side took the body by the hands and feet and swung it back and forth thrice. At the third swing they threw it with all their strength into the river. When he heard the splash of the heavy body falling into the water, the horseman asked: "Is it done?" And the others replied, "Yes, my lord." Thereupon he wheeled his horse round and, seeing the dead man's cloak floating on the surface, he asked what the black thing was. "It is his cloak, my lord," said one of the men, and another ran to the part of the bank nearest to it and threw stones at it until it sank. As soon as it had disappeared, they moved away and turned into the lane which leads to St. James's. That is all I saw, Signori, and I can make no further answer to your questions."

After this, the Pope ordered more than a hundred boatmen and fishermen to search the river, and by the end of the second day two bodies were pulled out of the Tiber. One of them was soon identified as that of the Duke of Gandia. He had been stabbed nine times without his clothes having been disturbed; in fact, his gloves were still stuck in his belt, and the money was untouched in his purse.

This last detail disproved the theory

hardiness. Like a lunatic, and unconscious of what he was doing or saying, he ran through the apartments of the Vatican smashing furniture, tearing books and clothes; when he had reduced his garments to shreds, he burst into the consistory shouting that God was making him pay too dearly for the irregularities of his past life; that his own flesh and blood was punished with the most cruel torture that a father could endure.

In the end he shut himself in a secluded room for nearly three days and refused to open it. Even his last mistress, Julia Farnese, failed to persuade him to come out. As a last resort his beloved Lucrezia was called, and her voice induced him to unlock the door. She remained with him for three further days, after which he emerged apparently calm and collected.

Lucrezia was the only person who could put to him the crude alternative in all its crude simplicity. Either publicly to condemn Cesare and hand him over to the executioner, or to forget all about it and hope that the world would do likewise.

Alexander had perforce to swallow the bitter pill; and time has proved that he made full use of the diabolic capacity of his fratricidal son.

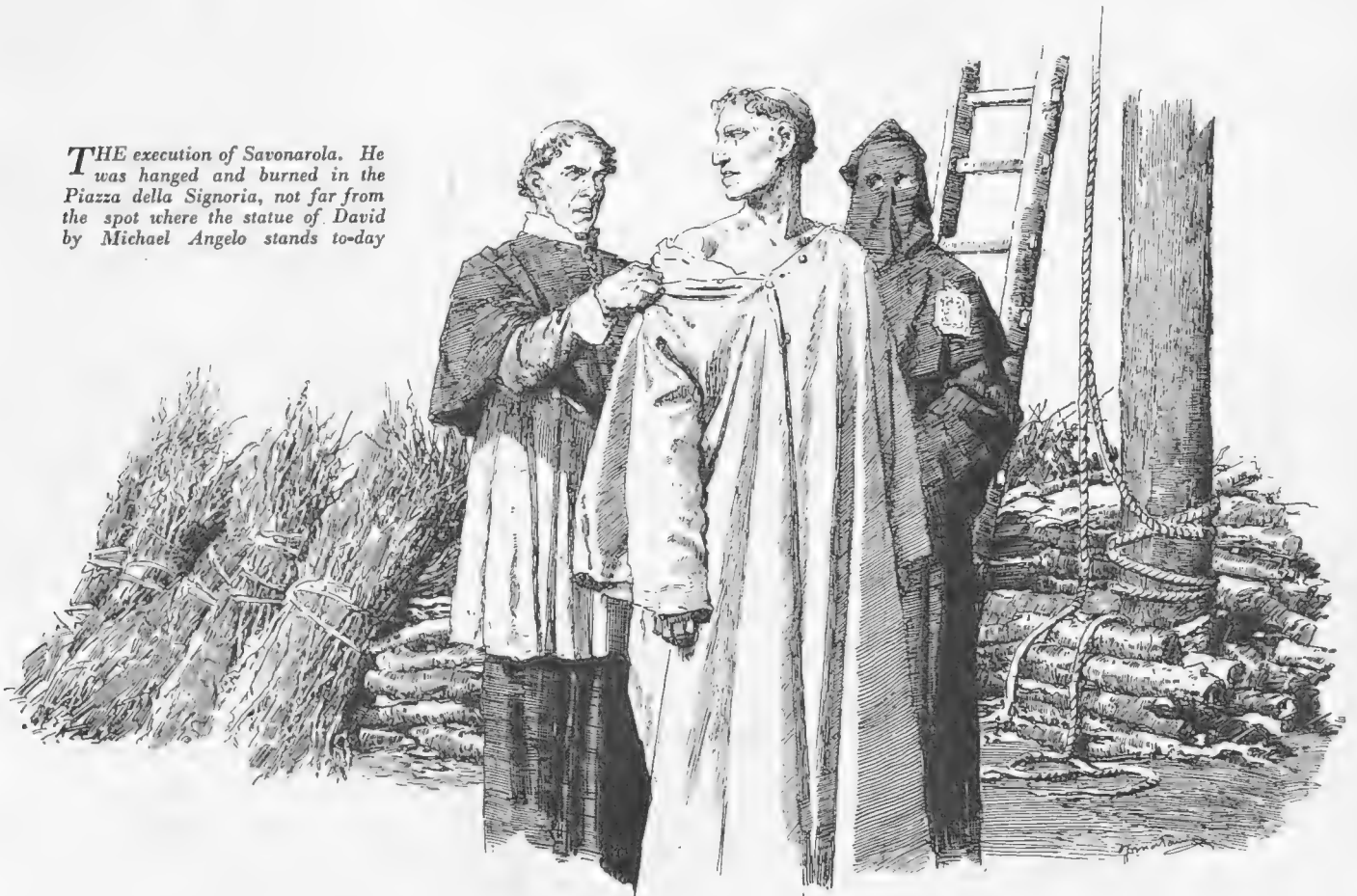
the monk. Seeing that he could not succeed, he tried bribery; and one day a legate from Rome went to the modest cell of Fra Girolamo and there presented him with a nomination of Cardinal. Whilst he read the scroll a page behind him carried the purple cushion on which reposed the Cardinal's hat with thirty tassels.

Savonarola did what no one else had dared to do. He refused the honour and showed the astonished messenger the door!

Excommunication for Savonarola followed, and with it a prohibition for him to preach further. Savonarola disobeyed; but, owing to Alexander's power, the ranks of his supporters were dwindling. Yet he was still the idol of many when he was arrested and, with his faithful companions, condemned to death. He was hanged and burned in the Piazza della Signoria, not far from the spot where the statue of David by Michael Angelo stands to-day.

Like David, the humble Dominican had not aimed his blow at the Colossus of the Church in vain. History gave him a triumph that was denied to Alexander. On the scaffold he was submitted to the function of degradation, and while the appointed priest was divesting him of

THE execution of Savonarola. He was hanged and burned in the Piazza della Signoria, not far from the spot where the statue of David by Michael Angelo stands to-day



of robbery; moreover, the tale of the boatman involved someone addressed as "my lord." Until then, Pope Alexander had been breathing vengeance against the unknown culprit; but when he saw on the faces of those surrounding him a reserved composure, indirectly suggesting not to push the inquest too far, the truth began to dawn on him. Everywhere he enquired he found open accusations against Cesare.

It is true that Pope Alexander was iron-nerved, but the conflicting feelings tearing at his heart overcame even his

Since then the complicity of a common life of crime bound father and son in a tragic tie, while the world accepted their misdeeds without a murmur.

Only one man emerged high above the general corruption—the immortal monk Girolamo Savonarola. He put his whole soul into his oratory and from his pulpit in Florence launched his thundering anathema denouncing the Court of Rome.

Public opinion was aroused by magic, and when Alexander was told of the alarming favour that Savonarola was gaining he tried several ways of silencing

the Dominican cassock, the formula was pronounced: "I separate thee from the Holy Militant and triumphant Church."

Savonarola turned to him and replied: "Militant, perhaps, but triumphant—No!"

Alexander Borgia triumphed over his enemy for another eleven years. But what are eleven years in comparison with Eternity? What difference do eleven years of conquest make, when Time shuffles things over and over again, and gives to people and events the importance that they *really* deserve?

QUICK SLIMMING DIET



THE DAY'S MENUS

On rising: One pint of tepid, or cold, water, sipped.

Breakfast: Either one grape-fruit (unsweetened), four digestive biscuits and honey, three ounces of sultanas (which have been barely covered with water and the juice of one lemon, overnight, and are now swollen), two cups of China tea, flavoured with a slice of lemon or cream. As an alternative, the juice of two oranges, no tea.

One pint of water to be sipped mid-way between breakfast and lunch.

Lunch: Either 4 ozs. grilled steak, a small grilled lamb cutlet, a wing of grilled chicken or grilled game (no bacon), two boiled eggs, steamed fish with melted butter sauce. Accompany by one vegetable—steamed carrots, or peas, or turnips or runner beans. Or a salad of lettuce, tomatoes, radishes and cucumber, on which there can be a dressing of olive oil and lemon. Baked bread, which has been thinly sliced and crisped in the oven for 1½ hours. Black coffee, sweetened with honey, half an hour after.

Between lunch and tea, sip quarter of a pint of water.

Tea: China tea with lemon or cream. Digestive biscuits and honey. Sip a quarter of a pint of water between tea and dinner.

Dinner: One and a half pints of pressed carrot juice, or tomato juice, or cucumber juice, or onion juice (this can be thickened with cream, no flour) or pounded celery and celery juice, or turnip liquid.

Baked bread. Black coffee half an hour later. Half a pint of water to be sipped last thing at night.

On Thin Day the potato meal is given for lunch and no dinner is taken. Water-drinking is observed just the same.

week — when nothing is eaten except 1 lb. of baked potato rinds fried up in butter, a dish so delicious that it would satisfy any gourmet.

Adhere strictly to these rules, and you can lose a stone in three weeks.

It would take pages to explain the scientific balance of this diet, but I will try to give reasons for some of the items.

Honey, item one, has a strong eliminative factor which cane and beet sugars do not possess. Yet it is quite as stimulating. *Cream* does not combine with other foods to form acids like milk. Milk in itself is a complete food and should be taken alone. Drinking at meals produces imperfect digestion. *The quart of water*, divided and spread over different times, flushes the system.

Baked Bread does not bloat up in the stomach and act like a sponge. *Vinegar* is an acid which, when combined with other foods, generates fat. *A liquid night meal* again flushes the system, with a certain amount of vegetable poisons as well as vitamins. But in this case the vegetable poison eats the existing body poisons and is quickly eliminated.

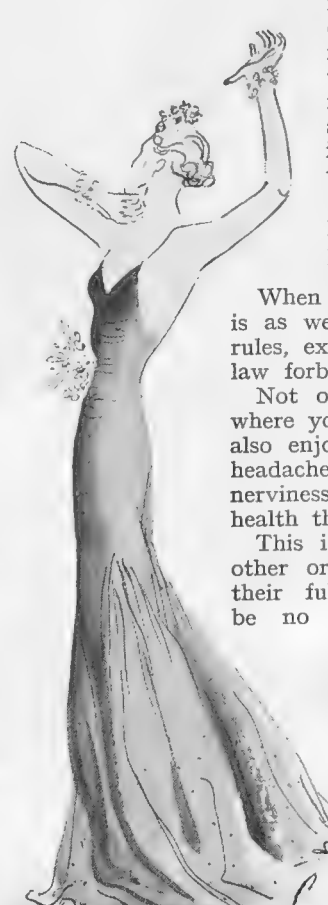
Potato rinds yield the finest roughage, and all nourishment in potatoes, apart from starch, lies just under the skin. Prepare as follows: Bake eight large potatoes in an oven for 2½ hours. Leave to cool. Strip the skin and cut it into smaller strips. Fry them for twenty minutes in butter, and don't scrape away any adhering potato, if there should be some, from the skin.

The only drawback is that you may grow a little tired of the liquid evening meal. But three weeks soon pass.

When you come off the diet it is as well to observe all the main rules, except Number Eight, and the law forbidding melons.

Not only will you lose flesh just where you want to lose it, you will also enjoy good sleep, immunity from headaches and colds, respite from nervousness or nerves, energy, and health that is contagion-proof.

This is because your glands and other organs will be functioning to their full capacity, and there will be no toxic residues to weaken resistance and act as germ-receiving hot-beds. Your blood-stream will be free from excessive nourishment—excess always means a load of poison—and contain every health-maintaining element.



and to take the place of sugar, as far as possible, in anything you eat.

2. Cream to be substituted in every case, instead of milk.

3. No water, or any other drink, with meals. Black coffee allowed half an hour after.

4. At least a quart of water daily between meals.

5. Baked bread.

6. No melon ever. But long solus meals of any other single kind of fruit, peaches and cream, blackberries and cream. Figs.

7. No vinegar, ever.

8. A liquid night meal instead of dinner, on 1½ pints of some single pressed vegetable juice.

9. 1 oz. of butter a day. But no flour or other sauces.

10. One thin day a

If any of you or your families are over-weight, or have fatty bumps in the wrong places, I should like you to go in for a brand-new slimming diet now, and so enjoy the full benefit from it during our vitality-lowering change-over pre-winter period.

Think what it means to loose disfiguring rolls of flesh from your diaphragm, hips, backs of arms and shoulders. Rolls which are a definite proof of a disturbed balance in blood-circulation, with congestion in some parts and anæmia in others. And think of all the added strain these rolls, and the condition they imply, entail on the heart.

The diet, which can be followed by man, woman or child, has been evolved by a Hungarian. Incidentally, the Hungarians are the longest-lived race in Europe. They often carry on quite blithely till they are 132, and claim they do not die before 90, unless by an accident.

It is quite simple, not too tyrannical, and really rather interesting.

The ten rules you must keep are:—

1. Honey in your tea, your coffee. Honey from the comb to sweeten fruit,

DRAMATISE YOUR LOOKS



EYES

New Beauty-Aids.—There is a silver-blue-mist or bracken-gold-mist eye-shadow, which delicately tinges the eye-lid and can be effectively used on the lashes instead of mascara. It protects the eye, as the slight stickiness catches and fixes the dust, promotes lash-growth and imparts an intriguing softness to the glance. Is lustrous and becoming.

Care Of.—A twice daily boracic-lotion eye-bath—morning and evening—is essential if you wish to preserve good sight and sparkle. This should be alternated with a lotion-de-luxe eye-bath.

To grow lashes, dip a fine paint-brush in almond or castor-oil or milk, and stipple behind and between the lash roots. Milk is the quickest known lash grower, but if it seeps through the lids it will inflame the eye-ball.

A miracle muscle-oil patted in under the eyes at bedtime twice weekly, followed next morning by herbal (astringent) sachets placed over the eyes during the bath, will be your finest anti-crow's feet.

Make-Up.—Eyes are your dazzle-point. Then subdue the mouth. Use scarcely any rouge with blue eyes, as nothing is more unbecoming than bright blue eyes and hectic cheek-spots. Experiment with your rouge-placing for brown eyes. But fine eyes are usually best in pale "etherealised" cheeks. Unless you are very young, never shade the under eye-lashes. The top lashes should always be swerved out towards the temples, with the mascara-brush.

THE woman whose face and personality you usually remember is the one who had the mesmeric mouth, the slender white throat, the haunting eyes, not the one who has made herself so perfect everywhere that she has almost submerged her individuality in this perfection.

Look in the glass, discover your best feature, and subordinate every other feature to it. Then, at least, your appearance will be individual and should achieve a striking note.

Of course, this effect will call for infinitely more care than if you were to load your eyes to their mascara limit, your mouth till it stops the traffic, your cheeks till they are the waxen image. Elimination, as always, is the expert's secret.

Magnetism is far more potent when it is concentrated in a single feature, as the face then becomes charged with character, restful and riveting.

Don't mistake me, you cannot leave the other features to look after themselves; they must be blended in as an accompaniment. So read these notes carefully, and observe the hints on make-up as soon as you have decided which is to be your dazzle-point.



LIPS

New Beauty-Aids.—Few lipsticks go blue, but none until recently have been guaranteed. Now comes a positively non-blueing stick, even on those whose tongues and systems are a trifle acid.

Care Of.—Purse and relax thin lips in moments of leisure and they will soon pout. Brush thick lips night and morning with cold water and they will soon reduce. Teeth are too important a health and beauty-point not to need a page to themselves another month.

Make-Up.—Outline the centre of your mouth with lipstick. Then press your lips together to spread this out and soften off the colour. Powder the mouth corners delicately and dust the lips lightly with powder. If a moist look is desired, a drop of muscle-oil worked above the powder will do all that is required. And, if your mouth is the dazzle-point, look to the curves of your hair-wave and eye-brows, as these should be similar if less emphasised than the curve of your mouth.



SKIN

New Beauty-Aids.—Now, we come to it. For whether complexion is to be your obvious dazzle-point or not, a youthful *petal* texture is absolutely essential. I have found a new foundation cream which absolutely prevents that oily look with open pores which creeps up through the powder round the nose or in the chin.

And a fruit and gin tonic which acts like a cocktail on a tired face. Apply the balm after cleansing, and leave on for half an hour before you make-up for the ball. You'll find it's good to be the belle.

Then I would like to recommend an *electrically driven bleach spray*, not a very expensive treatment, which penetrates deep down into the pores and wipes away sunburn and other stains, leaving a clear white neck and forehead, hands and arms. Beautifying, satisfactory, etherealising.

If you wish to fare forth into September scented like June, you will treat yourself to an outfit of the finest lotions and creams that have yet appeared. One of these preparations makes you feel just seventeen.

Care Of.—Apart from the outward cleansing, toning and nourishing, keep the blood stream pure by taking fruit salts regularly. This is as necessary to health-bloom as a daily wash.

Make-Up.—Observe and only slightly heighten your natural colouring. Keep to a deep rich cream if eyes or lips are your attraction-point. But if no feature is strong, make for cheek radiance.

In this, as in any case, it will be best to visit the salon of the complexion outfit I've just mentioned. They will go to endless trouble to blend a powder that will suit you.

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

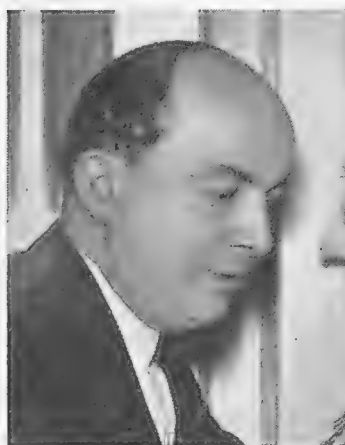
By CHRYDIS



M. ALBERT GILLES, the general manager of the Savoy Hotel



M. CONTI, who was at one time a popular West End manager



M. CAVADINI, the manager of the Berkeley Grill



M. CHARLES, the famous maître d'hôtel of the Mayfair



A FLOOD-LIT view of one of London's latest hotels, the Cumberland. (Right) Eugene Herbodeau, chef at the Carlton Hotel

Margery Lawrence says—

Miss Margery Lawrence is in private life the wife of Arthur Towle, C.B.E., Controller of the L.M.S. Hotels, the largest hotel-owning company in Great Britain. She is also sister-in-law of Sir Francis Towle, Managing Director of the Gordon Hotel Company, and intimately acquainted with Mr. Reeves Smith, of the Savoy Group; also with all the leading figures in the modern international world of Europe and America. Her views as expressed below have, therefore, considerable practical knowledge and experience behind them

I SUPPOSE by declaring this I shall be drawing down a storm upon my head—yet I not only remain unrepentant, but hope to produce, before the end of this article, such cogent arguments as shall prove my point up to the hilt!

I am not denying, of course, that certain outstandingly capable women may become *directors* or *owners* of hotels—Lady Honeywood, for instance, directs a very successful string. But that is quite a different thing from being *manager* of an individual hotel; and according to my information Lady Honeywood employs male managers, not female. Also I do not deny that women may manage small hotels, preferably country hotels, quite admirably; but it is plain fact that the management of large cosmopolitan, international hotels is a task entirely unsuited to them. And for the following reasons.

First, contrary to most people's belief, it is *men* who form by far the larger portion of the *clientèle* of most large hotels—and men dislike women managers! Most people think of hotels in terms of luxurious *restaurants* such as the Savoy, the Ritz, the Dorchester, and so on; what they do not realise is that these restaurants represent only one side of the activities of the hotels that run them, and that though the sight of such restaurants full of well-dressed women and their escorts, dancing to world-famous bands, eating expensive food or watching glittering cabarets, may give the impression that women count most in the hotel world, actually the very reverse is the case!

Women CAN'T

If you went and examined the room-bookings (which are easily the most paying side of any hotel) you would find that the vast percentage of them are booked by men. Men in business, in trade and commerce, in films and finance; men travelling to earn money and men travelling to spend it; men with women—but many men without: far more men without than you might imagine possible. The vast percentage of business done in an hotel, for instance, such as the Midland, Manchester, the Adelphi, Liverpool, and countless other such hotels scattered up and down England, is done with men, not with women. And the employment of women as managers would merely send the vast bulk of that regular and paying *clientèle* to other hotels!

Why don't men like women managers? The reasons are many—but easy enough to understand when one views these reasons one by one.

First, they do not feel at ease with a woman manager. They feel (as one man said to me when discussing this subject) as though they couldn't, as it were, on entering their hotel, "throw



M. MARINO PRATESI, manager
of the Carlton Restaurant



M. FERRARO, the popular manager
of the Berkeley Restaurant

no man minds buttonholing a *male* manager and murmuring in his ear that he wants to give a dinner—specially nice, you understand?—in—er—a private room, somewhere unobtrusive. A dinner served by a discreet waiter . . . you quite understand? No man minds saying this to a fellow-man—but what man would like tackling a woman manager with the same request? Why, he would never get the words out for sheer nervousness lest she snub him, or lest she be (or else become within a short time) an acquaintance of his wife's! And, anyway, one knows how women talk. . . .

And there is the question of getting a bottle or two of extra drink up to one's room, and of giving a really whoopee party to a bunch of male cronies, to play poker and keep it up till morning . . . and other similar points. What man could plan or look forward to these things with the easy sense of freemasonry, the certainty of tolerant understanding and co-operation, with a woman manager as he does with a fellow-man? Of course he cannot—and so the woman manager is damned from the start with the vast majority of her *clientèle*. Then to take the job of hotel management from a totally different standpoint.

There *may* be—nobody, I suppose, can say there is nowhere to be found—a woman who can control a male staff? But I can state with certainty that she has not yet put in an appearance in the world of large international hotels (when I say international, I speak of hotels of the calibre of Claridge's, Gleneagles, the Adlon in Berlin, the Ritz in Paris, and so on).

The entire staff of any such hotel is male, with the exception of a percentage of women in purely subordinate positions such as reception-clerks, telephonists, housekeepers and chambermaids, etc. *And men will never work well under women!* Does anybody imagine, for instance, that a woman could control the kitchen staff alone, which consists often of over a hundred *chefs*, *sous-chefs*, *sauciers*, *patissiers*, kitchen-clerks and so on? Nobody who does not know the inside of the hotel world can possibly imagine the combined Bedlam-cum-Colney-

Hatch that is a big hotel-kitchen during rush hours—and how is a woman going to go down and cope with, say, a dozen foreign chefs all going as temperamental as film-stars and screaming at each other in their respective languages, if not throwing the dishes at each other into the bargain? (This happens more often than the innocent guest imagines!)

They would merely ignore a woman's ordering them to shut up and get on with their jobs, even if she could curse them in their own languages, which few women can; and if she insisted, she would as likely as not find them downing pans and stalking out, and herself faced with a houseful of guests and nobody to cook for them. To imagine that a bunch of excitable foreign chefs is going to calm down and be polite and obedient at the sight of a woman manager is, to put it plainly, sheer poppycock. Only a male manager, and one with a good command of foreign languages, a dominating personality and on occasion even a useful fist or a solid boot, can enter the *mêlée* at such a time and roar it into subjection.

(Continued on page 84)

Run Hotels

off their coats and sit in their shirtsleeves!" They feel as though they must be on their best behaviour; that they had better not take that extra drink (and this in the end makes a difference to the bar receipts!). They feel they must put a stopper on that funny story if she enters a room; that they must mind they don't use the free-and-easy language they would otherwise indulge in if tired and cross—and, above all, they feel that when she comes round the dining-room (as every conscientious manager must do during the progress of lunch or dinner or supper) that they must spring to their feet while she pauses at their table . . . and who wants to stand being polite while a perfectly cooked *soufflé* or grilled chicken is cooling on one's plate?

THERE is another point. Despite the headshaking of moralists, a considerable amount of entertaining is done—and very paying entertaining at that—by men taking out their lady friends to dine or sup. Ladies of whom the world (and particularly their wives) might not approve at all! Now



"*HOW* would you describe this party, sir?" asked the reporter. "Describe it?" said the Reverend Wilfred. "In the words of the man in the street, my boy, I should call it a 'broad-minded binge'"

The

THE familiar twitter of apprehension ran round the Campion family.

"Hip is in England again!"

"Is he . . . you know?"

"I haven't heard. Sure to be!"

"Is *she* with him?"

"You bet!"

The Postmaster-General conveyed the tattoo of warning that travelled like magic from Ealing to Surbiton, from Norbury into the wilds of Buckinghamshire and embraced all the instantly defensive Campion clan.

"Hip and Marygold are back in England! They are staying in London."

Then it was known that they had a suite at the Emblem Hotel.

"The Emblem, my dear! A suite, my dear!"

Fear became conjecture. Perhaps, after all, their bank balances were not to be raided this time.

Constant Campion, who was a tea merchant, said to his Chief:

"My comic brother Hip, the actor one, is just back from a year's tour in Australia with his own company. Handsome as hell and as feckless as the devil, but he's got away with it this time."

"Amusing to be on the stage," his fat Chief was quite wistful. "Always something new; and then, the women——"

"He married an actress," said Constant Campion with fine carelessness. "Lovely blonde and hot as they make 'em. I'll bet old Hip has his hands full, quietly."

"I suppose you mix with that crowd. There's something fetching about them, I always think. For one thing they are so darned amusing. Always full of good ones. I remember, once in the Isle of Wight I met a fellow who had been on the stage, he . . ."

Nellie Campion was saying at that moment:

"I *know* they never pay! Are you

telling me! But they know people who copy them slavishly just because they are on the stage. It might be worth while to have Marygold here and even *give* her a hat. Actresses always know a crowd of people. They collect them wherever they go. There will be dozens of visiting Australians they came over on the boat with. They'll want hats. We could give Marygold commission on sales for her introductions."

She was talking to her partner in her not very successful modiste's in a street trickling obscurely out of Bond Street. Her eyes were hot with petty greed and stupid cunning. Her partner was unimpressed.

"I don't care whether she's your sister-in-law forty times over. I know the breed. Butter you up till you can't see 'em and then clear out without paying, while you're still purring and licking it off."

"But they've got a suite at the Emblem."



*"No Heel-taps, no Regrets,
just a great big, beautiful
Beau Geste"—in other words*

Broad-minded Binge

By Christine
Joep-Slade

Illustrated by Tony Weare

"For all I care they can have a bungalow at Addis Ababa for all the good it'll do—them—or us."

Tom Campion said to his wife:

"Seems a shame we've got to pay for the kids' Christmas show this year with old Hip and Marygold in London. They can get free seats for anything easy as winking. The profession always can."

"They've specialised in getting everything free ever since I've been married to you," said Maude Campion shortly and truthfully.

"Ah; but they have a suite at the Emblem. Nobody sees the Australian newspapers or watches Australian theatre news. . . . I don't even know where to look for it. Hip and Marygold must have done well."

"Why?"

"They've got a suite at the Emblem."

"Have we got an uncle on the real stage?" said Daisy Campion, who was twelve and extravagantly pretty.

"And an aunt," Tom Campion's voice was close and cosy with suddenly voiced family pride, and he added resentfully to his spouse. "Don't look at me like that, Maude! It's true! Because he hasn't pulled it off before it doesn't mean he hasn't now. Looks as if the old boy had."

"Then I expect they know film producers and people," said Maude Campion suddenly struck with an idea.

She had read pages of journalistic

matter on the subject of Nova Pilbeam and Shirley Temple and the scarcity of juvenile talent. She thought her daughter brilliant and beautiful undiscovered film material, and sometimes she cried secretly because she was obscure and suburban and ignorant of the ways to attack the film world.

"Don't let us ask *them* for seats," she urged. "Let us take *them* with the children. Then they can see Daisy and we'll pick their brains and see what they think." Her eyes glittered.

Daisy told the girls at school:

"I've got an uncle who's a famous actor on the stage in Australia."

"If he was famous he'd be in London. All the famous ones are," objected a pert miss.

"He married a lovely actress," Daisy persisted. "Everyone in Australia is mad about them. When they play in Sydney and Melbourne and Queenstown . . . and—places like that, they take out

the horses like . . . like they used to do for Melba and pull them along."

"And if they've taxies I suppose they pull off the wheels and crawl under the chassis and shove it along with their bo-hinds."

"You shut up, Millie Blogg! They are going to introduce me to a film producer before they go back and I'm going to get a contract."

Millie was unimpressed.

"Are their autographs worth having? I've got Jessie Matthews and Celia Collidge and Sir Samuel Hoare and the Bishop of London and Buster Keaton. I don't want anyone who's not really good mucking up my book."

At the Rectory the last of the Campion brothers, the Reverend Wilfred Clarke Campion, said to his wife:

"Well, all I hope is that they don't need any financial help this time and they keep out of the papers. Campion is an unusual name."

"Marygold Campion," said his wife wistfully, "is the loveliest woman I think I have ever seen."

"That is no particular recommendation," said her husband.

"No, but I've often wondered, with all those looks and that lovely red-gold hair, why she's stuck to Hip, because he hasn't been exactly *successful* on the stage, has he?"

"Really!" her husband was aghast.

The chatelaine of the dreary rectory was a delightful creature. She laughed suddenly and kissed her sombre, rather stupid, but kindly mate.

"I wish you could have a bit of publicity," she said frankly. "I wish *we* could do a bit of advertising in the news-

papers. 'Come and hear the Reverend Wilfred Campion on Sunday in his Silly Sin Symphony.'"

"Never, never talk like that when there is *anybody* here, dear," cautioned her husband, who adored her and secretly admired her "dashing worldliness."

The acceptance from the Rectory was the first for their party that Marygold and Hip received.

They laughed and laughed.

"If Wilfred and Amy knew the broad-minded binge they were in for!"

"Serve 'em right!" Hip volunteered.

"Not Amy."

"They needn't come—any of them!"

"They all will, my dear."

"It's going to be a scream."

"It's going to be something more than that, Hip! It's what you called when you played 'Sir Roger' in 'Seigneur'—the supreme beau geste." Do you remember? "The curtain should always fall on a supreme beau geste in an elegant and well-ordered life."

"No one could have called our slight smack at marital felicity that, old girl!"

"That doesn't detract from the final beau geste. Hip, you've been a grand sport. I suppose the family think I'm living here with you?"

"Apparently they've taken it for granted."

"Quaint, unstudied, uncomplex people!"

"Small, mean and greedy—that's them."

"Hip, don't have anything too posh; don't put yourself in pawn for all eternity to give me a grand send off, will you?"

"I've never been able to afford to give you a party. One of my schoolboy dreams was to give a party for a lovely

actress. This is going to be a *real* party."

"Champagne?"

"Rivers; cascades, and still sunlit pools of champagne in which everyone can bathe and disport themselves happily."

She laughed. Her hair was red-gold and her eyes were amber and her frock was Norman Edwards. She was a "ravishing creature" even beyond the elastic modern acceptance of that word.

He knew, without rancour and without much regret, a flattering surprise that she had remained with him so long, growing steadily and undramatically more beautiful. At twenty-seven she had not reached her zenith and he had married her when she was eighteen.

"I hope you'll marry again," she said sincerely. "You're *sweet*, Hip. You're a darling really; and still quite devastatingly good-looking in your own lean, casual way. Anyway, if you don't marry I hope you find someone you're crazy about enough to make life a picnic. By the way—I've got the *Press* coming."

"Splendid," he laughed.

He was incredibly elegantly made, finished with long, exquisitely modelled hands and feet, almost like an artist's satisfied signature on a human being.

She took one of his beautifully cared for hands and held it lightly against her cool cheek.

"Hip, you're being an ANGEL."

"Don't mention it, my poppet."

"Making it amusing and gracious—instead of uncomfortable and all rather grim."

"I'd like a family consensus of opinion on that—after the party. And in writing."

"Why do you insist on having them?"

"No heel-taps, no regrets, just a great big, beautiful beau geste"



want to cry. A dotting father, an infatuated guardian and a great lover couldn't have achieved a more exquisite form of despatch. The room looks lovely! Oh, and you've got on a new suit. Oh, what a lovely suit, Hip! The usual people?"

"No I went one better. Pretty good for a first effort, don't you think?"

"Wonderful! But you're a grand clothes-peg. Hip, I don't know whether it is refined or becoming to ask you, darling, but what are the future plans after the banquet?"

"Oh, me? I've signed on for South Africa."

"Good. Lead?"

"DON'T put yourself in pawn for all eternity to give me a grand send off, will you?"

"To teach them that life is made up of a number of things—chiefly unknown to them."

"YOU haven't," said Marygold, "inherited a kingdom or a continent or a mine, or any little thing like that? You haven't suddenly found out you are an illegitimate Inca?"

"Like it?"

"Why, Hip, it's simply stupendous. Did they clear everything out of this room for you?"

"Everything but me and the waiters. It was ours—our splendid secret kingdom until you came."

"Hip! Millions and millions of cock-tails, be vies and be vies of waiters! And the flowers!"

Her eyes swept round the room. In every corner was banked trees of forced white lilac cunningly interposed with talk pink roses and pink and white chrysanthemums. There was a cool cascade of long expensive smilax; the long buffets, heavily laden with every kind of sandwich, caviare and cunning savoury and deliberate appetite tickler were also draped with smilax and decorated with forced white lilac and pink roses.

"Hip, it's simply stupendous, my dear. But honestly—*est que vous avez du cash?*"

"Oui, oui. *J'en ai beaucoup de cash.*"

"Well, it's all so wizard it makes me

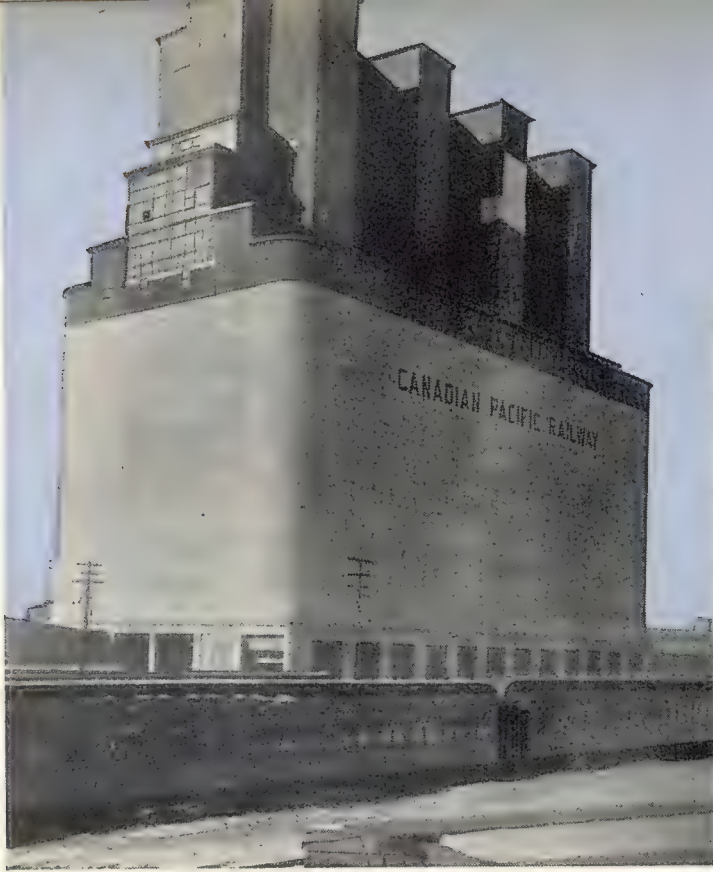
"No, repertory stuff. Good for the old memory! Keeps it up to scratch."

"Oh, Hip, I'm so glad! I suppose I wouldn't dare ask if there's anything we can do?"

Captain Molyneux had been delighted with his effect. She looked entrancing in violet that was neither blue nor violet. The lines of her figure were superb. Her hair curled with soft fieriness under her prim, provocative little hat. She wore a trail of purple orchids. Not the usual casual exotic things, but special, like the woman and the dress. A cloud of dark purple butterflies with a small fierce individual life of their own, but magnificently subservient to the whole effect.

He touched them. He had never seen them before. (Continued on page 88)

Britain's



A GIANT Grain Elevator
at St. John, N.B.

Canadian Pacific Photo



UNLOADING meat from a
ship, Dunkirk, March, 1917



By C. Patrick

GEORGE THE FIFTH

"**B**RITAIN won the first world war for the Allied Powers by using her navy to starve out the Central Powers. She lost the second world war when the Germans, under a new war leader, used mass-produced submarines and aircraft in unexampled numbers to blockade Britain and starve out the inhabitants.

"The formidable British, thus forcibly brought face on to the vulnerability of their position, 45,000,000 people crowded into a little island in the North Atlantic, only ten minutes by air from the European mainland, picked themselves up, rebuilt their strength, and contributed the main effort which won for their group the third and last of the series of great world wars, and finally determined the future course of mankind's development on this planet.

"You will note that this third time they had rendered themselves as immune to blockade as had the Germans—taught their lesson in the war of 1914-18—at the time of the second world war. They achieved this apparently impossible feat by discovering what had up to that time been Nature's most closely

guarded secret. They found out how to imitate plant processes in the laboratory.

"As you know, up to A.D. 1936 nobody had been able to turn water into sugar, as the plant does. By absorbing chemicals from the earth, the plant, under the reaction of the sun's rays, transforms them into nutritious foods. Vast herds of sheep and cattle fed on the most elementary of these plants and transformed the nutritious substance through a relatively simple chemical process into liquid and solid foods, which the family of mankind in turn fed into their stomachs to sustain their marvellous life. But in 1936 a bio-chemist named Bayly, professor at the University of Liverpool, one of the great British ports which later was to be obliterated by explosive, incendiary, and gas bombs in the early stage of the second world war, succeeded, after many years, in producing sugar from water and carbon dioxide gas, with the aid of a catalyst to speed up the chemical processes, and artificial sunlight. He did not quite know how it happened, but he set to work from that point to work out the mathematics of the process.

Wartime Larder

A Glimpse into the Scientific Future and a Practical Reckoning of our Vital Requirements



DRAWING rations at an A.S.C. dump, Acheux, June, 1916

synthetic proteins, the important feature of animal nourishment, on a large scale. But in those days this was a common phenomenon. It was only when they were blockaded in the first great war that the Germans finally solved the riddle of producing oil from coal, and extracting nitrogen from the air; and it was not until the League States refused supplies that the Italian chemists managed to produce synthetic wool from milk. The spur of those old wars goaded men to astonishing efforts, of which we now reap the benefit. It was the immense and forceful drive to solve the problem of how to avoid being defeated in war through stoppage of food and essential supplies that brought about those great triumphs of chemistry which were to revolutionise human life."

One day in the remote future the organisation of Britain's fourth defence line—the creation and stocking of a war-time larder—may be high-lighted (*Continued on page 108*)

Thompson

and Royal Albert Docks

"This was the first step towards the discoveries which enabled the British to imitate Nature's processes, and produce essential foodstuffs in tabloid form in great laboratories, thus rendering themselves independent in a war emergency of the 50,000 tons of foodstuffs it had been necessary to import *daily* over 80,000 miles of dangerous seaways.

"Of course, it was not until huge amounts of money, and hordes of scientists, were harnessed to the vital research, that the full mystery of how plants perform chemical changes was solved, and the scientists could produce

Right:

AN object lesson from the Great War.
A convoy steering a zigzag course

Three photographs by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum. Copyright reserved



SHE stepped forward, then paused and smiled up at the Earl. "May I?" she asked. "I love stamps"



Surcharged One-and- Sixpence

*The Comedy of a Stamp and
how it had played the lead
in "Love's Young Dream"*

THE Earl of St. Mawes sat at a large desk in the calf-lined library of his town house in Hanover Square. Between the forefinger and the thumb of his right hand he held a pair of tweezers which he kept snapping together in a pleased kind of way, rather like an alligator snapping its jaws at the sight of a careless bather.

Before him lay one of his loose-leaf stamp albums, and beside it was a little leather wallet which he had just removed from his pocket. In the wallet was a stamp awaiting the ceremony of its transference to the album. The Earl, prospective high priest at this ceremony, wore a morning coat whose tails dangled on either side of his chair concealing his white-spatted feet. His eyebrows were bushy, his complexion florid, and his iron-grey hair stood up, owing to his habit of running his fingers through it when he was pleased with life.

He nodded happily at the wallet, opened it with his left hand, and held the tweezers poised in air while he contemplated the small piece of blue paper.

"Surcharged one shilling," he murmured. He lifted the stamp with the tweezers, moistened a stamp mount on a bit of wet sponge which ornamented his desk, and entered on the delicate task of aligning his new possession with a row of its fellows. There were two rows of stamps on this page, like a platoon of soldiers on parade, emphasising that likeness by a gap near the end of the bottom row—the odd file. They might have been waiting to form fours.

The Earl, having mounted his new specimen,

glared at the gap, tapping it lightly with the tweezers. As he did so the library door behind him opened, rather abruptly, and a voice cried:

"Oh, here he is! Hullo, Pobs! You're not busy or anything, are you?"

The Earl turned in his chair, pointing the tweezers at the young man who had come in. He was, perhaps, twenty-two years old. He had the Earl's low forehead, small nose, and long upper lip, and his six feet of bone and muscle were clothed in a twenty-guinea grey suit, set off by a red, blue and orange tie. A wisp of orange-coloured silk peeped from his breast pocket.

He swung the door wider, waved his arm with the air of a conjurer, and there appeared by his side a girl of his own age, powder blue from small, slanting hat to small, pointed shoes, the whole relieved from monotony by the transverse red slash of her lips.

"I will not have you call me Pobs!" began the Earl. Then he saw the girl and got up, a little artery at his temple throbbing, the tweezers now pointed at her like a miniature javelin. "I beg your pardon," he said, vaguely.

"Oh, this is Barbara," said the young man, and turned to the girl: "Pobs collects stamps," he explained, "quite mad on it. Used ones."

"But how thrilling!" cried the girl, "do let me see." She stepped forward, then paused and smiled up at the Earl.

By W. Cooper-Willson

Illustrated by
Clive Upton

"May I?" she asked, "I love stamps."

The Earl pushed the tweezers into his waistcoat pocket and turned back to the desk.

"Yes, of course," he said, laying his forefinger on the album, "but I do wish you'd stop calling me by that disgusting name, Gerald. I'm sorry I didn't catch your name, Miss . . . ?"

"Barbara," said the Hon. Gerald Pounceby.

"Yorke," said the girl. "Barbara Yorke: Tristan da Cunha? Oh, how thrilling."

"Yes, the Tristan Jubilee set," agreed the Earl, subsiding into his chair. The girl leant over his shoulder.

"But they're all the same," she said, "except for the postmarks. What a pretty blue!"

"Er—yes," said the Earl. He cleared his throat, then raised his forefinger and pointed at the stamps as if he were about to accuse one of the platoon of having a dirty button.

"Only the halfpenny stamp was printed," he explained, "and the other values were obtained by surcharging with an indiarubber stamp at the Tristan post office. The values above twopence halfpenny are very rare; but I have the complete set now except for the one and sixpenny. Only two of these were issued. One is in America, and I am trying to find the other. I expect it'll cost me five hundred, but without it the set is incomplete."

"What a shame," said Barbara, "it makes them thirteen too. You ought to have the other—or aren't you superstitious? I am. I wouldn't wear green for anything. But I think these stamps are too fascinating.

They remind me of Percy. You know Percy, of course, Gerald."

"Percy who?" The Hon. Gerald straightened his tie and sat on the edge of the desk.

"You know," she said, "he collects the labels off beer-bottles. You know him."

"Oh, Percy!" said Gerald. "Yes, of course!"

"I beg your pardon," said the Earl, and pushed the album aside, away from his son. He looked up.

"Did you come in because you wanted anything?" he asked. "And now I come to think of it, why aren't you at business?"

"Well, it's like this," the Hon. Gerald began, and cleared his throat.

"Shall I explain?" volunteered Miss Yorke.

"No. Definitely no. Better leave it to me," said the Hon. Gerald. "You see, I and Barbara—I mean Barbara and me, were thinking of making a go of it, Pobs, old man."

"Don't call me Pobs!" cried the Earl, "and what on earth do you mean?"

"He wants to marry me," said Miss Yorke, drawing away a little and examining her fingernails, which matched her lips.

"That is—correct," agreed the Hon. Gerald, swinging a leg. "Sort of feel the time has come to settle down and all that; so I brought her along. Seemed the right thing to do. What d'you think about it?"

"Beer-bottles," said the Earl, softly; then, in sterner tone:

"Why aren't you at business?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," answered his younger son, fingering his tie, "I've been fired. Perfectly ridiculous of course, when they know perfectly well that there's no one in the sports department can sell polo balls like I can. 'S a matter of fact, there's no one else in the department knows a dashed thing about polo. Only yesterday



*HIS feet made no noise on the thick carpet.
... He turned and made for the door*

I sold two to an old lady who wanted something for her dog to play with. Two, mark you. But it's obvious you can't run a sports department unless you know what's going on in the Travel Bureau. At least, it ought to be obvious. I mean it's no good sweating hard to sell skis if everyone's going to Cairo this year. I explained that to the buyer, and I quoted you as saying that an intelligent outlook was needed in business, but what can you expect from a fellow that plays Soccer? He said that if I was so keen on travel I'd better travel. So I—er—travelled."

He flicked a speck of dust from his trousers, and crossed his legs.

"Barbara's entirely with me," he went on, "and she ought to know. She was in the Travel Bureau."

"Oh, she was, was she?" said the Earl. His voice rasped slightly. He closed the leather wallet and put it away in his pocket. The girl was behind him, making faces over his shoulder at the Hon. Gerald.

"'Was' is the word," the young man agreed. "Her manageress was unreasonable, too. But the real point is, we think we ought to buy a ring. I mean, it's done; and I sort of wondered if you'd cough up. Nothing very expensive. Fifty quid'd do it, easily. A sapphire, I thought, with a couple of diamonds, set in platinum. We tried one on, as a matter of fact. Or, don't you think so?" He smiled ingratiatingly.

"No," said the Earl. He got up and offered his hand to the girl. "You'll excuse me now, won't you?" he said. "I'm sorry my son has caused you to lose your position. I have a little influence. I will do my best to have the matter overlooked."

"Please don't bother," pleaded Miss Yorke, "but I do hope you find that stamp. Thirteen . . ." She took his hand and held it, smiling at him.

The Hon. Gerald scratched his chin.

"Er—fifty quid, Pobs," he suggested mildly, "or I might even get a discount in the jewellery department."

"No," said the Earl, and the little artery throbbed rapidly.

"Definitely?" asked his son, getting down from the desk.

"Good morning, Miss—er—Yorke," said the Earl.

"Oh, all right then," said the Hon. Gerald. "Come on, Barbara, let's get some lunch."

"Good-bye," said the girl, sadly, releasing the Earl's hand.

"Beer-bottles!" said the Earl, as the door closed. He picked up the album, closed it and returned it to its shelf. "Beer-bottles!" he repeated. "Labels off beer-bottles!"

"Definitely a lunch, darling," said Barbara, as she squeezed into the second seat, and he stepped on the starter. "I thought you said you were broke?"

"On tick," he explained, threading his way through the traffic. "I've got two quid, but there's tea, and we may want



petrol. I suggest Grantchester and strawberries. They used to be worth eating there when I was a boy at Clare, before Pobs made a business man of me. Aren't you glad I got you out of that Travel Bureau, pet? Not much fun, I mean, selling old tabbies tickets to the places you want to go to yourself. Terrible how keen parents are on business, these days, isn't it? Sorry about that ring, all the same. Funny how Pobs seemed to go off the deep end, wasn't it? Just as if something had upset him. He gets like that sometimes. Dashed awkward when one's trying to touch him."

"You don't think he was upset about you losing your job, do you?" asked Barbara. "Some parents mind about that sort of thing and some don't. Now daddy was quite sporting. He just said that if I hadn't enough brains to sell railway tickets perhaps marriage would be best for me after all. I thought the Earl was going to be a lamb, at first, too. Quite made up my mind I'd got off with him about that stamp business. We were getting quite pally. It's funny." She shook her little head, despairingly.

The car twisted in and out of the traffic going north.

"He's got to be soothed," said the Hon. Gerald, after a great deal of thought. "He's fractious—that's what it is. Not like your people: God bless you, my child, and no awkward questions. Something'll have to be done. D'you know what I think?"



THE car stopped. A bevy of indignant and affrighted pedestrians crowded round, headed by an irate florid gentleman in morning coat and grey topper

"No," said Barbara, "do you?"

"I think you're a pet, pet." He slid his left arm round her waist.

"Silly! Now I think he was peevish because he was a stamp short. Sort of made a gap. Tristan da Cunha—why, that's where mother sends the socks to."

"What d'you mean—socks?" He withdrew his arm, and concentrated on the traffic.

"It's an island, and I suppose you can't buy socks there, or something. Mother sends out parcels of them. You'd be surprised the things a Bishop's wife has to do like that. And she gets letters back about two years afterwards, saying thank you. Why I remembered about it was because she had a parcel yesterday. A grateful islander sent her a model ship he'd made. In a bottle. It had been simply ages coming. The only trouble was that it was a whisky bottle and mother's frightfully T.T., so she pushed the whole thing away, paper and all, in a cupboard."

"I say," said the Hon. Gerald.

"What?" asked Barbara.

"There wasn't a stamp on the parcel, was there?"

"Sure to be," said Barbara, "ooh, you mean it might be the stamp. What a brain! Darling, I knew you were clever."

"Hey!" he cried, bringing the car rapidly to rest at the side of the road, then turning and looking intently at the girl. "It's two to one on. This is the goods. You're sure she kept it?"

"Positive!"

He took her in both arms, and a passing A.A. scout whistled feelingly and rolled his eyes up to heaven.

"How long does this go on, Jerry," she said, presently. "We shall never get to Grantchester."

"We're not going there," he answered, "do you realise that your mother may have a bit of paper that Pobs is willing to pay five hundred quid for? And, at any moment, your housemaid may put it in the dustbin!"

He pinched her ear to emphasise the thought, and she nodded.

"We'd better go back," she agreed, and, when they were well started on the return journey, added: "I suppose it's mother's property?"

"And you a Bishop's daughter!" he chided. "This isn't a thieving expedition. The point is to soothe Pobs."

"All right," she agreed. "It seemed rather a waste. But don't kill that policeman. He mightn't like it."

It seemed a long way back to town.

"You're sure it won't be thrown away?" asked the Hon. Gerald for the fifth time.

"I think we'd better hurry," she conceded.

The car whizzed down Portland Place, stopped unwillingly for the traffic lights at Oxford Circus, then shot ahead down Regent Street.

"Just look at these fools in the road!" cried the Hon. Gerald, impatiently. "Hop, you idiots!"

"That was a Belisha," said Barbara, sadly. "Now you've torn it."

A policeman stood in the middle of the road, his hand upraised. The car stopped. A bevy of indignant and affrighted pedestrians crowded round, headed by an irate florid gentleman, in morning coat and grey topper.

"Good lord, it's Pobs!"

"The Earl," gasped Barbara. "Jerry, we're wrecked. You tried to murder him."

"Driving through people on a pedestrian crossing," said the policeman, holding out his hand. "Can I see your licence, please?"

THE magistrate's court was crowded. The unemployed filled the public benches, so that the sprinkling of well-dressed friends who had come to support the Hon. Gerald Pounceby found themselves squeezed between lawyers, policemen, and reporters. The magistrate, Mr. Merryweather, was the only person with elbow room. He nodded his grey head sagely, as the policeman finished his evidence:

"... driving down Regent Street, with his left arm round his passenger's waist, your worship. A number of pedestrians was crossing the pedestrian crossing when accused drove straight into them, making them run for the pavement. I took his name and address and warned him that a summons would be issued."

"Thank you," said the magistrate, courteously.

The clerk looked up from his writing:—

"... would be issued," he repeated, then called:

"The Earl of St. Mawes!"

"The Earl of St. Mawes!" repeated the usher.

The Earl entered the box and (Continued on page 86)

R FOUND IN MISS FERRI ROCKSAVAGE'S HOME ON THE MORNING OF
 9.3.36.
 LATCH FOUND IN THE BISHOP OF RUDE'S CABIN ON THE MORNING OF
 9.3.36.
 PHOTOGRAPH OF A CIGARETTE END (ALL PLAYERS) FOUND IN COLON
 POSODINI'S CABIN ON THE MORNING OF 9.3.36.



DENNIS WHEATLEY
 and his new crime book

"MURDER OFF MIAMI" (Hutchinson) is the last word in ingenuity. It is a dossier of cablegrams, photographs, and even matches and cigarette ends! The sealed solution is guaranteed to baffle most readers

WILKIE COLLINS and Anthony Hope, Dumas and Merimée, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Harrison Ainsworth and R. L. Stevenson—they all, in their different ways and at their varying levels, solved the problem of telling a swift narrative of action while paying due attention to the basic claims of characterisation. Though the list might be considerably extended, those who figure in it will always be a comparatively small minority. Action springs from character, whereas psychology is a slow business; and it is not easy to make the car run smoothly with one foot pressed hard on the accelerator and the other on the brake. There are signs that Mr. J. L. Hardy, the author of *Recoil* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) possesses this unusual knack. Here is a good tale, exciting and yet written, especially in the opening half, with sensitiveness and perception. Towards the end it seems that Mr. Hardy, like many good novelists before him, is a little bothered by the absurd law which demands that every story shall be long enough to justify a charge of 7s. 6d. But Mr. Hardy's inventiveness stands him in good stead, and the last quarter of the book is enlivened with as prettily planned a revolution as fiction has to show.

In *Figure of Eight* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Compton Mackenzie returns to the scene of *Carnival*—of all his novels, nearly thirty in number, the one to which, possibly, he and we most willingly return. He gives us sixteen stories of Jenny Pearl's friends, the ballet girls of the Orient Theatre of Varieties. They are as symmetrical, as charming and as sentimental as Les Sylphides—a ballet for which, one likes to think, some of them may now

be employed as dressers. But Mr. Mackenzie's sentimentality is deceptive. It is of the theatre; it exists on the surface. In his understanding of the girls, in his knowledge of their environments, there is plenty of reality. Compare his book with another stage story—*There's a Porpoise Close Behind Us*, by Noel Langley (Barker, 7s. 6d.). Externally, Mr. Langley's realism is startling, and to some readers will be shocking. He paints, with much humour and no reticence, the particular group of semi-

Left:
 ELEANOR DARK, author of "Prelude to Christopher" (Collins), reviewed this month by Arnold Palmer

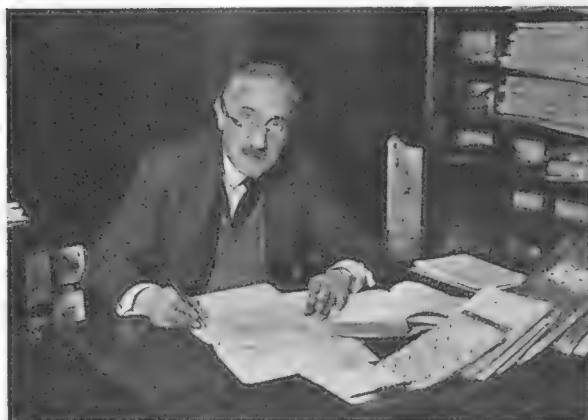


Dorothy Wilding

BOOKS:

Reviewed by
 Arnold Palmer

Suggestions for September



JOHN GIBBONS

Flight

"GROWING WINGS," by Filson Young.
 (Michael Joseph, 6s.)

MR. FILSON YOUNG was fifty-eight when he determined to learn to fly—or, in the publisher's mysterious language, "to exchange the comfort of an armchair for the hazards of the pilot's cockpit." His book consists of two parts, of which the first is made up of nine talks broadcast while he was actually in process of learning, and the second of seven chapters written after he had taken his certificate. Since courage has little to do with age, it may be assumed that the sensations so vividly described by Mr. Young are those common to all aspiring birds in course of instruction, and thus they should be studied by all would-be aviators. What is admirable in the author is not his pluck so much as his readiness of mind and body in his sixth decade. If he now claims that flying is the best fun in the world—well, that is pardonable. Besides, he may even believe it.

"ABROAD IN IRELAND," by John Gibbons.
 (Muller, 7s. 6d.)

THE excuse for the appearance of yet another book on Ireland is embedded in the title. Mr. Gibbons, author of *Tramping to Lourdes*, and volumes on half the countries of Europe, found himself completely "abroad" in Ireland, and it is from this angle, as a stranger in a strange country, that he writes. Actually, he could as easily write, from the same angle, about Piccadilly Circus or the Strand, for he possesses an enviable knack of seeing the world with eyes never staled by custom. That is why all his books are worth reading, and, what is more, are read. This volume on Ireland is as fresh, personal and sensible as Mr. Gibbons's other books. Even people who have never been and do not think of going to Ireland will be interested by what he has to say about it.

artistic people whose morals are the accepted scandal of our age. You may find his Flossie Carter amusing or nauseating or both; you will never find him better rendered. But with all his Bright Young Air, Mr. Langley is, as Mr. Mackenzie isn't, fundamentally sentimental, and if you strip his story of its lurid decoration, you will find something fit for the parish magazine.

A touch, a quality which one is sometimes forced to call amateurishness and sometimes glad to salute as freshness, makes Lady Constance Malleon's *Fear in the Heart* (Collins,

7s. 6d.) a difficult novel to classify. It is a story of Somersetshire people who are anything but typical of the west country—artistic, sophisticated folk, for the most part, who are never so little at home as when they are at home. Lady Constance has written an unusual and interesting novel which is never entirely convincing; its faults and its virtues are curiously interwoven. Mr. Gilbert Frankau's *Farewell Romance* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is, on the other hand, the work of an experienced, perhaps too experienced, author. This long story runs smoothly on well-oiled bearings. The grit of life never intrudes, there is no grating. In other words, Mr. Frankau, like many successful novelists, draws upon a world of fiction and not upon the world surrounding him. This is quite different from plagiarism of course. It springs from distracted motives. If this intelligent author could find a dry field, and spend a week lying on his back staring at the sky, what kind of a book would he write then, one wonders?

Miss Eleanor Dark is a young author, and her *Prelude to Christopher* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) shows that she is clever as well as young. It is not likely to be a popular book—its theme, inherited madness, will almost certainly prevent material success—but its readers will remember the author's name, and be waiting for her next novel. At present, Miss Dark favours a rather tortuous method of narration, doubtless the result of a youthful love of virtuosity. But to a sense of the dramatic she adds the unmistakable quality of a genuine novelist and to suggest that her achievements are yet to come is to do her less than justice. *Prelude to Christopher*, in spite of its slowness, is a highly readable novel.



NOEL LANGLEY has written his first novel, "*There's a Porpoise Close Behind Us*" (Barker), a witty satire on back-stage decadence

There are many points of interest about *Murder off Miami*, by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). Externally, this murder story is not written in the ordinary way, and in fact the whole novelty consists in the author's pretence not to have "written" it at

all. He gives us nothing but the police dossier of a crime, a collection of cablegrams, reports, instructions, originals of correspondence, items of evidence (such as matches, hairs, and cigarette ends, all preserved for the reader in transparent envelopes), photographs, and verbatim records of the testimony of witnesses. It is all very good fun, and as the mystery is a baffling one (at least, it defeated me), the experiment must be considered a triumphant success. Designed as a stunt, it may even be worth technical consideration. Here, there is no "atmosphere," or only such a minimum as comes from the utterances of witnesses and the terse opinions of detectives; and there must be many novel-readers, surfeited by scores of creaking pages devoted to nothing but "atmosphere," to whom the



LADY CONSTANCE MALLEON, whose latest novel is "*Fear in the Heart*" (Collins)

Cups of Tea

"TEMPEST OVER MEXICO,"

by Rosa E. King. (Methuen 10s. 6d.).

THE author of this book is an English widow who, thirty years ago, opened a tea-shop in a pleasure resort near Mexico City. By the time the inevitable Revolution broke out, she was proprietress of the best hotel in Cuernavaca. Among a crowd of refugees, she fled with her daughter. That is all—a memorable adventure in the life of a plucky woman—but the story is told with a simplicity and a directness that are very effective. One even begins to understand, in the end, why people risk money in enterprises in Mexico. There is something about the country, besides the possibility of profit, which makes the risks worth while, complete an attractive volume.

"THE WHOLE WORLD AND COMPANY," by Gretchen Green. (Constable, 10s.)

MISS GREEN also opened a tea-room. (Is the tea-leaf the modern woman's gauntlet, something to fling in the face of the world?) But hers was in Venice, in the Royal Kitchens in Venice; and that, of course, tells you that she is an American. But if she is the sort of American who opens tea-rooms in Venice, won't she have—er—been places and done things? By Jove, you're absolutely right. She has. She has been a policewoman in Idaho, she knows India, Burma, and France, and now, with a thoroughness rare even amongst her countrywomen, she lives at Stratford-on-Avon. She trained dogs for a while, and on learning at a reception held in New York in honour of General Joffre that Rabindranath Tagore had work for her in India, she trained Indians, too. Her self-confidence is staggering; but, however useful that quality may be in action, it leads to a certain monotony in autobiography. It leads, also, to a certain vagueness in retrospect. And did it lead, one wonders, to the decision to charge ten shillings for this unillustrated volume of 300 pages?



ROSA E. KING

Sixteen drawings, by Carroll Bill,

relief will be profoundly welcome. In my lifetime, even within my own recollection, the pace of the English novel has slowed down to a crawl. The majority of its practitioners might do worse than study Mr. Wheatley's entertainment, and reflect thereon.

I have left Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Eyeless in Giza* (Chatto and Windus 10s. 6d.) until the last, since, if I had begun my article with a discussion of this tremendous novel, I should have found nothing to say about the others. Like all Mr. Huxley's books at first perusal this seems his best. It is a story—according to the descriptive note on the flap of the dust cover, a note which bears traces of the author's own hand—of a number of attempts to achieve liberty. Hedonism, revolutionary activity, philosophical detachment—they, and other routes, all have their travellers with whom we take a few steps on the way while Mr. Huxley, beside us, points out the curiosities and beauties of the landscape. But the road into which he shepherds us is none of these. An irreverent pedestrian might say that the signpost is labelled "Higher Pelmanism," but I (Continued on page 110)

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

By Mary Young

WOMEN with beautiful nails don't have to read this unless, perhaps, they are interested in getting beautiful eyelashes.

I'll start with the nail news. Suppose your nails are breaking, growing discoloured, going through an ugly time generally, there is an enterprising new salon where you can buy and be fitted with the prettiest, nicest looking, most perfectly manicured nails to go over your own, like another skin.

They are made in all sorts of shapes, flattish, rounded; long, tapering, short. You choose, they are stuck on, and the edges filed as you like them.

They cost 10s. 6d. for ten, if they put them on for you; 5s. 6d. if you can do them yourself.

Nails, however, are a side line in this salon, where the chief preoccupation is with eyes, lashes, brows. They dye your lashes, safely, painlessly, effectively, for 10s. 6d. This lasts until your lashes grow out again. Or, if your own lashes are mean, you can have very long, silky human hair lashes stuck on to your own—each lash put on separately by a nice dark-eyed girl with the steadiest hand in London.



WHEN women in novels went out for long country walks, the wind blowing in their faces, they came back with bright shining eyes. When I went out for long country walks, the wind blowing in my face, I came back with watering eyes.

At crowded parties the eyes of women—in novels—would shine, glisten, invite. At crowded parties, directly the atmosphere thickened, mine would smart, get bloodshot.

But that is now the bad old past, since the day I was introduced to some really marvellous eye drops.

I use these now before I go out in the wind or glare or strong sun or go driving or games watching. They keep my eyes bright and strong, with white whites. If I'm going to a party, or to a hot, crowded restaurant or theatre or any smoky place, out comes my bottle, in goes a drop or two, and my eyes are clear and free in a few seconds.

The bottle costs 4s. 6d., with a dropper top.

EYES seem to be my theme this month. And why not? They are very important. Here's a new reading lamp arrived, which takes all eye strain and fatigue out of reading.

It looks just like any other lamp. An attractive shade (you choose your own colour), a steel or wooden stand and base.

The secret lies inside the shade. It is very simple. Just a white interior shade, which ensures absolutely shadowless illumination on any book or object held near.

The bulb is a 100-watt coiled-coil lamp. Surrounding it is a diffusing reflector made of opal glass. This throws some of the light on to the ceiling and prevents any strain your eyes might get when you turn from your brilliantly lit page to the comparative darkness of the rest of the room.



DO you feel the trying-out-something-new-mood stealing over you? If so, I'm your woman, because I've found two excellent things longing to be tried out.

The first is a sleeping net which keeps your hair in place, is comfortable to wear and looks nice in bed. Usually the three never go together.

This little net is so shaped that it fits right on to the hair line all around the head. It doesn't come down uncomfortably over the brow, nor does it tie up under the chin. It is kept firmly, but not tightly in place, by two little elastic loops which come from either side of the back and fasten on to buttons at the side.

The second is a new brassière, with a net lined lace front, and Lastex sides. The bust section is cleverly shaped for uplift. The side sections, fastening low at the back, give easily to each movement, yet allow you to experience the grand controlled feeling of support that Lastex gives. Four and sixpence.

AND now, ladies, holidays being over, we have to consider the subject of de-tanning.

Even if you didn't get much sun—and who did?—you are probably wind burned, or else you acquired a pale, sickly, weather-beaten sort of tan.

Whatever you've got, as it fades, it looks drab and uninteresting. The thing is to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

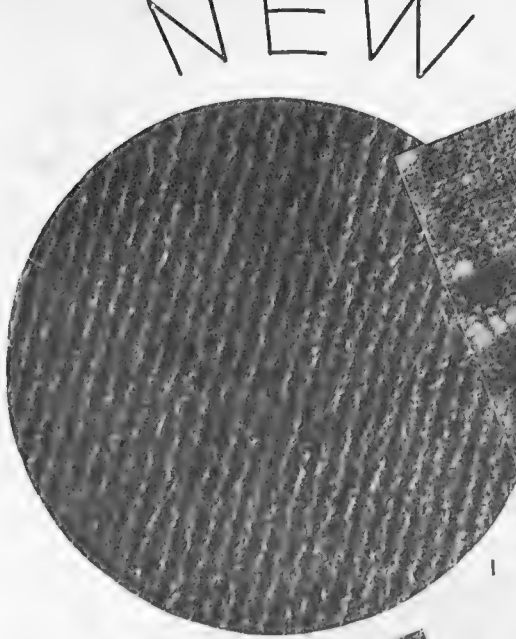
As tanning and any exposure to air and wind tends to coarsen and dry the skin, be generous with your cream and skin food. Then use a wonder-working ointment which bleaches and stimulates, generally freshening up the skin and wiping away fading tan or sallowness.

If you have summer freckles, I know an excellent bleach cream to fight these. It has seldom been known to lose.

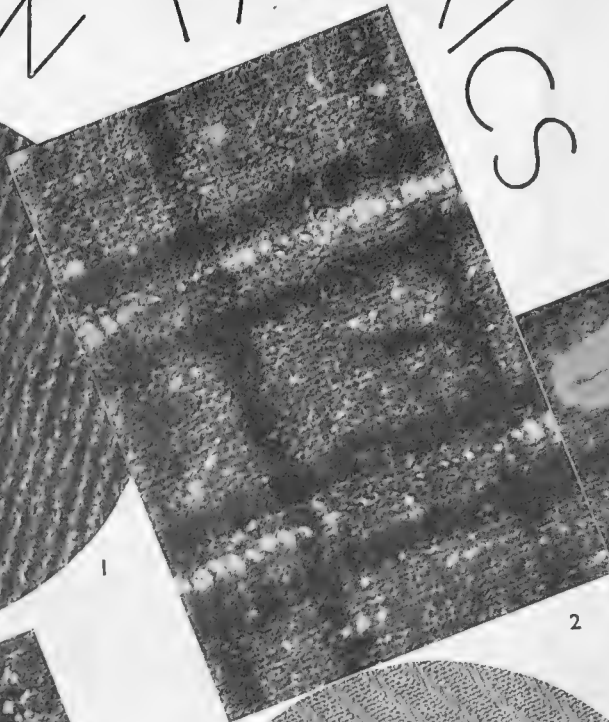


If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose stamped envelope.

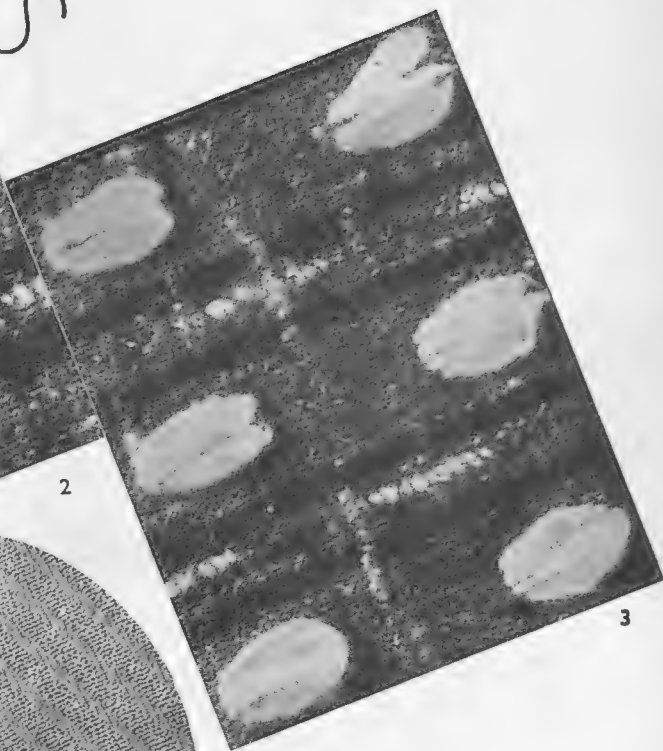
NEW FABRICS



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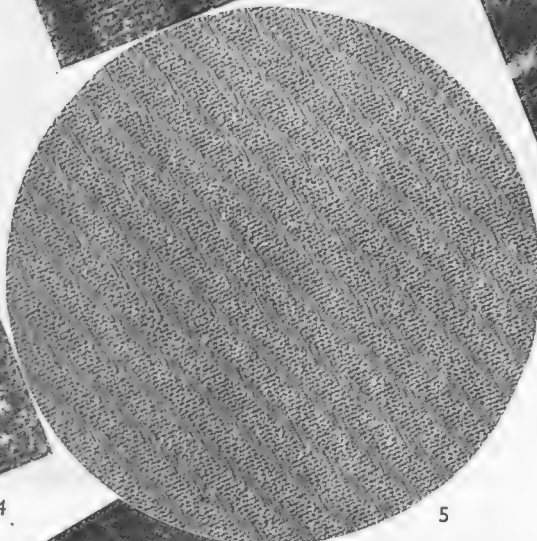
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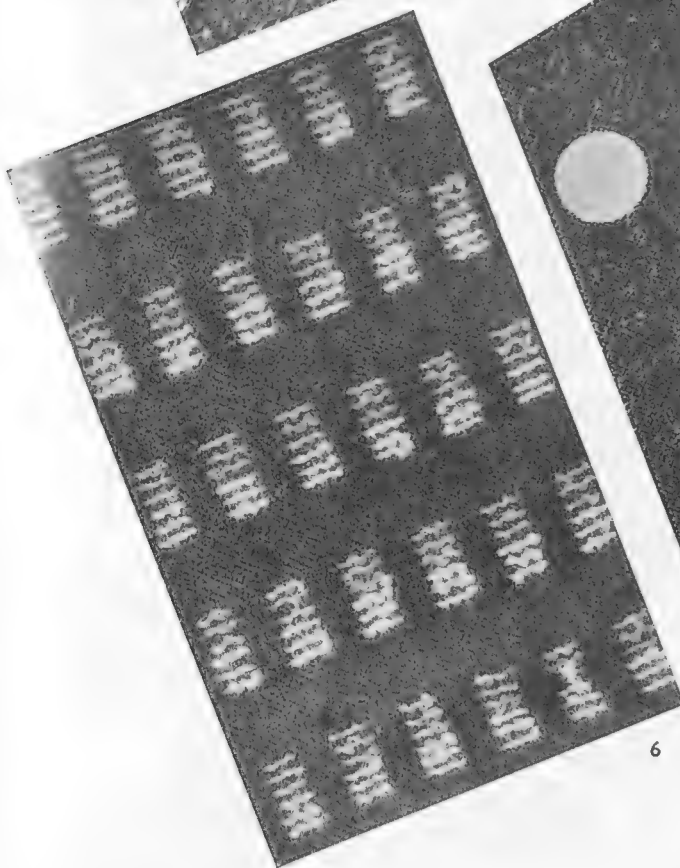
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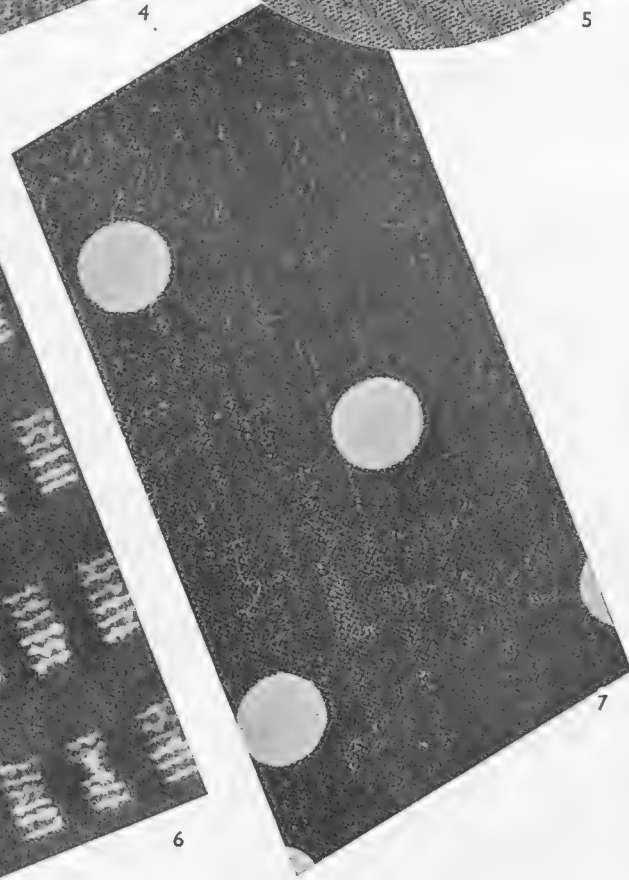
4



5



6



7

1. Diagonal weave ribbed woollen, with angora finish, and long surface self-colour hairs. In dark green, mulberry, black, navy. 52in. wide. 15/9 a yard. Debenham and Freebody.
2. Plain tweed, to match "Autumn Crocus," 54 in. wide. 14/9 a yard. Both from Marshall and Snelgrove.
3. "Autumn Crocus," a novelty tweed with a broken over-check, the crocus design in relief. Crocus comes in red, yellow, green, blue and black, with toning backgrounds. 18/9 a yard. 54 in. wide.
4. Angora cloth with a broken embroidered spot, in different colours. Backgrounds in blue, wine, mauve, mottled wine, brown. 52 in. wide. 14/11 a yard. Marshall and Snelgrove.
5. Horrockses' special new autumn novelty, "Romany," a fancy crêpe twill with a tweedy feel and look. 36 in. wide. 2/11 a yard.
6. One of the best designs in the new range of Viyella 36. Two colour threads, running vertically on a plain background. 4/11 a yard. Colour weaves, patterns and interest in this new range are the best Viyella yet.
7. Horrockses' new "Spuntweed," a rayon angora. 36 in. wide. 1/11 a yard. Regular white spot on green, blue, brown or black grounds.

HORROR INTO



(Above) A heavy Victorian dining table and chairs were converted, by scraping, painting and upholstering, into this elegant group



(Right) An ugly early Victorian chest was stripped of its polish, painted in dirty pink, with motifs of deep amethyst, dirty pink and ice blue, and is now an amusing piece in a room which doesn't mind mixing its periods

FEW people are lucky enough to be able to have just the furniture they want. Most of us have to turn with a sigh from ravishing photographs of the dining-room table of our dreams, and make do with Great-aunt Matilda's mahogany horror whose solid worth is only surpassed by its hideousness.

Actually, you can do a lot with even the worst type of Victorian furniture—1880 atrocities, over-heavy, over-ornate—if you will forget just how “good” they are, and treat them with irreverence and imagination.

Probably the attic will yield banished treasures that can be made quite charming, and you can certainly buy pieces of this late Victorian period for almost nothing—sound tables for fifteen shillings, dining-chairs for ten shillings each.

In the photograph at the top of the page you see a heavy Victorian dining-table which has been converted by John Beresford Fowler into a charming piece which would be quite happy in a modern house or flat.

First, the French polish was removed. The table was then painted in segments of grey and off-white, radiating from the centre, with a simple leaf design in a darker grey round the outside. A flat paint was used for this, with a coat of colourless varnish which makes it suitable for use as a dining-table, though, of course, if you want a heat-resisting surface you must use cellulose.

The chair in the same group is another converted horror. Beneath the shabby red plush and vulgar gilding it was possible to see that this chair held possibilities in its simple, pleasant lines.

The frame has been painted off-white, with the carving faintly picked out in blue, and grey stars scattered here and there. The new upholstery is in light blue moiré silk, edged with bushy white fringe. In their new dress, this chair and its matching sofa have elegance and great charm.

Chairs lend themselves better than anything else to this sort of frivolous making-over. The carved mahogany and

horsehair set on which you squirmed as a child (will you ever forget the rasp of horsehair on bare legs?) can make the most desirable new dining-room furniture, but for painting the frames, be sure to use several coats of a flat paint. High-gloss varnishes are too modern-looking to be right for carved pieces. Hermione Gingold, who has the loveliest flat furnished entirely with bits and pieces from good Queen Victoria's reign, has some exquisite chairs in a white room which she insists cost her approximately fourpence in the first place.

The frames have been painted white and gold, the seats upholstered in heavy white satin. If this is too impractical for you, use nigger brown or deep blue satin, or an exciting striped material.

The two photographs at the bottom of the facing page show what can be done with grandpapa's gondola chair, as this curiously comfortable shape was called.

You can see that this couldn't have been more frightful when I rescued it from the attic. The frame was elaborately carved mahogany, upholstered in sage-green stamped velvet, with festoons of shabby braid.

On the right you see what a pot of paint and 3½ yards of Celanese furnishing satin have done for it. I stripped off the old cover and set to work on painting the frame. Two coats of undercoating, then one of flat, off-white paint.

Then it went to the upholsterer, returning in such elegance, covered in deep purple satin, with the buttons and braid in white. Now it is the show-piece in a room with off-white walls and a lot of ice-blue and nigger brown.

You can play this sort of trick on sofas with equal success. If the wood is interesting, it can just be stripped; otherwise it is best to paint it one of the principal colours in the room. Then upholster it in something gay and as far removed as possible from its original worthiness and respectability.

Striped red and white cotton at one-and-something a yard made a perfect covering for an ex-Victorian sofa which I saw lately in a seaside cottage.

ELEGANCE

The frame was painted white, and the cushions were made of white Turkish towelling, edged with white rope looped at two-inch intervals.

Chests of drawers often seem to present insuperable difficulties in modern homes. You cannot afford a new one for the spare room, and there you are with a perfectly good but remarkably dull chest inherited from the last century at its most uninteresting.

On the right is an early Victorian chest, mahogany again, which looked heavy and out of place in a room which mixed a vaguely Regency atmosphere with modern stuff, as is so often the way these days.

For eleven shillings this was stripped of its French polish, which merely revealed that some of the wood was really beautiful—the top, for instance—while the base was inferior and ugly. This was completely covered with a flat paint in dirty pink.

The same paint was used for the bands on each drawer, and the motifs were carried out in deep amethyst, pink and ice blue. The columns at each side, too heavy in the chest's original state, were at the same time lightened and stressed by painting them pink.

If you feel unequal to such artistic labours, copy a design from a museum, or even use stencils, but you can get quite a long way with straight lines and a well-proportioned key pattern. Stars are good, too, and if they turn out lopsided you can always say they were meant that way.

By Vere Denning



The fireplace above, once hideous early Edwardian, was removed and an efficient modern grate fitted. Then the surround, mantelshelf and round pillars were built-in of wood, and enamelled white. Now it is the high spot of an attractive and original sitting-room.

Below, you see what a pot of paint and 3½ yards of Celanese furnishing satin have done to an old gondola chair, rescued from an attic.



Fashions: By Jean Burnup



THE coat is saxony cloth, broken check in orange and black, with a large collar and revers, patch pockets, belt all round, and a back slit. *Studd and Millington.*

The country suit (change of shoes, hat, and accessories makes it good for town, too) is rich brown tweed with a broken check in maize and light green. The jacket is square shouldered, close-fitting, belted. Flat box-pleat front and back of the skirt. *Debenham and Freebody.*

The dress is trim, tailored with its little-girl collar, yoked front and back, pockets, belt, inverted front and back pleat. The fabric is angora mixture, finely striped, and you can buy it in blue, green, grey, red, and burnt orange. *Wolsey.*

Editor, Woman's Department.

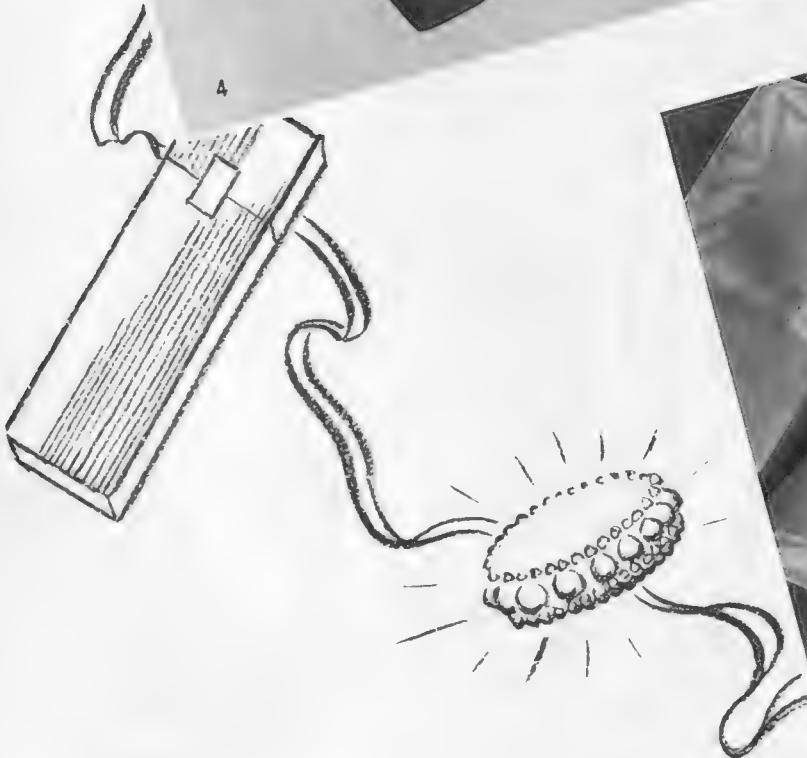
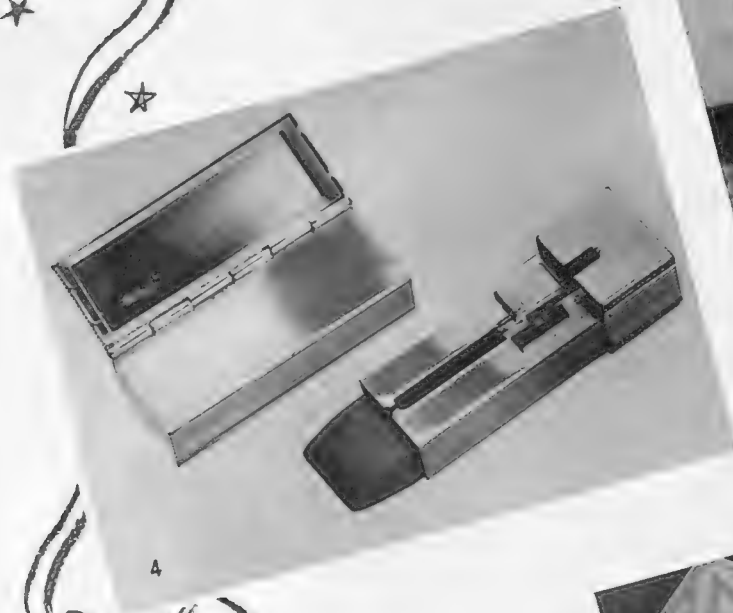
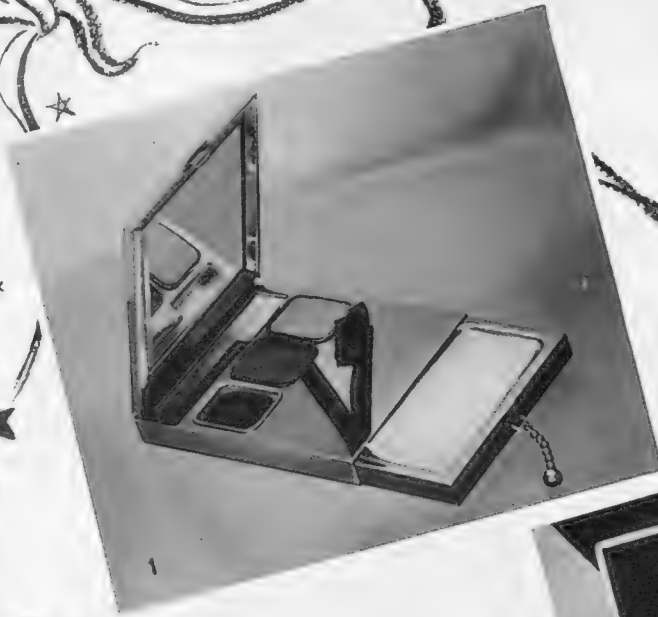


THE afternoon dress (above) is really skirt and basqued, fitting jacket of black blistered crêpe. The skirt is pleated back and front, so is the back of the basque. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

Centre, is a dinner dress with a tunic skirt, with a side movement, high, draped neck and full sleeves caught in at elbows. Dull sage green with mulberry satin lining the tunic. *Richard Sands.*

Then, grandeur in a ribbed silver grey lamé evening dress, low cut front and back, with very narrow shoulder straps, a short circular train, yellow flowers and leaves at the bosom, a yellow chiffon velvet belt. The little circular-backed jacket is lined with yellow silk. *Debenham and Freebody.*

Frankly Luxurious





SOMETIMES it is worth going without necessities in order to have the money to spend on little luxuries.

There is the actual physical pleasure of wearing, say, a film-star negligée, satin mules, using lovely perfume, fine handkerchiefs. But more than that, there's the tonic to your spirit, which can't be estimated in terms of money.

So in case you feel that your spirit needs stimulating, we have chosen and photographed a few nice luxuries, none of them prohibitively priced.

1. Gilt case, compartmented for eye shadow, mascara, brush, rouge (usable for lips or cheek) and secret drawer for powder. £1 5s. Margaret Hoare.

2. Evening handbag in silver lamé, satin lined, with stiffened base and soft concertina top. Contains purse and mirror filment. £4 10s. Asprey.

3. La Cinquième Nuit perfume. Cyclax. £2 5s.

4. Gold, engine-turned lipstick with mirror. Drawn life-size at left of the photograph, closed, 7s. 6d. Elizabeth Arden.

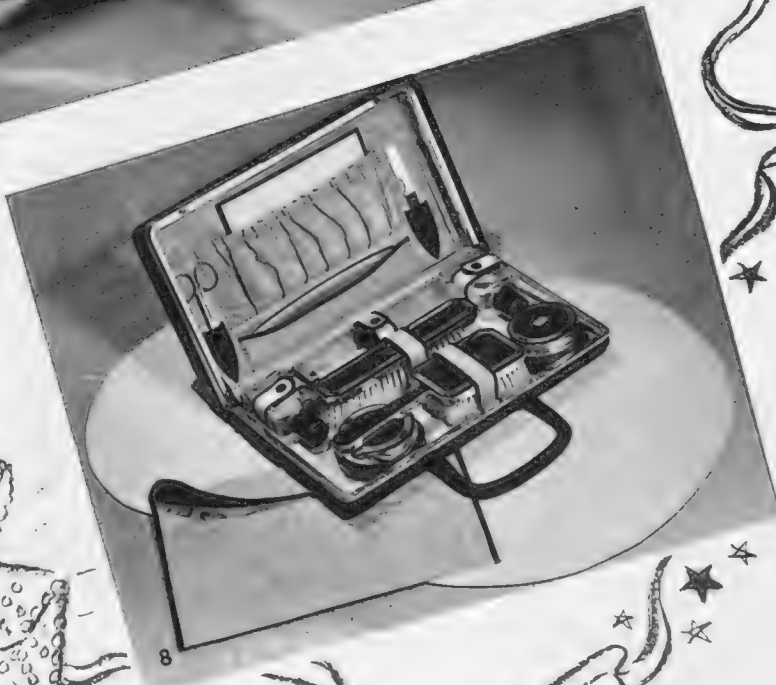
5. Fine white linen lawn handkerchiefs. Initial woven in with threads of the fabric. £1 10s. for twelve. The White House.

6. Hand Treatment Case in green leather, containing all the excellent preparations for hand care, and nail care and cure, made by Coralie Godfrey, Hand and Nail Culture Institute. £2 18s. 6d.

7. Slipper satin mules, peach, lined with pale blue, decorated with silver kid. £2 2s. Delman.

8. Black morocco dressing-case, lined with grey silk, equipped with brushes, comb, file, scissors, mirror, jars, bottles, and loose oil-silk-lined sachet for face cloth. £4 17s. 6d. Finnigans.

The negligée at the top of this column is deep coral pink chiffon, double thickness, with full caped sleeves, and a short circular train. With pale pink slip, £8 18s. 6d. Marjorie Castle.



Frankly Luxurious

FASHIONS



PERIOD films, with their exciting costume possibilities, have always had a definite influence on fashion. Remember "Queen Christina" collars, all the "Little Women" dresses following that film, and the Tudor outbreking in clothes after "The Private Life of Henry VIII."?

Soon you will see on the screen the lovely clothes that Oliver Messel designed for Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's "Romeo and Juliet," and the beautiful costumes created by René Hubert for the forthcoming London Film Production picture, "Fire Over England."

On these pages you have an exclusive pre-view of some of Hubert's and Messel's original designs for these two pictures, with our own interpretations of how they could be adapted and modified for 1936 wear.

Top left of this page is the riding dress designed for Vivien Leigh, who plays Cynthia, a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Elizabeth. The modern suit behind it (petunia woollen) has stolen, and slightly altered, the flared basque, the sleeve tops, the black velvet waistcoat, the high saucy hat. Wear jewelled buttons on the waistcoat and black velvet gloves.

Directly above this column is the head-dress and neckline of another Vivien Leigh costume in the film, which suggested to us a modified Medici neckline for a dinner dress, and an evening head-dress, a heart-shaped wreath of flowers worn with a little eye veil and fastened on top of each ear with black velvet bows.

At the extreme left is a magnificent dress worn by Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth, with the modern version by its side, a white chiffon pleated blouse worn with a black velvet skirt. Over them a long black lace (or black net embroidered with chenille) coat, fitting, with three-quarter sleeves, black velvet revers, fastening at the waist. For dinner, theatre, restaurant.

FROM FILMS

LESLIE HOWARD, as Romeo, wears the tunic (right) which inspired the dressy blouse next to it. This is white satin, with a short basque, a braided front, a little high collar, and enormous sleeves.

When we saw the heavenly dress worn by the lady holding a flower (below this column) we thought of the velvet evening coat next to it, high-waisted, with long, deep sleeves, and velvet flowers at the neck.

Beneath Romeo is a delicately lovely dress worn by Juliet (Norma Shearer) and its counterpart for to-day, a young-girl dress in chiffon over a print-flowered silk slip. Short sleeves are gathered by leaves, and develop into wings. Trailing leaves outline the corsage, make a half-belt, and dress the hair.

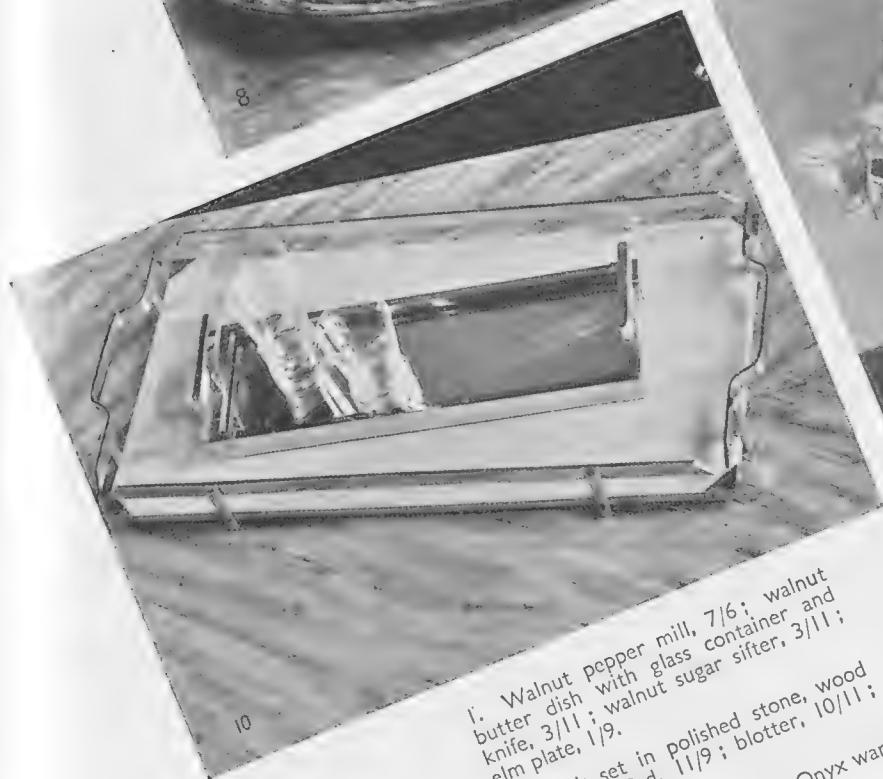




BEAUTY IN LINE

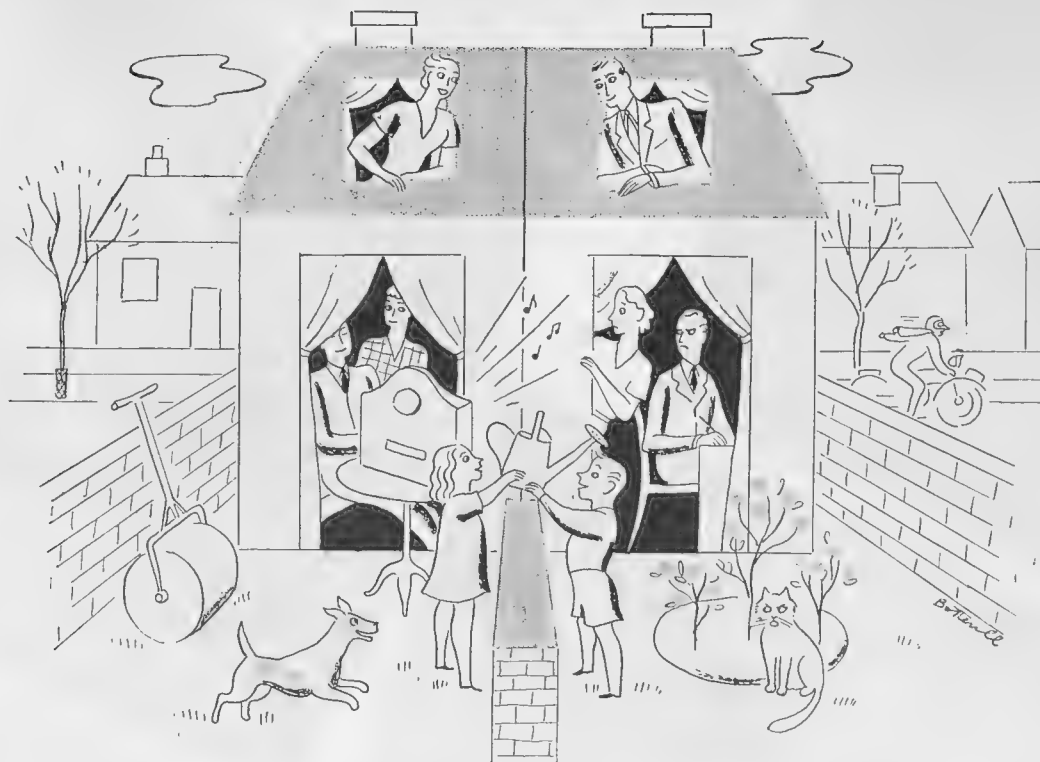
The days are gone when only the rich could possess the beautiful, when only precious metals, expensive silks, rare woods, and other costly substances were thought worthy of fine workmanship and design. To-day they put good work and fine design into most things for the home. If you can't buy exquisite china, you can get lovely pottery. No solid silver table appointments? What's wrong with silver plate? If you have no *objets d'art* in ivory, onyx, jade, there are graceful twists and turns in glass and bright metals. Inexpensive hand-woven fabrics can be quite lovely. Substance is not all important. It's line that counts.





1. Walnut pepper mill, 7/6; walnut butter dish with glass container and knife, 3/11; walnut sugar sifter, 3/11; elm plate, 1/9.
2. Desk set in polished stone, wood and metal: Pad, 11/9; blotter, 10/11; bookholder, 7/6.
3. Pearl grey vase in new Onyx ware pottery, 10/-.
4. Green pottery candelabra, 8/11; hammered pewter biscuit box, 35/-; wooden fruit trough, 8/11.
5. Fringed cushion, imitation hand-woven fabric, deep red and off-white, 4/11.
6. White alabaster bowl, the ring and stand of turquoise blue, 25/9.
7. Fruit and sweet dish in Prince's Plate. Fruit dish, 37/6; sweet dish, 10/6.
8. Coffee set in hammered pewter. Pot, £1/10/0; jug, £1/8/6; tray, £2/7/6; cream jug, 9/-; basin, 9/-.
9. Green glass liqueur set, decanter and six glasses, 15/-.
10. Larger tray (stain proof) 12/6. Mirror glass tray, 10/6.
11. Modern glass flower vase, 16/6.

Names of the shops where these things can be obtained on application, with stamped envelope, to Editor, Woman's Dept., Britannia and Eve, Illustrated House, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.



LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

NEIGHBOURS are a problem whichever way you look at it, and in whichever social strata you flourish.

True, the problem changes its complexion with the social background upon which it functions, but its proportions stay pretty much the same—and they are generous.

In places where self-expression suffers little from repression you show disapproval of the lady over the fence by, let us say, cutting her clothes-line.

Higher up, you reprove her in terms which show restraint, or otherwise, according to the exact shade of your social colouring. Higher still, you send round the butler with a gracefully worded protest, but it amounts to the same in the end, and a coronet on your notepaper may prove a thin disguise for the real desire to cut the duchess's clothes-line, if she has one.

The more you contemplate neighbours, the more exacting the injunction to love them becomes.

Take, for instance, the woman over the way who nurses a fixed determination to emulate you in everything you do and, if possible, to "go one better" if she can.

If you hang new curtains at your windows she does the same, but hers, though similar, are obviously more expensive.

Should you decide to replace the lawn in the front of the house with a rockery she is seized with the same ambition, but while you labour with your own hands, she calls in a landscape gardener to effect the change, so that by comparison with hers your new rockery is just a rubbish dump.

It is the same when you buy a new car. You are proud and satisfied with your purchase. You start out feeling offensively well off in your gleaming Morris Ten, but Mrs. Over-the-way hails you in the High Street from the padded depths of a new fourteen-horse saloon. "I see you've got a new little car," she says, and parks right alongside making your glamorous limousine into just a cheap little bus.

Then there's the neighbour who calls on you bringing a bunch of marguerites of which you have plenty in your own garden.

She has watched the arrival of your most exalted relative through her window curtains and hastened over with the flowers, anxious to advance herself socially and forgetful of the unpleasant things she has said about you to the other neighbours.

While she inveigles herself into the good graces of your well-to-do aunt, you ponder how you can introduce the subject of the new garage which she and her husband have erected where it will most effectually screen the sun from your sitting-

room windows. Your reflections lead you nowhere, however, for she heads you off by complimenting you on your new radio-gram and viciously remarking upon its extraordinary loudness.

She's only one of many. There's the man who always gets out the lawn mower when your fretful baby has dropped off to sleep in the garden. There's the boy friend of the daughter next door who, reluctantly, tears himself away around two each morning and runs his motor-cycle at full throttle for ten minutes while they make the final adieu outside. There's also the woman down the street whose fox terrier attacks you savagely every time you pass the gate.

One could go on and on. Indeed, if you are afflicted with the eccentricity of neighbours, you are to be pitied, but have you ever asked yourself, "What kind of a neighbour am I?"

The finest inducement you can offer your fellow-creatures to stick to their own business is simply to stick to yours.

In a community of neighbours, kindness and courtesy invariably meet with a similar response and, in the event of a dispute, the soft answer is still the most formidable of weapons.

When your terrier breaks down the antirrhinums in your neighbour's garden and she adopts an offensive tone in calling your attention to it, overwhelm her with courteous apologies. She is entitled to them.

Moreover, I guarantee she will go away feeling that *you* were the offended party, whereas, had you shown resentment of her tone, another vendetta might have started.

Retaliation is silly. It gets you nowhere, unless it's into more trouble. Dignity is more devastating than tantrums, and a sense of humour is the most precious contribution you can bring to the problem of neighbourliness.

If you make free of your neighbours' houses, you must expect them to make free of yours—possibly with less restraint. If you indulge in scandalous speculation as to the private affairs of others, you must expect to come on to the dissecting table in your turn.

Aloneness is by no means the same thing as discourtesy, and dignity should never be confused with the quality known among neighbours as "stand-off-ishness."

Mind you, I am not saying it's always possible to love your neighbour—but, at least, you can handle him.

By LOUISA KAY



You will need—

12 oz. of Golden Eagle "Polynit." 1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 8. 1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 11. 1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 13. 7 Button moulds. 6 yds. of Braid.

Abbreviations: K., Knit; P., Purl; St., Stitch; Sts., Stitches; Dec., Decrease; Inc., Increase; Beg., Beginning; Tog., Together; Pat., Pattern; Knit into backs of all cast on stitches.

Measurements: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 inches. Across Back under-arms, 17 inches. Half Front, 9½ inches. Sleeve length from shoulder, 23 inches.

BRAIDED JUMPER

BACK:

With No. 11 pins. Cast on 108 sts. Rib 3 rows. K. 1, P. 1. Continue in following pat.

1st row. * K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. * P. 1, K. 2, P. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row. * P. 2, K. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

4th row. As 2nd row.

Work until 5 in. from start, change to No. 8 pins. Work 8½ in. (13½ in. from start, ending on last row of pat.)

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

1st row. Cast off 2. * P. 2, K. 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts. P. 2.

2nd row. Cast off 2. * K. 1, P. 2, K. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row. Cast off 2. Work as 3rd row of pat. to last 2 sts. P. 2.

4th row. Cast off 2. Work as 4th row of pat. to end of row.

Repeat these 4 rows once. Repeat rows 1 and 2. (88 sts. now on pin.) Work 6 in. (end with last row of pat.)

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

1st row. Cast off 7. * P. 2, K. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. Cast off 7. * K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to last st., K. 1.

3rd row. Cast off 7. * P. 1, K. 2, P. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

4th row. Cast off 7. * K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

5th row. Cast off 7. Work as 1st row of pat. to end of row.

6th row. Cast off 7. Work as 2nd row of pat. to end of row.

7th row. Cast off 7. K. 1. Work as 3rd row of pat. to end of row.

8th row. Cast off 7. Work as 4th row of pat. to end. Cast off remaining 32 sts.

RIGHT FRONT:

With No. 11 pins. Cast on 58 sts. Rib 3 rows. K. 1, P. 1. Continue as for back for ½ in., keeping 4 sts. at front edge

in garter st. Make buttonhole. K. 4. Cast off 4. Work to end of row.

Next row. Work to cast off sts. Cast on 4. K. 4. Make further buttonholes 2½ in. apart. When work measures 5 in. from start, change to No. 8 pins. Work 8½ in. (end with 1st row of pat.)

SHAPE ARMHOLE:

1st row. Cast off 2. P. 1, work as 2nd row of pat. to end.

2nd row. Work as 3rd row to last 2 sts. P. 2.

3rd row. Cast off 2. Work as 4th row of pat. to end.

4th row. Work as 1st row of pat. to end.

Repeat these 4 rows once.

9th row. As 1st (48 sts. now on pin).

Work 4 in. on these 48 sts. (end with last row of pat.)

SHAPE NECK:

1st row. Cast off 8. Work as 1st row of pat. to end.

2nd row. Work as 2nd row of pat. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog.

3rd row. K. 2 tog. K. 1. Work as 3rd row of pat. to end.

4th row. Work as 4th row of pat. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog.

5th row. K. 2 tog. Work as 1st row of pat. to end.

Repeat rows 2 to 5 until 28 sts. remain. Continue on 28 sts. to shoulder level.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 7 sts. every armhole end row 4 times.

LEFT FRONT:

Work to correspond, with shaping at opposite edges, and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES:

With No. 11 pins. Cast on 48 sts. Rib 3 rows. K. 1, P. 1. Work 2 in. pat. Change to No. 8 pins. Work 1 in, then increase 1st each end of next and every 8th row until 76 sts.

When sleeve measures 18½ in., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR:

No. 8 pins. Cast on 108 sts.

1st row. Knit.

2nd row. K. 4. P. to last 4 sts. K. 4.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3 in., increasing 1 st each end every 4th row, inside garter st. border.

K. 4 rows. Garter st. Cast off loosely.

CUFFS:

No. 8 pins. Cast on 16 sts.

1st row. Knit.

2nd row. K. 4. P. to last 4 sts. K. 4.

Repeat these 2 rows for 8 in. Cast off.

FRONT STRAP:

No. 11 pins. Cast on 16 sts. Rib 3 rows. K. 1, P. 1.

Work as for cuff for ½ in. Make buttonhole. K. 6. Cast off 4. K. 6.

Next row. K. 4, P. 2. Cast on 4. P. 2, K. 4.

Make further buttonholes 2½ in. apart, to correspond with right front.

When strap measures 5 in. from start, change to No. 8 pins. Work to neck level. Cast off.

COVERS FOR BUTTON MOULDS:

With No. 13 pins. Cast on 11 sts. Work 12 rows. Stocking st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP:

Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Sew on collar, front strap and cuffs.

Cover button moulds. Sew braid down each edge of strap, collar and cuffs, and round buttons.

CHILDREN'S PARTY



BEFORE you can say "Jack Robinson!" or whatever it is you say, the party season will be round again and pretty coloured cards will be raining into your letter-box with the object of informing you that "Jill So-and-so is giving a party. . . ."

That means a new frock for your own Mary and the absolute certainty of an early request for a party of her own.

If you enjoy throwing a party for the youngsters and know how to give them pleasure while entertaining yourself, you're lucky and have no need to read this. But if you find the entertainment of children an uphill task, take advice about it. You've been missing a lot.

There is probably no affair so promising of riotous fun for everybody or so enhancing to your reputation as a hostess as a good children's party.

People who imagine that by dressing the youngsters in their best clothes and turning them loose in a half-empty room with plenty to eat they have provided the necessities for enjoyment still have a lot to learn about hospitality.

The same people would be horrified at the suggestion that they should treat their adult guests in the same way—yet adults, as guests, are more resourceful.

Mix your young visitors as tactfully as you mix their elders. Wailing two-year-olds are quite out of place at a gathering mainly composed of older children, and small boys with a reputation for violence should be carefully segregated from tearful little girls.

A liberal sprinkling of adult guests is wise, providing the adults concerned are sympathetic. They help in a number of ways, while giving the gathering a grown-up air immensely pleasing to children.

Playing among themselves is so familiar that just another meeting for play—this time in their best clothes and best manners—is apt to be

redundant. That is why the participation of grown-ups, especially in games, gives a new and refreshing aspect to play.

A programme of events is advisable. Even if you depart from schedule—and you will—you'll save many an awkward hiatus which crops up while all present flog their brains for "something to do next."

Riotous games need to be tactfully interspersed with some entertainment to which the guests are only required to look on.

This way, excitement is prevented from running out of bounds and an acceptable interlude of quiet offered to those in charge.

The inevitable conjurer is popular, but his presence is a costly luxury which can often be replaced for nothing with equal pleasure to the children.

Tableaux by the grown-ups, previously rehearsed, go with a swing if a comical subject is chosen and the actors' attire is absurd enough.

Dressing up for charades is always a high-spot at a party, but lay your plans well before you introduce this rather riotous item of entertainment.

Set aside a room for dressing up and provide some old clothes, masks, moustaches—anything will do. Girls love to dress up as boys and boys find an unfailing thrill in attiring themselves as brigands and burglars.

For the charades themselves—let the adults lead. This eliminates the possibility of boredom and breakdown.

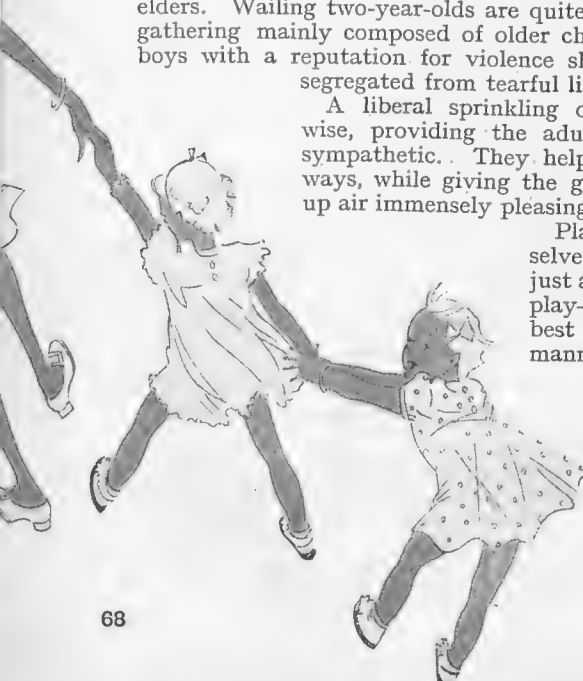
Apart from this, keep the menu amusing rather than rich. The shape of a cake is more important to children than the rarity of the ingredients.

An amusing setting for the tea table, however simple the food, has more effect than an unoriginal display of rarer dishes.

Throw yourself into the spirit of the occasion with zest. Set out with the intention of enjoying yourself as well as giving pleasure to the little ones.

Laughter and enjoyment are always just below the surface with your youthful guests, and they require a very little of the right encouragement to bubble over.

L. W.





SEPTEMBER is an important month in the calendar of the epicure. It is the month of oysters and partridges, pork and hares, while vegetables and fruits are in abundance. Grouse we still have in plenty, and with wild duck, snipe and other game birds there is a wide choice for those who find pleasure in good eating.

The oyster is the distinctive note of the month. There are many ways of dressing oysters, but the true oyster lover always appreciates them raw. Only the best kinds—Whitstable and Colchester—should be served *au naturel*, the other cheaper varieties being utilised for cooking purposes.

From four to six oysters is the usual allowance for each person, but many gourmets eat them by the dozen. They should be kept in a cool place until required.

Scrub the shells and open just immediately before serving, holding them with the deep shell in the left palm and prising them open on one side with a special blade. The fishmonger will do this if necessary.

They should then be served on their deeper shell, to retain as much of the liquor as possible. Arrange on a soup plate on a bed of crushed ice, with the valve sides to the centre. Bearding is a matter of controversy, but it is always safer to do this. Serve, as an accompaniment, little triangles of brown bread and butter, quarters of lemon and cayenne pepper. The epicurean generally completes this with a glass of Chablis or Champagne, but to many a pint of stout is the ideal accompaniment to oysters.

Oyster cocktail can be served in a champagne or wine glass, or, if preferred, the sauce can be placed in a half-lemon or small glass in the centre of the oyster plate.

Beard the required number of oysters, and to every dozen allow half a tablespoonful each of tomato ketchup and lemon juice. Add to these, quarter of a teaspoonful each of tabasco and Yorkshire relish and seasoning of cayenne pepper and celery salt. Add the oyster liquor and oysters, then chill. Serve with finely scraped horse-radish as a garnish.

There are many methods of cooking oysters to please even the most fastidious palates. They may be fried in batter or breadcrumbs, stewed or fricasséed, and the soup known as "oyster bisque" is perfection.

Next in importance in this rich month of delicacies is the partridge. If your shooting friends don't send you a brace, and you have to buy, a certain amount of knowledge is required, as all game birds are sold unplucked. Young birds are recognised by their smooth, pliable legs; the feet are supple and easily broken, the feathers under the breast soft and downy.

Game is always hung with feathers, the time depending on weather conditions and the tastes of the consumer. To

develop its full flavour you usually hang from seven to fourteen days.

The bird should then be plucked, singed and drawn, leaving the feet but removing the claws and cutting off the wings at the first joint. The bird should be wiped out thoroughly with a damp cloth, and trussed like a chicken.

There are many ways of cooking partridge, but for young birds the ideal method is roasting. As the flesh is inclined to be dry, the liver is replaced, and a pat of butter worked up with seasoning and lemon juice inserted in the carcase, to give additional moisture.

The more discerning do not consider a partridge correctly roasted without its waistcoat of buttered vine-leaves on the breast. This is to prevent the tender part from becoming too dry, but a slice of bacon is a good substitute.

Roast the bird in the usual way, from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to age and size, basting frequently with butter. A few minutes before dishing, remove the slice of bacon and froth the breast. To do this, baste the bird, dredge with flour and baste again. Return to a hot oven for a little longer, until brown and frothy.

When ready, place the partridge on a hot dish and remove the trussing thread. Serve with a simple garnish of watercress and lemon.

The choice of accompaniments is a matter of taste. The usual browned crumbs, gravy and green salad make good eating, while cranberry sauce and game chips complete the excellence of the dish. Lately a fruit salad has been more in favour, some preferring the orange salad usually served with duck.

Fried apple and baked apple stuffed with a sweetened nut mixture make attractive garnishes and accentuate the gamey flavour. Crab-apple jelly, with its delightful woody tang, is also peculiarly suited, but game is at its best in company with rose hip jam, a speciality of the North.

A terrine of game is a grand delicacy. It makes an excellent cold entrée and is most suitable for an *al fresco* meal. Almost any game bird can be used. Free the meat from the bone and pass it twice through the mincer. A little minced pork added is a great improvement.

Chop finely half a dozen shallots and fry them to a golden brown in butter. Add some crushed juniper berries, a small glass of cognac and a gill of claret or Burgundy. Cover the pan and let this boil quickly for a few minutes. Mix with the minced meat. Season well and add pinches of ground mace and nutmeg.

Place a few slices of bacon in the foot of a fireproof dish and fill up with alternate

(Continued on page 84)



SNACKS AND SAVOURIES

A COCKTAIL party usually becomes really amusing after the crowd has gone and just a few of your really intimate friends remain behind. So what could be more agreeable than to be able to say, on the spur of the moment as it were, "Do stay and spend the rest of the evening. We will all go to the kitchen and see what we can find."

At this time of the year especially, such an arrangement is an admirable one, for a lot of people are still away, others have only just come back and ordinary entertaining at luncheon or dinner has not yet settled down again.

Of course, even the most haphazard entertaining must be slightly prepared in advance, and that is why modern hostesses are always careful that there is something kept in stock in the larder.

I always find it a good plan to have a good supply of Cocktail biscuits, a few tins of sardines and things, eggs, bacon and cheese, and some fruit, and I can promise you that with little stock quite an amusing meal can be turned out in no time.

Talking of cocktail biscuits, don't forget that Huntley and Palmer's have no fewer than nineteen varieties of savoury biscuits, including, of course, the most useful of all, their "Cocktail Assorted."

Apart from these, there are several deliciously flavoured biscuits, such as "Bronx Bix"—a most intriguing little round biscuit with a cheese flavour—"Tomato Sticks," "Cheesal." Have you ever tried using some of the cheese-flavoured biscuits as a savoury? If you just warm them up for a few minutes in the oven, they make an excellent and unusual finish to a meal.

And now let me get down to a few practical suggestions for a cocktail party which is likely to end up as a supper.

With the cocktails have a good supply of savoury biscuits spread about the rooms in little dishes. Stoneless olives stuffed with anchovy. Salted cashew nuts. Some pickled walnuts cut in quarters and put in dishes without any of the juice. Tiny sandwiches made of brown bread and smoked salmon. (Don't forget a little lemon juice and a dash of pepper on the fish.) Some rashers of bacon very crisply fried and rolled round a stuffed olive (these should be stuffed with pimentos, not anchovy; stick a cherry-stick through each roll and drain off the fat well before putting in dishes).

For the impromptu supper here are some simple, easily prepared dishes:

FRIED SARDINES. Remove the crusts from some slices of fairly thick bread, cut them into fingers and fry them until crisp and golden brown in butter or bacon fat. Open a tin of sardines (the large, boneless ones being the best), scrape off the skin and fry these for a few minutes in the same fat. Don't let them break if you can help it. Put a sardine on each finger of fried bread and add a dash of cayenne pepper.

BACON OMELETTE. Cut the rinds from the rashers and cut or chop these roughly into small pieces. Make the frying-pan hot, put in the bacon. Cook very quickly, tossing the pan so that the pieces of bacon cook crisply and become slightly browned; remove them without taking out the fat which you leave in the pan.

Now break the eggs into a bowl (two for each person, allowing one and a half rashers for two eggs), add a little salt, pepper, and the bacon. Beat the eggs firmly, just enough to mix the whites well with the yolks but stopping when you see they start to become frothy.

Put back the pan on the fire, and when the fat begins to smoke slightly, throw in the egg mixture quickly. Stir it vigorously with a fork, keeping the fork *flat* along the bottom of the pan, shaking the pan with the other hand. When the eggs begin to set, but without letting them get quite dry, fold the omelette over once, letting it slide to the end of the pan. Tidy the ends into shape, take the pan in the right hand, holding a plate or dish in the left, and tip the omelette out on to it.

I should insist on everybody making their own omelette; it will provide plenty of fun, I assure you, and incidentally it is much easier for a novice to make a small one, and much easier to cook it in fat than in butter.

CHAUD-FROID SALAD. This is an extremely good dish to make with the left-overs of a cold roast chicken. First put some potatoes to boil in their jackets, and while they are cooking, cut the chicken into small pieces, removing the bones and gristle.

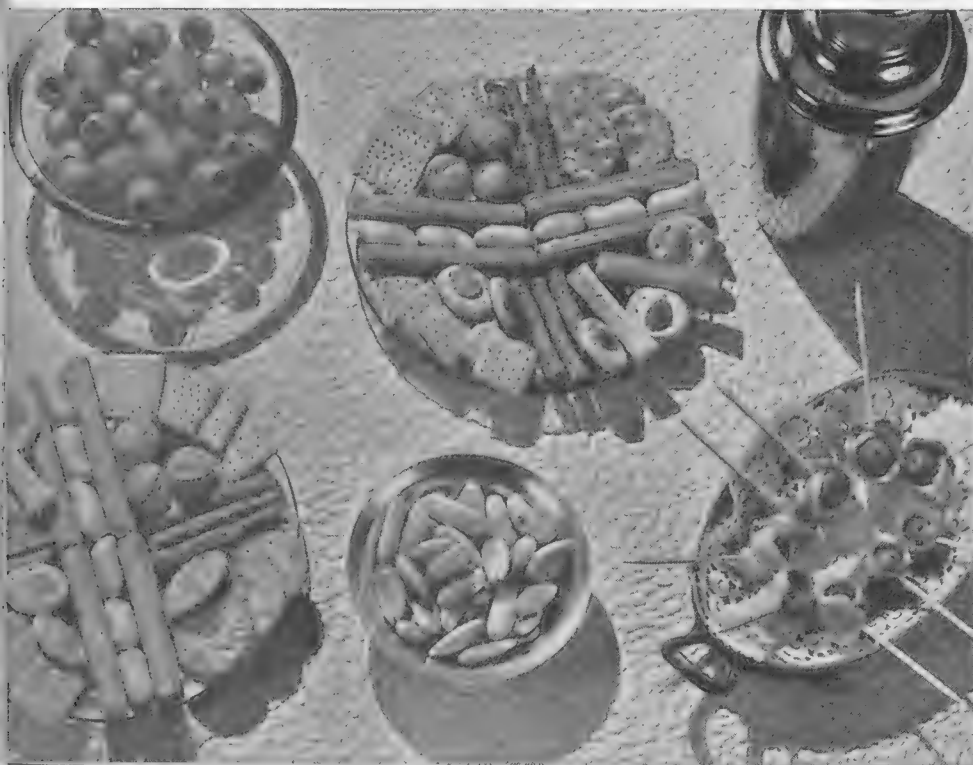
Have a few tomatoes washed and cut into pieces, and put them in a salad bowl with the chicken. Add two eggs to hard boil with the potatoes, and when they are done, peel them, cut them in slices and put them also in the salad bowl.

By the time you have done all this the potatoes should be about ready; if not, make the dressing, which is a simple one of oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and prepared mustard, well mixed together.

Peel the potatoes, cut them in pieces and add while still hot to the other ingredients, mixing well. Pour in the dressing and add chopped parsley, and if you are not afraid of it, a little chopped onion. Stir well and serve.

Top of facing page:
Custard Creams, custard baked in individual pots, set, put on ice.

Left:
With the cocktails . . . savoury biscuits, stuffed olives, salted nuts, rashers of bacon wrapped round stuffed olives.



FLAVOURINGS

PEOPLE complain that they can never think of anything new for the sweet course. I can quite understand that you get tired of pies and tarts, of milk puddings and of creams, if they are constantly appearing on the menu day after day.

The clever cook or housekeeper, however, is not only capable of cooking well, but of planning her meals in advance so that even if she has not a very large repertory of dishes, she will space things out in such a way that each time she serves one of her particularly good *plats*, it will have all the charm of novelty.

I think that one of the greatest mistakes most cooks make is to neglect the question of flavouring.

Most cooks—and this is specially true of English cooks—are real *Cordons Bleus* with the sweet course, but they are too inclined to rest on their laurels and serve the same sweet time after time, whereas with a little ingenuity, a dash of this or a suspicion of that, they can transform a well-known favourite into an exciting new dish.

Custard is a typical example of what I mean. We go on serving it day after day until it becomes a matter of course, and usually just as an accompaniment to some other pudding or pie. Yet with custard alone you can ring so many changes that it would give quite a new lease of life to your collection of sweets.

This reminds me that I have just heard an exceedingly welcome piece of news which will help to solve the problems of all those who live in flats or small houses, with restricted larder space. You can now buy Bird's Custard in small packets each containing four envelopes, one of which is sufficient for half a pint of the delicious custard we all know so well.

BIRD'S CUSTARD CREAMS. Have ready a sufficient number of little fireproof pottery, china or glass pots. They can be bought in all sorts of styles; some are plain white, others brown or green, while there are some very attractive peasant ones with charming rustic designs.

You must, of course, have one for each person—allowing for a second helping if you think your guests will want it. They usually do.

Make your custard in the usual way, but bring it up to the boil once only, remove the saucepan and pour the custard into the little pots. Stand these in a baking dish, pour into the dish sufficient boiling water to come to about half the height of the pots, and put the dish in a moderate oven until the custard is set, which should take about twelve minutes.

The only way to judge this is to shake one of the pots, and if the custard is firm they are ready. Remove the pots, let the custard get cold, and if possible put them in the refrigerator or on ice until really icy cold. These little creams and many other sweets can be flavoured in various ways.

ORANGE AND LEMON FLAVOURING. There are two ways of making orange and/or lemon flavouring which are quite simple, though not often used.

The first is simply to grate all the peel off the fruit, and to put it to boil with the milk.

The second method takes time and a certain amount of trouble. First of all, you want a small quantity of pure alcohol. This, I am afraid, must be got from a chemist with a doctor's



By A. H. Adair

prescription, but I am sure no one would refuse it in such a good cause.

For a quarter of a pint of spirit take two oranges or lemons, or one of each, and cut off the peel with a very sharp knife, taking great care not to get any of the white pith which would give a bitter taste.

Put the peel in a bottle (one of those bromide coloured chemists bottles being the best), fill it with spirit and cork tightly. Keep in a dark place, shaking occasionally, for at least a month. Strain, throw away the peel, and bottle again. A few drops of this will give a most delicate and full flavour of the fruit.

COFFEE FLAVOURING. A very simple though slightly expensive method of coffee flavouring is prepared as follows:

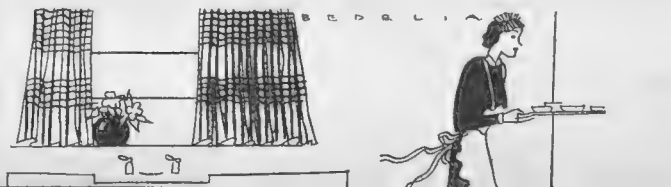
For every half-pint of sweetened milk add two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee. Bring to the boil and let the milk infuse for a minute off the fire. Pass through a strainer which you have lined with a muslin, and use this milk as a basis for your coffee custard or other sweet.

I think you will find that this method gives a very fresh and full flavour of coffee which is hard to beat, though some people may prefer to use an essence for which here is a recipe.

COFFEE ESSENCE. Put a pint of water to boil and pour it through two ounces of ground coffee. Use the liquid again twice more to pass through the coffee, and the last time put it into a saucepan with about three-quarters of a pound to a pound of lump sugar according to taste.

Add a piece of vanilla pod, bring to the boil and boil until it becomes syrupy. Now pass through a muslin-lined strainer into a bottle, adding a tablespoonful of rum. When cold, cork the bottle tightly and keep in a dark place. You will be able to keep this essence for quite a long time, and being very highly concentrated, a little of it will go quite a long way.

Many other flavourings can be added with very little trouble, such as pistachio nuts or candied peel finely chopped; caramel, also, is delicious. This is very simply made by melting some sugar dry in a saucepan and when it is a rich golden brown diluting it with a little water and mixing it into the custard.



CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

HAVE you seen the new Nursery Viyella Knitting Yarn? It is made in white and five lovely pastel shades of green, blue, pink, yellow and camel hair which are guaranteed fast to light and washing.

This wool definitely will not shrink. Another great advantage is that, since the dyeing is done in the fibre and not after the yarn is spun, Nursery Viyella can be matched perfectly after months, even if bought in a different part of the country.

It has a basis of pure Australian lamb's wool and is unbelievably soft, and therefore peculiarly suited to delicate baby skins. A shade card and folder with a fringe of this wool, which is obtainable in 2, 3 and 4 ply, may be obtained from the Viyella people.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Good resolutions can be made at any time; no need to wait for the New Year. To begin with, never say "I can't." With long winter evenings looming there is time for home dressmaking, which will halve the expense and double the interest of your winter clothes.

You can make clothes at home if you try, and you can afford a sewing machine if you take advantage of the Singer Sewing Machine Company's easy purchase terms. A free trial, free tuition in your own home and a sewing machine of your own on payment of 2s. 6d. a week.

A SHADE FOR EVERYONE.

A new lipstick is always a subject of interest to women. In drawing attention to the Michel lipstick, we must make special mention of its creamy base, which prevents the lips from drying and cracking.

No woman should have any difficulty in finding the shade best suited to her type and colouring, for Michel is made in six well-graded and permanent shades of blonde, raspberry, scarlet, vivid, brunette and cherry. It is obtainable in three sizes, Popular at 1s. 6d., Large at 2s. 6d. and De Luxe (gold plated) at 4s. 6d.

WINTER WOOLLIES.

Holiday makers will soon be back in harness and cotton frocks discarded in favour of suits and woollies. A few well-designed knitted jumpers form an excellent basis for a practical and well-planned winter wardrobe.

At Burberry's in the Haymarket they have a splendid selection of new season's woollies. These include Shetland lace jumpers lined with chiffon, excellent for those with sensitive skins, easily irritated by contact with wool. Turquoise, gold and dusty pink are some of the attractive shades in which they

are obtainable. If you can't get along there, write to Burberry's for an illustrated catalogue of their newest models.

STAR DESIGN.

A lovely range of new furnishing fabrics has just been released by British Celanese. One of the most enchanting is a lustrous satin, printed with a delicate star design. This is 47 in. wide, sells at 8s. 11d. a yard and is obtainable in the loveliest, subtlest shades of rose, green, gold, peach and champagne.

Other attractive materials are an artificial silk curtain net with a spot design, 48 in. wide, and very good value at 2s. 3d. per yard, a 48-in. taffeta at 2s. 11d., obtainable in a wide range of lovely shades, and a crushed velvet, 48 in. wide, ros. 6d. a yard and obtainable in rose, blue, green, gold and brown.

TEN-MINUTE TREATMENTS.

Coty's powders, lipsticks and fragrant perfumes have, for many years, been used with appreciation by numbers of discerning women. Now popular demand has resulted in the launching by this famous firm of a complete series of beauty preparations, the function of which is to keep the skin cleansed, toned and nourished with the expenditure of a minimum of time and money.

Coty claim that ten minutes' treatment, night and morning, with these preparations, is all that the average skin requires to keep it in perfect condition.

Their illustrated brochure prescribes treatments for various types of skins and gives the complete range of their preparations, some of the more unusual of which are a Liquefying Cream, which is a most penetrating cleanser for removing make-up, dust and dirt, a Tissue Skin Food for nourishing and building up starved or tired tissues and so preventing lines and wrinkles, and an Avocado Beauty Milk made from the oil of the Avocado pear.

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised products



"So cool and so wonderfully fresh—Craven 'A' are always smooth to my throat"

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

BRITANNIA & CO. LTD. LONDON

YOU BUY A CAR — BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The NEW AUSTIN



THE NEW FOURTEEN GOODWOOD SALOON, PRICE £235

Can a car be GRACEFUL yet PRACTICAL?

SEE THESE NEW MODELS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

NO cars on the road to-day are smarter or more graceful than these new Austins—yet every inch of the design is practical. While sitting in a natural position you have a full view of the road ahead—you are comfortable and safe.

These distinguished cars include the NEW TEN CAMBRIDGE SALOON, the NEW TWELVE ASCOT SALOON and the NEW FOURTEEN GOODWOOD SALOON—each of which supplies a convincing answer to those who doubt whether a car can be graceful *and* practical.

The new bodies are not only built for Comfort, but for Safety and Silence—they are constructed of steel throughout, and the roof, panels and floor are SOUND INSULATED. Other body features are the swept tail to enclose a large suitcase and the spare wheel, the new deeply valanced wing

design, the pressed-steel wheels and low pressure tyres and the new-design instrument board, which combine to give a car of exceptional attractiveness. On the chassis the improvements include new Girling-type brakes for greater safety, longer road springs for greater comfort, a new, flexible clutch and improved steering.

The Seven, too, has been greatly improved. It has a full panelled body with new-type moulding and sloping windscreen. A new engine with three-bearing crankshaft gives increased power and sweeter running. A new clutch provides very smooth engagement, and the brakes are more effective.

You owe it to yourself to see the new Austin—to examine the fine quality of workmanship—to appreciate how stylish it is in a new way—how practical and dependable in the old way!

Effective Aug. 11th.

SEVEN		Prices at works
New Ruby Saloon ..	£125	
New Ruby Fixed-Head Sal.	£118	
Pearl Cabriolet ..	£128	
Open Road Tourer ..	£112	
Two-Seater ..	£102.10	
Nippy Sports Two-Seater ..	£142	

TEN-FOUR		
Cambridge Saloon ..	£178	
Cambridge Fixed-Head Sal.	£160	
Colwyn Cabriolet ..	£178	
Open Road Tourer ..	£160	
Clifton Two-Seater ..	£160	

TWELVE		
New Ascot Saloon ..	£210	
New Ascot Fixed-Head Sal.	£190	
Open Road Tourer ..	£190	
Eton Two-Seater ..	£190	

TWELVE-SIX		
Open Road Tourer ..	£215	
Eton Two-Seater ..	£215	
Special with 15.9 h.p. engine		
New Kempton Saloon ..	£305	

FOURTEEN		
Goodwood Saloon ..	£235	
Goodwood Fixed-Head Sal.	£215	

† EIGHTEEN		
Chalfont Sal. (with division)	£335	
York Saloon ..	£328	
Hertford Sal. (short wheelbase)	£298	
† With Hayes Self-Selector Transmission 15c extra.		

TWENTY		
Mayfair Limousine ..	£650	
Mayfair Landulet ..	£650	

AUSTIN

WHAT AN INVESTMENT!

Be sure your car is made in the United Kingdom

Small Cars *are* Booming

Wider Markets — and Better Surfaces — for the “Eights” and “Tens”

By The Earl of Cardigan

WITH the Motor Show now only a month away, there is already a great deal of speculation as to what developments we are likely to see when the time comes for us to inspect the 1937 models. In some cases, of course, we know just what the answer will be. Certain firms have been bringing out new models during the summer months, and these will naturally be continued until perhaps a year hence.

A great many announcements, however, will only be made just prior to the Show, and thus will cause your Motoring Correspondent (who enjoys doing his job during the other eleven months in the year) to grow a few more grey hairs in his endeavours to include them all in the October issue!

Seriously, it is a big problem to know how to deal with the Motor Show in a really comprehensive manner; but I am hoping this year to cover the ground at least as fully as on previous occasions—and perhaps even more so. This section of BRITANNIA AND EVE will have to grow to at least three times its normal size.

I wonder if we are going to see the boom in small cars continuing? There is no doubt that, for some time past, the small cars have been doing very well indeed. Not everyone has noticed this, because a number of big cars have also been gaining in popularity. Proportionately, however, the greatest increase has been among cars of 10 h.p. or less.

In particular, judging by figures published by the S.S.M.T., cars of 8 h.p. or so have been selling like the proverbial hot cakes. The 10 h.p. class has also been doing uncommonly well. The cause of this is, I suppose, that “baby” cars—as we used to call them—have been growing up. With engines of modern design, they are no longer so “babyish” either in performance or in seating capacity. Thus they now satisfy the requirements of a growing section of the community.

It is remarkable also that, in many overseas markets, the British small car has been continuing to gain ground. In this case, an important factor is that, all over the world, roads are continually tending to improve. Wherever there is a reasonable density of population, better and smoother roads are being demanded.

Where roads are smooth, the small car can always be sure of gaining at least some adherents. A certain proportion of motorists must be strongly influenced by the economy in running costs. Then again, there are those who use a car only for run-about purposes, and therefore do not regard sheer power as being of the first importance.

It is only when roads are really bad that the big car becomes quite indispensable. To a large extent, it is the size of a car, irrespective of its power, which determines how well it can ride over ruts and ridges. Other things being equal, the long-wheelbase car is bound to have a huge advantage. It is much less affected by any individual bump.

(This is worth thinking out. If you bounce the wheel of a small car six inches off the ground, the whole chassis is tilted through a considerable angle. The large car has a longer chassis—and therefore a six-inch movement at one end will tilt it through a smaller angle.)

Then again, with very bad roads, the roughness of the surface always absorbs a great deal of power. I have never really worked out just why this should be so; but undoubtedly a car will climb a hill much faster when the surface is smooth than when it is uneven. There is something more involved than the obvious matter of wheel-spin.

The big car, having a surplus of power, can deal with these adverse conditions very much more effectively. Not only is it less physically tiring to drive, owing to less frequent gear changing, but it is also less of a strain mentally, owing to the obviously greater ease with which the engine tackles the job in hand.

I DO not want to suggest that the big car is only attractive when roads are bad or when long distances have to be covered. Personally, I have a decided preference for big cars as being, on the whole, more enjoyable to handle. On the other hand, when one finds in England that small cars are yearly increasing in efficiency and comfort, and when one hears from abroad that road surfaces are very generally becoming smoother, it is not surprising to learn that manufacturers of small cars are doing better business than ever before.



PREHISTORIC and modern transport in the sands of Central Australia. Captain Frank Hurley, piloting a Vauxhall “Big Six,” talks to one of the old-timers



A MORRIS “Big Six,” ideal for foreign touring, near the famous statue to Jeanne d’Arc at Chinon



THE King’s new Humber Pullman Limousine, a standard model finished in black with a thin red line and supplied by Rootes, Ltd.

**If you know
a better oil
than**

WAKEFIELD **PATENT**
Castrol

**tell
Eyston!**

How many miles have you driven this summer? Three thousand? Five thousand? Capt. Eyston and A. Denly drove six and a half thousand miles in two days. It sounds incredible but they did it — on the Salt Flats, Utah, on July 13 and 14 Capt. Eyston entrusted his Rolls Royce engine to Patent Castrol during this epic run. Your engine deserves it, too.



C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., All British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

A Bentley of Still Greater Power: The 4½ Litre Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is not everyone who can afford to own a car of the Bentley calibre; but there can be few motorists so lacking in imagination as to remain disinterested when a new Bentley model is produced. Such an event commands attention, even from those whose finances are in the 7 h.p. class!

It is perhaps hardly correct to describe the 4½ litre Bentley as a brand-new model. To be more exact, it is a familiar car with new and more powerful engine built into it. The 4½ litre capacity now gives a rated horse power of 29·4, as compared with the 25·3 h.p.



THE front view of the new 4½ litre Bentley is very suggestive of dignity and power. The low build of the car is an important feature which makes for stability at high speeds

Left:
THE engine is rated at 29·4 h.p., but its actual power output must be enormously higher. Like all modern Bentley engines, it runs very smoothly and with almost perfect quietness

synchro-mesh ratio, entirely fool-proof to manipulate. It is possible to reach nearly 80 m.p.h. before changing into "top." It may be imagined therefore that no straight hill is likely to have the slightest effect upon the Bentley owner's cruising speed.

Second gear, for some reason, engages in the conventional way. There is no real difficulty about it, however, so long as one remembers that it is a good deal higher pitched than the average "second." It is an ideal ratio for making a quick get-away.

Road-holding is quite excellent and although the car is so fast one need never have the slightest anxiety in taking it into a bend. This is largely due to the first-rate springing system. (Continued on page 119)



The 4½ Litre Bentley in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves and twin carburetors. 29·4 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, synchro-mesh third and top.

Performance: Third gear, nearly 80 m.p.h.; top gear, 95 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, with controlled shock-absorbers.

Steering: Very light, self-centring.

Brakes: Highly efficient, Bentley servo type.

Coachwork: Compact type, but luxurious seating.

Price: Four-door saloon, £1,510.



Left:
THE saloon coachwork being compact, there is space behind for a really large luggage locker. There is a compartment here also for housing the tool kit

Below:
THERE is plenty of head-room, in spite of the car's low over-all height. The seating is most luxurious, and the central arm-rest will fold up to give space for an extra passenger

of the 3½ litre car. Chassis and coachwork remain substantially unaltered.

The chief feature of the new Bentley therefore is that it is about 15 per cent. more powerful. The effect of this is—to say the least of it—impressive. There is more speed, swifter acceleration, and a general sense of having under the bonnet new reserves of power far in excess of what can be fully used in the ordinary course of driving.

None of the traditional Bentley qualities have been in any way impaired. The "4½" is astonishingly silent, even when running on full throttle. It is interesting to note that the "cut-out" for the silencer is now no longer fitted. I presume that this implies that the public no longer demands it. In other words, drivers are now fully converted to the Bentley ideal of speed achieved with quietness.

So quiet and smooth is this new engine that there is actually some danger that, on first acquaintance, the driver may fail to appreciate fully its remarkable performance. The

acceleration, for example, is exceptionally rapid—yet, since there is no noise or fierceness about it, the car does not seem to be doing anything at all extraordinary. It is necessary to glance sometimes at the speedometer. Then it will be seen that the hand moves round the dial at a rate which is certainly very far from the ordinary.

In the matter of sheer speed, this car will do infinitely more than the average driver will ever require. I myself ran it up to 90 m.p.h. It was then still accelerating strongly. The absolute maximum must be at least 95 m.p.h., or possibly even more.

The four-speed gearbox provides an admirably high third gear, which is also a



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SILENT POWER
ON
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Do petrols differ? Esso is the answer. It gives you a new experience in motoring—smooth, silent power, delightful acceleration, knockless performance, and a notable saving in your petrol bills. Esso Ethyl is the *only* petrol in which the supercharging Ethyl fluid is blended with the world's most advanced petrol, Esso.

**For lubrication
use Essolube motor oil**



I THINK it would be true to say of the "Crested Eagle" that although its design follows true Alvis traditions, it represents something of a new departure on the part of the Alvis company. I do not remember that this firm has ever previously produced a large car which one would catalogue specifically as being of the "luxury" type. The "Speed Twenty" is certainly luxurious in many respects; but it is primarily a sports car. Earlier Alvis models have been limited to something like 12 or 16 h.p.

The "Crested Eagle" is, therefore, something different. It has an excellent turn of speed; but one remembers it chiefly for its more luxurious characteristics. It is very silent. It has a long chassis, so that the coachwork space is truly generous. It runs with extreme smoothness and flexibility.

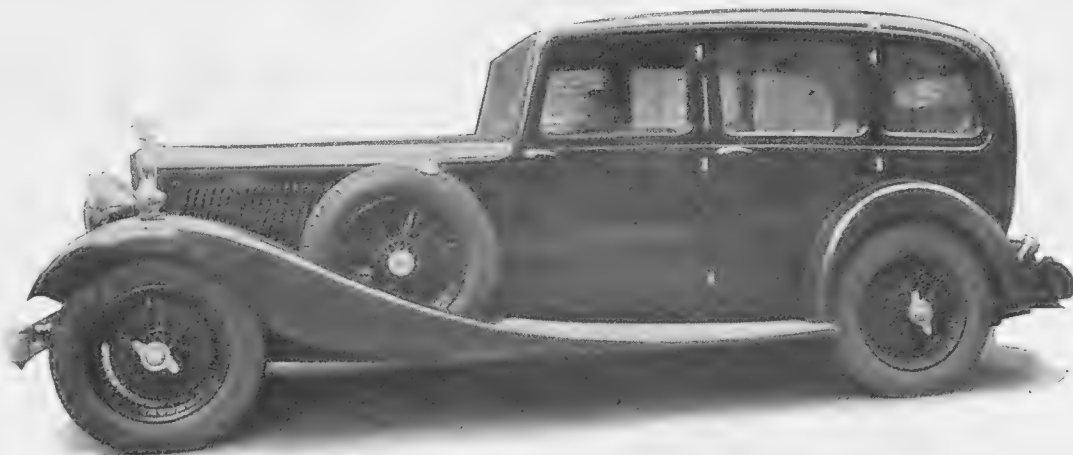
The engine (19.82 h.p.) is of the six-cylinder overhead-valve type. It is very lively and gives first-rate acceleration. A "rev-counter" is fitted, from which it will be seen that it turns at high speed; but the "revs" are achieved without any unpleasantness or apparent stress.

The gearbox deserves very high praise indeed. It is an all-synchromesh unit; that is, all four ratios engage by means of silent and fool-proof synchromesh mechanism. This is a rarity—although it is only right and logical that it should be so.

When one comes to think of it, the more common arrangement is not really satisfactory. If third and top gears are synchromesh, while first and second are otherwise, there are sure to be some "crash" changes unless the driver has considerable ability. The easy gears make him careless, and then he "slips up" over the relatively difficult ones. In the Alvis, all gears behave in precisely the same way, i.e., with unfailing simplicity. I am frankly an enthusiast for the all-synchromesh 'box.

With gear-changing so simple, however, I do think that a higher top gear ratio might have been used. I see that the figure given in the specification is 5.22 to 1. This is a low top gear for a 20 h.p. car. If it is not an impertinence, I would suggest something like 4.75 as being preferable. Still, we have to thank the present arrangement, in part, for the admirable acceleration, which no driver can fail to appreciate.

The maximum speed is about 75 m.p.h., and—what is more important—there is a very easy and pleasant cruising speed in the region of 60 m.p.h. In third gear, approximately



THE "Crested Eagle" is a really big and luxurious car. It has the fine performance of all Alvis models and, in addition, the refinements of a high-class town carriage

A Luxurious ALVIS Model

The 20 h.p.
"Crested Eagle"

55 m.p.h. can be attained, so that altogether the car is one in which really good average speeds can be recorded.

The springing system of this Alvis is a most interesting one. The front wheels are sprung independently, with no solid front axle to transmit individual jolts from one to the other. There are long semi-elliptic springs at the back. In addition, the shock absorbers may be controlled from the driving seat, although within fairly narrow limits, so as to suit varying speeds and different surfaces.

The result of all this is that the car rides very comfortably and also holds the road extremely well. The steering is first-rate and has the interesting feature of direct action on each of the front wheels. (In most cars, one front wheel only is steered, to which the other wheel is merely linked.) With the Alvis (Continued on page 119)

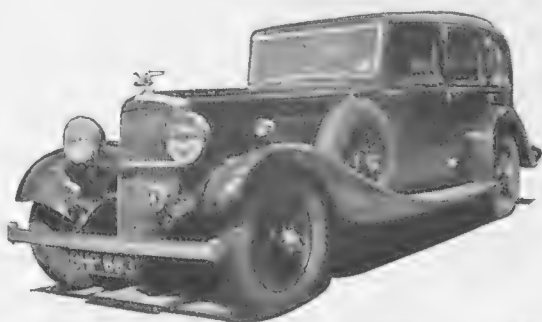


IT is easy to get in and out on the offside. A pleasant feature for the driver is the elbow-rest which is attached to the door. The driving position as a whole is extremely well planned



THE back seat provides every comfort and convenience. There is space for three people when the central arm-rest is raised. The foot-rests and the occasional tables fold into the backs of the front seats when not required

The "Crested Eagle" Alvis in Brief



THE pleasing lines of the car are seen to great advantage from this angle. The whole effect is dignified and yet there is a suggestion—quite correctly—of latent speed capacity

Engine: 20 h.p.; six cylinders with overhead valves.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, all ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Top gear, 75 m.p.h.; third gear, 55 m.p.h.

Springing: Independent for front wheels, semi-elliptic at rear. Controlled shock absorbers.

Steering: Marles type, with direct action on both front wheels.

Brakes: Very efficient, with progressive action.

Coachwork: Very luxurious and roomy.

Price: Six-light saloon, £800.

Easy Money. (Continued from page 27)

"When?"

"I asked you if you would like to go and dance somewhere with me some time."

"Don't be too definite. If you fixed a date I might turn up." She spoke in French to the girl with the boxes, who walked slowly on.

"What's all this top load and so on?" Kris demanded.

"Doing a job of work. We're taking some hats round to an old horror who probably doesn't want them and isn't going to pay for them anyway. It's the way they do business here. But were we mentioning dancing? Or was it golf? You know how a girl feels dancing with you—like coming up with a hippopotamus from the back and trying to help him out of the swamp. But you can play golf, Kris, and —"

"To-morrow night," he announced. "At the Ritz-Bristol here. Eight o'clock sharp and in the best bib and tucker. Take it or leave it. You leave it? Good, then —"

"I'll be there. Don't miss me. When you drift in at 9.15, I mean. The little girl among the palms in last year's party frock and a sweet, patient smile. Good-bye, Kris."

He made himself wait until four o'clock before ringing Irma on the telephone. She was out, and he tried twice again in the next hour, finally leaving a message for her to call him at the hotel. Then he sat down to wait for her call. It was 8 o'clock before Irma got back from Cannes and called him.

"Charlie tells me you're going to buy that club, darling!" she began. "I think that's wonderful. We'll be making a packet of money before we know where we are!"

Kris had considered it. You had to invest money. Night clubs were not the safest bet. But if this club was good enough for Irma to connect her name with, it was good enough for him. Big money, he knew from his connection with the bank, was made on the Riviera from casinos, hotels, clubs. In any event, if Leidler was after the place it was likely to be a good thing.

"When do I see you?" he asked.

"To-night, of course."

He wanted to put his lips close to the telephone and whisper: "I love you! I love you!" Instead, he said: "That's fine! Shall I come and fetch you and drive you in to the show?"

"Meet me after the show," she suggested, "and drive me out to Coudrier's—you'd like to see the place, wouldn't you?"

"Of course! But it's you—"

"Till to-night then, darling! Good-bye!"

The club, Kris found, was a villa lying back from the road in its own extensive grounds, which were encircled by the usual white wall. Once the property of a grand duke, the rooms were on a palatial scale, offering first-class facilities for the restaurant, gaming tables, and dancing. There was a private beach. Groves accompanied them as Kris made a tour of the establishment with Irma in the early hours.

"Just the sort of semi-private joint," he pointed out, "to attract the best of the carriage custom. In fact, you'd only get carriage custom here."

The villa was almost deserted, a scattered few round a chemin-de-fer table and a group of doubtful customers at the bar. "It certainly wants something to draw the people out here," Kris mentioned.

"You can leave that to Irma and me."

Catching Irma's eye, Kris grinned. In her close-fitting sequin gown and ermine wrap, with a spray of mauve orchids, there was a quality of *soignée* loveliness about her that caught at the breath. "D'you like it, Kris?" she asked.

"I think it's perfect!"

She took his arm. "Let's go down to the beach. We're going to be very happy here, my dear, You and I."

Groves had gone back to the town when they were ready to leave, and as Kris fetched Irma's car from the garages he met the man who was managing the house—a Greek with one eye. The publicity man had told him about Populadolos, and Kris now agreed that

he looked pretty tough. He left Kris hurriedly to attend to some noisy sort of row going on in the bar.

Driving back along the deserted road under the cliff towards the distant pinpricks that were the lights of the town, with the sound of the sea in the still night air, he was thinking of the suite of rooms at the villa that was to be their home.

"I should hate to miss that place now, Kris," she told him when he had kissed her good-night at the porch of her villa.

"It's going to be heavenly!"

"How long will it take before your money comes through? I don't know anything about business matters, but if we wait too long—" She shrugged.

"We have an option for a month," he reminded. "To-morrow I'm going round with Groves to see a lawyer. We're making sure no one is going to get round that."

With the American lawyer to whom Groves introduced him Kris spent a busy morning. The house was plastered with mortgages and the title wanted careful scrutiny. Kris left the business in his hands. On the way back to the hotel he met Janey once again. This time she was by herself.

"You're making a habit of lunching at the Ritz-Bristol now?" she said.

"You're making a habit of being outside?"

"Not yet." She looked after the drooping figure of Groves. "So you have a new boy friend?"

"I am here to answer questions, so don't mind me," Kris recorded for the benefit of no one in particular. "Groves and I have been doing some business together."

"Business? I thought his job was to buy drinks for newspaper men." She raised an open hand to her mouth in mock horror. "Don't tell me you're going to be a newspaper man, Kris?"

"You'd be surprised at what I'm going to be—if I told you."

"Tell me, Kris."

"If you'll keep it dark. We're buying a place called Coudrier's on the Gavrenche Road. Irma's going to run it for me."

"You mean—a night club?"

"What's wrong with a night club?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking of the risk. What if it turns out a flop?"

He sank his hands in his pockets irritably.

"You're a cheerful little person I must say! We're going to make a lot of money."

"You and Groves?"

"Irma and I."

She stopped fingering the button of her glove. "Well, I wish you lots of luck, Kris! If ever you want to decorate the place with ravishing women, giving it tone, remember me. I'm always ready to eat."

Irma called him on the telephone that afternoon, and he drove up to the Villa Rose for tea. She wanted him to meet the leader of the dance band at Coudrier's, and they drove on from her villa to the club for dinner. Later that night he brought Irma back to the hotel for her show, and it was while he sat at a table by the dance floor filling in time until he drove out to Coudrier's again that he suddenly remembered Janey.

He searched the hotel, but before he started he knew it was hopeless. The time was then 11.15, and even Janey would not wait three hours for a man. He rang up her home, but there was no reply. She must be thinking him all sorts of a hound, and he wanted to explain. But when he came to consider it, all the explanation he would have been able to give was that he had forgotten.

The matter was soon wiped out of his mind. He drove Irma to Coudrier's shortly before one o'clock, and within half an hour things had begun to happen.

The offices of the management opened off the wide, carpeted hall and consisted of two rooms, interconnecting, the inner of which contained a strong room built into the wall. The club had to carry large sums of currency for the tables, and due precautions were taken. With Irma and her publicity man, Kris was examining books which the Greek,

Populadolos, was showing them, when he became conscious that someone had entered the room behind them. He turned to find himself staring at the ugly nose of an automatic pistol.

The quietness of it, in that cosily-lit, luxuriously furnished little room sent a thrill of fear coursing through his veins. As he shrank back, raising his arms, the man's voice sounded ordinarily: "Come on. All of you. Get against the wall there."

The others jumped round, then, seeing the gun, backed obediently to the wall. The gunman had a raincoat over his evening dress. A soft hat was pulled down over his eyes and a handkerchief covered the lower part of his face. He said something softly and another man, similarly clad, stepped inside the room. His accomplice took over the task of keeping the four of them covered.

"Keys to the strong box," the gunman threw at the Greek, and after a pause Populadolos indicated the chain running down to his trouser pocket. Unhooking the chain, the gunman took the keys and walked quickly through into the back room.

A silence broken only by the sound of breathing fell on the group. Irma's wrists shook slightly and her face was drained of colour. From her Kris turned to Groves, standing to his right. His face was void of expression. The Greek was nearest to the man who was holding them up, and his forehead was black with anger. Veins swelled at his temples. With Irma there beside him, Kris hoped the man was not going to start anything.

He was soon disillusioned. As the first gunman stepped back into the room he tossed the keys back on to the desk. His raincoat bulged with French banknotes. For one moment on his way to the outer door he crossed his companion. In that screening moment Populadolos jumped at him, knocking him down. Kris had half withdrawn his upheld arms when a quick sequence of crashing explosions rocked the little room. Flames seemed to play against the shut lids of his eyes.

When he opened them the room was full of smoke. The two gunmen had gone. Populadolos lay on the carpet, his mouth moving feebly.

Groves was the first to move. As he examined the man on the floor his clothes began to fill with blood. "Shot full of holes," he announced. "Dead and bleeding like a pig. Let's go."

The sound of his voice seemed to galvanise the woman at Kris's side to action. "We must get out of this quick!" she cried. "We can't be caught here. Oh, quickly!"

Kris followed her. The hall was empty and in the dead silence that had fallen over the villa there was no sign of life. Irma reached her car at a run, with the two men following. Groves and she crowded into the front seat, but Kris hesitated. So far he had joined the stampede, but he was beginning to think for himself now.

"We can't leave that man!" he protested, appealing to Groves. But it was Irma who answered him, the thin note of hysteria in her voice.

"Get in!" she cried. "Hurry! Oh, God! Why did this have to happen!"

"But, Irma—"

She tugged frantically at his arm. "Come in—or stop out!" she snapped. "I can't be mixed up in this."

The car began to move as Groves accelerated away, and Kris jumped up beside the girl. He said nothing for some time, but as they raced along the road behind the funnels of their headlights he tried to argue with Irma.

"This is terrible for you, darling," he acknowledged, "but we were witnesses. The police will want us to—"

"No one knows we were there," she said angrily. "If they did, they wouldn't say. No word of this has to get out. Once we get drawn in with the French police it will take months to get out. (Continued on page 82)

MATURITY

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How do they know we didn't shoot him up? This would ruin me."

"Populadolos might not be dead. We should have stayed to do what we could for him."

"He's dead," Groves put in. "What d'you want to do? Bury him?"

"I'd want to call in a doctor. And the police."

In the half darkness Irma's face was hard as she turned on him. "Understand this!" she said. "I wasn't there. You weren't there. The three of us were at my villa. If you talk about calling in the police again I shall scream. I've told you this would ruin me."

"You're upset," Kris told her. "Take it easy."

She shook off his hand. "Oh, leave me alone!"

The three of them separated at her door. Groves said: "From after the show at 12.40 until now"—he looked at his wrist-watch—"until 1.45, we were all here at Irma's. That's our story if questioned. Not that anyone's going to question us if we keep our traps shut."

Looking across, Kris saw that Irma was watching him closely. The pallor of her face made him long to take her in his arms and tell her not to worry. "I won't say anything," he promised.

She nodded and turned into the house without a word.

HE woke late next morning, and as he was dressing Janey called him on the telephone. "Have you seen the papers?" she asked him. "That club you were going to buy for Irma—"

"I know," he told her. "I've seen the news."

After a short silence Janey's voice sounded again: "I thought you might have been mixed up in it, Kris."

He swallowed. "I was at Irma's place."

"Then that's all right."

He sat down on the edge of his bed. "Janey, I'm sorry about last night. You see, I—"

"You don't have to bother about that, Kris. I understand, if you were with Irma."

In the pause that followed a sudden decision came to him, crystallised, perhaps, out of the familiar sound of that voice he had known for years. Thinking the situation over, he did not like the look of it. It would be difficult to explain why he had run away, leaving a dying man.

"Meet me. I'd like to talk to you."

"When?"

"Now if you can manage it. On the corner outside your place?"

"I'll be there," she promised.

He finished his dressing hurriedly, but before he could leave the telephone called him again. This time it was Irma. She was anxious about the purchase of the club.

"You still want to buy it?" he asked.

"Naturally. This affair will soon blow over. It will help us with the price we have to pay. Groves is here with me, and he thinks you ought to sign an agreement to buy in case there is a question of putting a padlock on the place. Can you meet him this afternoon?"

He made an appointment with Groves and rang off. Irma was badly rattled. He scarcely recognised her voice. He was still thinking about it when he met Janey. She was waiting for him on the corner, and something quietly Anglo-Saxon about the way she looked at him gave him guilty conscience an idea that she knew all that had happened.

"Let's go and get a cup of coffee," he proposed, and, moved by the same impulse, over the table for two in the window of the café he told her what had happened.

"You mustn't whisper a word to a soul," he cautioned. "We should be in a funny position with the police. Irma and Groves would deny it."

For a while she said nothing, rolling and unrolling her gloves. "Irma must have had a terrible time," she said at length. "You can't judge how any woman would react to a ghastly business like that."

"Some women would have fainted, or got hysterical," he agreed. "You'd have thought she would never have wanted to see the place again."

She looked up quickly. "You mean—she's going on with the buying of that club?"

"I'm going round with Groves to sign an agreement at 5 this afternoon. They think it won't make any difference to the club, except to lower the price we shall have to pay."

For a while the girl's eyes fixed his steadily from under her long lashes. "But, Kris—what harm would it have done if you had waited for the police and explained everything to them? What could they do, even now?"

"It's Irma," he explained. "The publicity—it's the wrong sort. People like her have to think of the public. Their view of things is different."

"I must get back to my job," she decided.

"It's a rotten position for you. . . ."

After he had left Janey he wandered round the town until it was time for lunch. He ate his meal in the grill-room of the Ritz-Bristol, and as he emerged into the glare of the sunlight on the Promenade two men approached him politely. "Monsieur Milward?" the smaller man asked, and when he acknowledged it Kris found that he had been arrested.

From the Ritz-Bristol they went in a taxi to his rooms to collect his passport and his papers, and from his rooms they drove to the *bureau de police*. He was allowed to telephone to the British consul, who sent along the lawyer with the spade beard who was attending to his inheritance. Kris interviewed him in the lime-washed cell with the steel door that had shut him off from the world now for two hours.

When Kris had finished his story, the lawyer shrugged. "You have done a very foolish thing," he decided. "It will mean trouble, of course. But not as bad as you think. It will be proved by your friends that you had nothing to do with the affair, but for to-night—no."

"I have to stop here?"

"Until the morning. Yes. You have placed yourself in a false position. It is strange that the girl has said nothing about the others—Monsieur Groves and M'selle Irma Runecke."

"The girl? What girl?"

The lawyer looked up from the papers in his lap. "She who telephoned the *Sûreté* and afterwards made a statement. One minute . . . M'selle Jane Audrey Ashe. She was with you, perhaps?"

A black cloud seemed to have dropped on Kris. He could not believe that Janey had done this to him. After she left him she must have telephoned and . . .

"She is a friend," he said. "She was not with us. I cannot—" He pushed to his feet. "I'd rather be alone," he apologised. "Perhaps in the morning?"

Maitre Gavrono, the lawyer, sent Kris a meal to the cell from an hotel. With it arrived a bottle of wine. He drank the wine and left the food, spending a sleepless night on the bunk against the wall. He was turning over and over in his mind the question of what Irma would have said when questioned. And Groves. He wondered if they were both in the same gaol, and what they would think of him when they knew he had told Janey. He could not bring himself to think of Janey.

At six o'clock an *agent* took him for a brief exercise and he washed himself in a washhouse in the prison yard. They allowed him the newspapers with the breakfast that came in from the hotel, and as he was reading the news after his meal a visitor was shown in to him. He stiffened as he saw Janey Ashe.

Neither spoke until the steel door had closed behind her, then she said, "You'll be released when the magistrate sits at 9.30. I wanted to see you first. Your lawyer arranged it."

He stared at her coldly. "Well?"

She dropped her eyes to her shoes. "I didn't think they would keep you here all night, Kris. I suppose you know I told them all about it?"

"A sweet thought. I suppose I ought to thank you."

"I think you ought."

"How interesting! Just why?"

"You should have told the police yourself. Only you're such a—fool. You might have known you would never get away with this."

A pinched look in her face told him she was fighting back tears, but that only served to harden him. "Your interference has only landed me in a terrible mess. I'll admit it's made a little heroine of you. I suppose you didn't think of me? Instead of the affair blowing over, Irma will have to come forward and clear me. That will be in the papers half across the world."

"Irma went to Italy last night," she said. "As soon as she heard from your lawyer what had happened she bolted. Groves, too."

He caught up her wrist. "What? You're lying to me! Why—we—we're going to be married!"

She pulled her wrist away, rubbing it with the other hand. "Married, Kris? Married?"

"What is there to gape at in that?"

"Irma Runecke is married to a stock-broker in Chicago. But I expect she told you she was going to divorce him. She's divorced three already." The colour rose in her cheeks at the sight of the incredulity in his eyes. "Oh, Kris! Men are such fools! Couldn't you see what was happening to you?"

"What did it have to do with you?"

"I'll tell you! She was interested in you at first because you were in the public eye with your golf. With her contract expiring, she was looking round. It didn't take me long to find out she's swamped with unpaid accounts. She owes our firm enough to keep me for years. And she had to pick on you, even before you'd seen your money. And look how she's left you now!"

"You're only saying this because—"

"Because I happen to be fond of you. And I'll tell you why I went to the police. I wanted you safe in gaol."

"Safe in gaol?"

"So that you couldn't sign that contract. Some day you may want that money. That's why I went round to the bank that morning and told them you were sick. Some day—oh, why don't you say something?"

Kris, watching her dumbly, was trying to sort things out. Safe in gaol so that he couldn't sign. . . . He knew he had been terribly in love, but was it Irma, or might it be—Janey?

He stretched out a hand to touch her shaking shoulder, but she turned it off. "Oh, how I hate you! How I loathe you! You haven't the sense of a —"

"I've sense enough to see you saved that money," he offered.

She looked up quickly.

"This is serious. It's no use trying to play the fool. I don't think you realise what your lawyer and I have had to do to get your release."

He caught and held her hand. "First you throw me into gaol because you're fond of me," he said. "Then you find you hate me and loathe me, and so you sit up all night getting me out again. Where's the sense in that, Janey?"

She let herself be pulled closer to him. "There's no sense in this affair at all!" Her voice had a queer edgy sound. "I had to sit and watch that woman get hold of you when I've been head over heels in love with you for years. And nun-now I've p-put you in jay-jay-jay . . ."

Footsteps sounded in the stone passage outside. He kissed her swiftly as keys rattled in the door. "Pull yourself together, sweetheart!" he whispered. "The tumbrel arrives, and all that. Will you wait for me when I step out of the dock? That bit about head over heels. I'd like to take it up some time."

Her eyes were shining. "I'm coming with you, Kris," she decided. "They'd better make it tumbrels for two."

EARLY MORNING may see our day's gallop begin—or end. Or both, these restless days! But morning, noon or night, we're never tired—or we must never admit it...! Could a better world be imagined than ours for the blessing of "4711" to fall on? "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne—from the City of Cologne itself: inimitable "4711": so incomparably unlike the many cheap and cheapening 'Colognes' of to-day—no matter what they cost!

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Women Can't Run Hotels (Continued from page 41)

The same thing applies to the waiting staff, upon whom so much of the success of a first-class hotel depends. No woman manager will ever obtain first-class waiters to work under her. They will not accept situations under women. As one famous head waiter said to me when I asked him about this point:

"It would not pay us to do so, madam? We should become labelled 'boarding-house waiters,' and any chance of a really good job in an hotel of the *premier ordre* would be gone for ever."

Another drawback to the chances of women becoming good hotel managers is that finance is rarely a woman's *métier*, and a good manager has to be complete master of one of the most elaborate and difficult mathematical systems in the world—the system of modern financial hotel control. Few people have any idea of the immense and complicated mass of detail that goes to make up this system—but the manager, whose word is law, and who has to be answerable not only to his guests for their comfort, but also to the local justices for obedience to their rulings, to the law of the land for its observance, and finally to his owner or shareholders for their dividends—has to know the entire scheme backwards from Z to A! A scheme that covers every requirement from every detail of buying to maintenance costs, repairs, "overheads," the largest and smallest salary, allowances, pensions, insurances, percentages, concessions, and a thousand other details. And the woman who can do this is, again, far to seek.

Still another point, and that a most important one. Few women understand fine food. (Now let me shelter from the storm!)

When I say "fine food" I mean the very finest international standard of food: the food that is understood only by epicures long trained in the art of tasting, and prepared by artists long trained in the art of preparing. There are, of course, scores of English women who are first-class *cooks*. But there are no women, as far as I know, who can compete on a level with the best of international chefs.

Women as a sex are not epicures of food, or of wine, and certainly not of cigars—and the perfect hotel manager must be able to judge all these three with absolute certainty.

It is arguable, of course, that woman managers might be trained in the finer points of food if they had the chance (as most managers have) of studying from the kitchen upwards; which means entering first as kitchen clerks and learning every

detail, from weighing the food and checking it as it enters, to cutting it into joints, etc., and finally cooking it under the eagle eye of the older chefs. (This is, of course, the reason why so many first-class managers are ex-head waiters; practically all head waiters started in the kitchens and worked their way upwards; hence their unrivalled knowledge of the *carte*.)

But women never have this chance—because the foreign chefs will not have them in their kitchens! They will not accord to a woman the training they will give to a fellow-man. And even if they would, no woman could possibly stand the enormous strain of kitchen life. Has anybody any idea, for instance, of the weight of the average crate of fish, side of beef, etc., that the young cook-in-training has to heave into the scales a dozen and more times a day in his first job as assistant to fifty or sixty older chefs, all of whom have the right to order him about precisely as they choose? No woman has the physical strength required to stand it; and as a result she can never get the knowledge of the very groundwork of the job of hotel management. This kitchen work is invaluable not only because it teaches knowledge of food, from its raw state up through the complicated stages of cutting up, cooking and serving—but because without it no manager can really hope to put his finger on "leakages" in the kitchen.

I am not insulting the many honest and conscientious chefs I know when I say that there is an ever-present danger of tradesmen "squaring" chefs or kitchen-clerks, etc., to induce them to buy inferior food, to buy exclusively from them, to buy more than is needed, and so on. A certain amount of bribery can go on between buyers, store-keepers, cellarmen and so on—but the most fruitful source of leakage, and the most difficult to trace, is in the kitchens; and a manager who does not know every detail of his kitchen-work, its checking system, delivery and accounting and so on, will find himself, if he suspects bribery and makes enquiries, confronted by a row of smiling faces, all alike innocent and charming, and all alike prepared with a story good enough to deceive St. Peter himself—unless he was trained in the kitchens!

ANOTHER thing. How does anyone suggest that a woman manager copes with a drunken guest who is being uproarious and offensive in one of the public rooms? It is simply begging the question to say that she can send for someone to throw him out. To invite the hall-porter or any other of the uniformed staff into the dining-room to eject

the obstreperous guest is to make the incident public (thus damaging the hotel's reputation) and advertise it to a great many other guests who, if the thing was managed as quietly and discreetly as it generally is by a male manager, would never know anything about it! I have myself, half a dozen times, seen a manager called in by a worried waiter to deal with a recalcitrant guest—and within two or three minutes the manager, smiling but very firm, has guided the guest by one arm outside the restaurant so quietly and skilfully that few beyond those tables immediately adjacent realised that anything untoward was happening!

Further as regards this point. Is there anybody who can say that a woman manager could control such crowds as throng the large hotels in London or the provinces on election nights, Boat Race, Derby Night, Hogmanay in Scotland, and so on? The job of a manager is to keep the party spirit going as long as he can discreetly do so, for the benefit of his hotel—and at the same time to handle the crowd so that, while spending their money and celebrating all they want, they do not get out of hand, annoy quieter guests, cause any damage to glass or linen or furniture, or, worst of all, get into trouble with the Powers That Be! And who has the courage to say that any woman can do this with success? Anyone, again, who imagines that the sight of a woman arriving to quell a bunch of men, well "lit" and really bent on making whoopee, would arouse their innate chivalry and reduce them to good behaviour at once, is living in the realms of old-time romance!

Or again, if she *did* succeed in so quelling them, they would go, the next time they wanted to "celebrate," to some hotel where they would not have a feminine damper put upon their spirits. And down would go your hotel receipts!

No. For good or ill, the world is still run very largely by men and for men—and pre-eminently the hotel world. And in the wide-spreading upper branches of that particular industrial tree there is no place for woman; nor can the level-headed observer see a place being made for her, or likely to be made as yet...

In the upper branches, I said. In the lower—yes! A small hotel that can be run more or less like a large private house, where the staff is almost entirely female, where the cooking is good, plain English (and a first-class school of cooking, too, yet not the highest of all) and Jenny and Dolly to wait—and mine hostess may smile and be content, and make an excellent living. But that is all.

END

An R in the Month (Continued from page 69)

layers of bacon and minced meat mixture. The top layer should be bacon. Place in a moderate oven for about 1½ hours. When ready, strain off any surplus fat and allow to become cold. Pour over a sufficient quantity of aspic jelly to cover. When almost set decorate the top with slices of hard-boiled egg and truffle.

Hare has also a definite place on the menu at this time of year, but it must not be cooked in any haphazard fashion. Contrary to the rabbit, it should be well hung. A week is about the usual length of time, and it should not be paunched beforehand. It is advisable to place a small vessel under the head to catch any blood.

If the hare is young it may be trussed in its natural shape and roasted. A larger one is better treated in some other way, such as hare soup or jugged hare, a dish much appreciated by sportsmen.

For jugged hare fry the better joints lightly, then cook in a casserole with a chopped onion and seasonings of pepper, salt, allspice and a bunch of herbs. Add a little port wine and stock, then cover the dish closely and cook in a moderate oven for about two hours.

Just before serving, remove the herbs and add some forcemeat balls, previously poached in a shallow pan. Garnish with glacé cherries and serve in the casserole, a folded napkin being pinned round before sending to table. Serve red currant, cranberry or rose hip jelly separately.

The beginning of the pork season is welcomed by most housewives, as it is another way of varying the family menu. As pork is more subject to disease than any other animal food, it must be carefully chosen. The flesh should be pinky-white, finely grained and firm to the touch, the fat being pearly white without any black specks.

The loin is the most suitable part for roasting. Prepare it by scraping the rind and scoring it in narrow lines from top to bottom. This forms a crackle when roasted. Brush the rind with salad oil, then roast.

Pork must be well done. Twenty-five minutes to each pound and twenty-five minutes over is the time generally allowed.

A roast crown of pork is a substantial savory dish for a large party. Two loins well jointed are tied together with the bones to

the outside to form the crown. Place the joint on the roasting tin and tie the ends of the cutlet bones in greaseproof paper to keep them from becoming discoloured. Put a good breadcrumb stuffing, highly seasoned and flavoured with powdered savoury, in the centre when the roast is partially cooked.

A short time before serving, remove the paper and spike the bones with small par-boiled onions. Return the joint to the oven and baste the onions well with the melted fat, until nicely browned.

Serve on a hot dish with roast apples placed round. Something hot and spicy should always be served as an accompaniment. The roast gravy, piquantly seasoned, should be flavoured with two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles.

An apple sauce is generally associated with this dish, but some epicures consider cranberry more distinctive. Pickled pears or damsons also make an excellent accompaniment. An interesting garnish for either pork or game are miniature tartlet cases filled with apple purée.

END

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Surcharged One-and-Sixpence

(Continued from page 51)

took the oath, glaring at his younger son in the dock.

"Will you tell the Court," asked the magistrate, "what happened at four p.m. on the afternoon of Tuesday, the fifteenth?"

"Eh?" asked the Earl. "Oh, you mean Tuesday afternoon? I was crossing Regent Street, with a lot of other people, using the Belisha crossing, when a lady grabbed my arm and I saw the bonnet of a car not more than a yard away. It was going at forty miles an hour. So I jumped, naturally. Perfectly scandalous!"

"And what happened then?" asked Mr. Merryweather.

"Policeman stopped him, and I gave him my card. Perfect outrage!"

"And did you recognise the accused?" asked the magistrate, stabbing the point of a pencil thoughtfully into his blotting-paper.

"Eh? Recognise him? Careless young idiot! If he'd been a few years younger, I'd have known how to deal with him!"

"All right, Lord St. Mawes. That will do, thank you." Mr. Merryweather turned to the Hon. Gerald:

"Have you any questions you would like to ask the witness?"

"Er—no, thank you," answered the Hon. Gerald, "not at the moment," and he bit his lower lip.

"You have pleaded guilty," went on the magistrate, "to a disgustingly dangerous piece of driving. If the people you endangered had not been agile—I beg your pardon?—you might have appeared on a much more serious charge. As it is, your licence will be suspended for six months and you will be fined twenty-five pounds, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment."

He nodded, to show that the sad affair was finished. The Hon. Gerald coughed.

"Excuse me," he said, "how long can I have to pay the fine?"

"Twenty-four hours!" snapped the magistrate.

THE Hon. Gerald Pounceby diplomatically absented himself from dinner at the town house of the Earl of St. Mawes; but, at half past nine, when he judged that the Earl would be mellowed by three glasses of the '96 port, he entered the library.

The Earl of St. Mawes stood at a bookcase fingering a stamp album.

"Oh, hullo, Pobs," said his son. "I just blew in to ask what about it?"

"What are you talking about?" said the Earl, pushing the album back on its shelf.

"Well," said the Hon. Gerald, straightening the flaps of his waistcoat, "twenty-five pounds—and costs. Got to be paid by noon to-morrow, and I've got thirty bob."

"Well?" asked the Earl unpleasantly.

"Well," said his son, "if you write a cheque now, I could cash it in the morning."

"Are you inferring that I should pay your fine?" demanded the Earl. "Because if you are, you had better go away and do some hard thinking."

The Earl turned his back on his son, and extracted the album from its shelf.

"Thank Heaven I shan't see you for a month," he said, and breathed heavily.

"Oh, all right, if you want a gaolbird for a son. I just thought I'd see how you felt about it." He turned and strolled towards the door.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," he said, casually. "I know someone who's got that Tristan da Cunha stamp you wanted. But perhaps you don't want it any longer. Good-bye, Pobs." He swung the door wide.

"Hey, half a minute!" cried the Earl. "You know someone who's got the Tristan Jubilee stamp, surcharged one-and-sixpence?"

"That's right," answered his son. "I meant to tell you before, but all this police-court business put it out of my mind."

"Well, who's got it? What do they want for it?" The Earl advanced eagerly.

"Ah, that's telling," answered the Hon. Gerald. The door was closing behind him. The

Earl seized the handle, calling after him: "Gerald! Come back a minute!"

The Hon. Gerald turned and came slowly back into the library.

"You want the address?" he asked.

"Of course." The Earl's eyes were bright. "It's the one I need to complete the set."

His son shut the door.

"Well, we might talk business, perhaps," he said. "You want the stamp. I want—let's see: fifty quid for a ring, twenty-five and costs—say eighty quid. Is it a deal?"

"Certainly not!" said the Earl. "I never heard of such a thing. In the first place, I definitely disapprove of your picking up a shop girl. . . ."

"Come, come!" cried the Hon. Gerald.

The Earl waved the interruption aside.

"And then you do your best to murder me, and when you fail and get very properly arrested. . . ."

"Summonsed," corrected the Hon. Gerald.

"Tush!" cried his father. "You expect me to pay for it. I won't!"

He advanced to his desk, picked up his album, and replaced it on its shelf.

His son drew a card from his pocket, and a pencil, with which he proceeded to write a few words. He held the card between finger and thumb, as his father turned round.

"Here's the address," he said. "Eighty quid, and the card's yours."

"Certainly not!" cried the Earl.

"All right." The Hon. Gerald put the card ostentatiously into his waistcoat pocket. "The offer's open till noon to-morrow. After that it will be too late. They make you empty your pockets when you go to gaol. You won't change your mind?"

"Get out!" cried his father.

"Oh, if that's how you feel," he sighed, and the door closed behind him.

THE grandfather clock in the hall of the town house of the Earl of St. Mawes chimed the hour and struck twice. The Earl himself turned over in bed for the fifteenth time, vainly seeking sleep. Through the open communicating door, he could hear the gentle snoring of his countess. His mind was troubled by an incomplete set of stamps, and by the temptation to compound a felony in order to make it complete. He groaned, switched on his bedside lamp and looked at his watch. Then he lay back, listening to the snoring in the otherwise silent house.

Two doors away, he reflected, slept his son Gerald, in whose wardrobe hung a waistcoat in the pocket of which lay a card. He wondered if Gerald slept, or if the thought of gaol kept him awake. To-morrow night he would sleep on a plank, and serve him damn well right, reflected the indignant Earl. But, to-morrow night, the card would not be in that wardrobe. It was a problem; but could it be said to be stealing merely to look at a visiting card? The Earl thought not.

He tossed the sheets aside and got out of bed, tightening the cord of his pyjamas. His feet made no noise on the thick carpet, nor did the door creak as he opened it. In silence, he walked along the corridor and turned the handle of the Hon. Gerald's door.

There was a sound of stirring, a rustling of sheets. The Earl paused. The noise ceased and, after a time, he pushed the door ajar and slipped in.

"Wharrat?" asked his son, and turned over in bed. The Earl stood motionless but, after a minute, a snore reassured him. The moonlight shone in at the window and, in its gleam, he saw the wardrobe door standing open. The waistcoat hung invitingly.

The Earl's fingers abstracted the card. He turned and made for the door. His son sat up in bed, blinking.

"Whassup?" he asked; but the door was in darkness and he did not see it shut. He lay down again and closed his eyes in untroubled sleep, so that there was a little smile on his face when, a few minutes later, the Earl crept back and subtly replaced the card in its pocket. It was enough to have read it.

At ten o'clock the next morning, the Earl

of St. Mawes, resplendent in elegant morning dress, stepped briskly out into Hanover Square and hailed a taxicab.

At ten thirty, the Hon. Gerald Pounceby stepped briskly into Hanover Square and disappeared towards Regent Street.

At twelve, the Earl returned, running blithely up the steps of the house. He handed the grey top hat to the butler and vanished into the library, where he drew a leather wallet from his pocket and placed it on his desk.

HUMMING a cheerful tune, quite thoughtless of his son on the way to Brixton in a Black Maria, he picked the album from its shelf and laid it beside the wallet. Carefully, he seated himself, coat-tails splayed out on either side of his chair. With tweezers in his right hand, he opened the wallet with his left, licking his lips slightly, as he gazed at the small piece of blue paper.

"Surcharged one-and-sixpence," he murmured.

Carefully, he moistened a stamp mount and entered on the ritual of completing his set of Tristan da Cunha Jubilee stamps. At last they were arranged, in two rows of seven, from the modest halfpenny to the lordly (and expensive) two-shilling. The Earl laid down his tweezers and raised a large magnifying glass, the better to appreciate his treasures. At that moment the door behind him opened, and a voice drawled:

"Oh, here he is! Hullo, Pobs, busy?"

The Earl took no notice. He was engrossed. The perforation was being counted. But, suddenly, he became aware that his album was in shadow. He looked up, frowning. Two people were seated on his desk.

"Feel happier, Pobs?" asked the Hon. Gerald.

"I'm so glad you got it," murmured Barbara.

"You're frightfully in the light," said the Earl of St. Mawes. He put the glass down, gently, and looked at his son in a puzzled kind of way.

"Why aren't you in prison?" he asked.

"Paid the fine," said the Hon. Gerald, casually. "And bought the ring, too," he added. "Look!"

He took Barbara's left hand in his right and held it out, so that sapphire and diamonds sparkled gaily.

"But where did you get the money?" asked his father. "Have you been stealing?"

"Earned it," said his son. "Business deal. I leave stealing to you, old man. I was going to be tactful, if you hadn't mentioned it; but perhaps I might ask how you got Mrs. Yorke's address?"

The Earl spluttered.

"Well, well," said his son. "You know, I wondered if I ought to have mentioned it to the beak; but personally I don't like washing dirty linen in public. Aren't you going to congratulate us?"

The Earl rose to his feet.

"Look here, Gerald!" he exploded. "What does all this mean? Where did you get the money? And Miss Yorke—Mrs. Yorke—I don't understand. You ought to have told me that Mrs. Yorke was the Bishop of Tooting's wife. Damn it all, I asked for the housekeeper; most humiliating. And you said she was a shop girl."

"No, you did," his son corrected. "And of course she was. Why not? Everyone goes into business nowadays. You know, when you came into my room last night, for half a second I thought it was Father Christmas. Half asleep, of course. But I thought you'd never get away from Mrs. Yorke this morning. Had to collect my twenty per cent. commission, you see, in time to pay that fine. But I did it, easily. Did you remember to tell the Bishop you'd like me to marry his daughter?"

"What? What?" spluttered the Earl.

"Then you'd better go back and do it," said the Hon. Gerald. "That sort of thing's done."

END

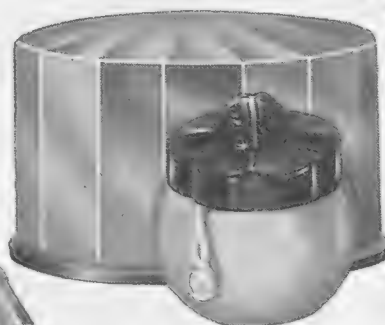


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YARDLEY, 33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Broad-minded Binge

(Continued from page 45)

"I know, Marvellous, aren't they? Spencer knew an orchid grower. He went down yesterday with a bit of the material and raided the orchid houses. This was the result."

"Is he coming early?"

"As soon as he can get away. He's got a conference. We sail earlier than we thought. To-morrow morning. *Aquitania*."

"So soon?"

"Yes, it's better really, and it makes this more of a superb anticlimax. Hip, I've an awful sneaky feeling that we ought to have told the family."

"What, and spoilt all my quiet fun?"

His hair curled back from his close-set ears in two little crisp silver waves, extremely provocative and attractive. He stroked them with a not over-manicured finger.

"It's amazing they didn't see the papers."

"Why should English people see Australian papers, dear?"

"No, of course. I forgot."

"Well, I mean, do Australian kangaroos eat Scotch porridge?"

"I don't know, darling. If we are strictly truthful we never saw any kangaroos."

"I've never breathed that to a living soul."

Tom and Maude Campion were the first to arrive at the party. They held a ravishing and ravished Daisy, dressed in exactly the right shade of blue, by an unresisting hand.

Maude was twittering with nerves and excitement. Tom was calm.

"You are better looking than ever, Marygold, if I may say so," he said, and kissed her firmly and decidedly. "Anyone can see Hip's not been knocking you about. And we brought the kid along. You don't mind?"

"No, no. Delighted!"

"As a matter of fact, she's crazy to go on the films, and we wouldn't mind. I might as well come to the point straight away. No good beating about the bush—besides, the other people will be here in a minute, and I want to get a word in first. Are any of these film chaps coming?"

"Yes," said Hip, suave and happy, happiness dancing in his eyes and lilting in his voice. He was suddenly creaming over with inner satisfaction. "Yes. Valentine Selfe, the great —"

"Not the Valentine Selfe?" said Maude.

She had gone quite white. She suddenly looked thirsty and under-nourished.

"Yes," said Hip. "Now isn't that fun? You will be able to introduce Daisy to him. He is always looking for new talent, and juvenile talent is so hard to find."

He beamed at them both.

"That's damned decent of you, old chap!" said Tom. "Well, you're sitting very pretty on top of the world, I hear."

"Where did you hear that?"

"One can see," said Tom, and he oozed a fat pride that turned to sudden acid when his eyes met his wife's.

"This is the flower of the Campions," those triumphant eyes seemed to say; "A bit of a Bohemian, a bit of a scamp, a great artist, not in your line I dare say, my dear, but of his bizarre world, the TOP."

"Anybody of note coming?"

Deftly, casually Hip mentioned two or three names well known in art and literature and the stage. In her soft clear voice, Marygold chipped in with a few more musical-comedy stars, film stars and two of the better-known K.C.'s.

Nellie Campion, the modiste, and her partner advanced into the heart of the party on the heels of a famous B.B.C. band conductor and a celebrated actress. Her face was a study under her smart and slightly absurd model hat. It was a study in astonishment and crafty triumph.

She seized her partner's arm in a not too kindly grip.

"There!" she breathed. "What did I tell you!"

None of this brief charade was lost on the observant Hip. He greeted his sister engagingly.

"There are lots of heads you can put new lids on here if you are clever, Nellie," he said.

"You must meet everybody," and he saw to it that she did.

The room became more and more packed. Champagne flowed in an endless stream. The contents of silver salvers vanished and were miraculously replaced from an apparently inexhaustible supply. Waiters dashed hither and thither. Well-trained, obsequious waiters, so gallantly reinforced in number that they plied the guests rather than attended to them.

Constant Campion, tea merchant of Mincing Lane, entering with his chief and his wife, paused on the threshold and swelled like a pouter pigeon with pride. Here was bizarre, Bohemian life in all its champagne and sequins, its Noel Coward Conversation pieces.

"Quite a do, isn't it?" said his chief, but he was suddenly deflated. He was almost humble.

He was suddenly the fat child in the outgrown suit at a rival's party.

Never before, perhaps, had Constant Campion enjoyed an uneasily suppressed power complex to the full. He let it take possession of him and shake him out of the last folds of obsequiousness and latent servility. This was his hour and he strutted in it like a little man.

"I recognise a lot of the faces," said his chief. "Your brother must be a big bug."

It was the sweetest speech that Tom Campion had ever heard in all his life, not excluding his wife's Yes.

Hip saw to it that his brother's chief met every actress and film star and writer of note. If Bohemian London had been the lure that his brother had tossed to bring him there, he should be surfeited with it.

Hip, charming, debonair, made his brother's chief one of the guests of honour. His suave explanations blew him into tremendous importance.

To the women he said, "This is the man who gives the world its cup of tea every morning."

Could anything be fairer than that? Constant Campion thought nothing could.

He said as much to his wife in the corner.

"You needn't look so damned censorious. You're lucky to be here in a crowd like this. Hip's on top of the wave."

"You're paddling in the champagne yourself," said his wife tartly. "I don't know what you've gone all sheik for. This isn't your party, and you've said enough about Hip to make a fat book, millions of times in my hearing."

The Rev. Wilfred Campion and his Amy arrived with Valentine Selfe. Almost a silence greeted their entry. Hip's quick handshake followed his cordial greeting to Valentine Selfe. The two men seemed on the best of terms.

Marygold was at Valentine Selfe's side, laughing and beautiful and gay.

Someone said to the Reverend Wilfred, "They make a grand pair."

He hesitated, on the verge of a dignified explanation of the relationship, and then he realised that many people wandered in to cocktail parties who were not really aware of the identity of their host and hostess.

Nudged by his Amy, he courteously forbore an immediate explanation.

"He'll build her up into something big," said his friend jovially. "Bit rough on old Hip. Still, he's a good trouper; he won't mind. I must say I think this party was a jolly good idea. 'Behave like a man if you can' is my motto, 'and if you can't, be content to behave like a gentleman'."

"Quite," said the Reverend Wilfred.

He moved away.

"It takes all sorts to make a world, dear," his wife reminded him, *sotto voce*.

A reporter came up to him.

He said, "You are Mr. Hip Campion's brother, aren't you, sir?"

The Reverend Wilfred liked that air.

He said unctuously, "I am Hip's brother. His name, by the way, is not really Hip. It's Harold. 'Hip' is a nickname."

"Quite," said the young man diffidently and apologetically. "You are the vicar of St. Michael's, sir?"

"Yes, that's right."

"What is your real idea of this party? Do you like the idea of it?"

"I think it's a magnificent idea," said the Reverend Wilfred.

"Modern," said the young man gently as a sucking calf and quite as eagerly.

"I believe in modernity," said the Reverend Wilfred Campion.

He took a glass of champagne and quaffed it lightly. It backfired, but it was quaffed lightly. His wife eyed the performance with pride and pleasure.

"My husband has such a long throat for champagne," she said. "Something's bound to happen."

"And you like the idea of this party? You approve with your husband, Mrs. Campion?"

"Oh! I think it is a lovely party," said Maude Campion truthfully.

"And you approve the principle on which it is given?"

"I think it is a lovely principle," she said dreamily.

"If you had your way, sir, you would like to see this party set a fashion in Christian tolerance? The Church's new viewpoint?"

"It seems an extraordinarily jolly little party to me," said the Reverend Wilfred, and he hiccupped again slightly, but pleasurably.

"Eat something, dear," said his wife.

"Look, there's caviare. Do you remember when you were at Oxford telling me how you got tight and made a Don swallow it with his eyes shut, telling him it was butterfly larva?"

"A jocular gesture, sir, if I may say so," said the gentle young man. "You give this party then your official ecclesiastical blessing from the point of view of Christianity and morality."

"I'm not the Pope," said the Reverend Wilfred.

"He would make an awfully good Pope," said Maude softly. "At least, of course . . . I mean if a Pope was on our side of the fence."

"Really, my dear!" said the Reverend Wilfred.

The young reporter was at his side again, sleek and boyish and so friendly. He seemed to the Reverend Wilfred touching and youthful.

"How would you describe this party, sir?" said he gently.

"Describe it?" said the Reverend Wilfred. "In the words of the man of the street, my boy, I should call it a 'broad-minded binge.'"

In a corner, Nellie Campion was lying nineteen to the dozen to a lady of title and a musical comedy soubrette.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I don't make dresses . . . only hats. Yes, I made my sister-in-law's hat. You like it? It is rather nice, isn't it? Yes, I go to Paris and Vienna three times a year. I adore Vienna! Of course it's sad now. You don't want to look underneath the glitter and the uniforms and the pretty women. Desperate. I don't like a big place. I like individual care of the individual. I'd hate to be a combine or a company. I've had heaps of offers, but it's my art that matters to me. To see every customer as a separate picture requiring separate treatment."

"Ah, well!" said the soubrette. "Marygold will be able to afford all the hats in Europe from now on. I'm going to make a dash for old Hip myself, I think. She's exchanging a figure for figures. That's a good one, by the way! I suppose you will be going over to Hollywood to stay with them, Miss Campion?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, to whom this talk of Hollywood was new and news.

They must have landed a big contract! A sudden anger seized her that she had not been told, but, after all, until the invitation for the party had arrived every Campion had tacitly agreed to leave (Continued on page 90)



MARVYN SUART



DISAPPEARANCE OF WELL-KNOWN COUPLE

SENSATION AT WEDDING

By the Gossip-Writer

The wedding of Mr. "Ginger" Beere (popular member of the famous old Schweppes family—whose title, by the way, dates from 1790) and Miss Goode-Ginn (that much married and high-spirited lady) was the event of the season. Mr. "Ginger" Beere, whom we all know to be hearty and refreshing under his stony exterior, was obviously well matched with Miss Ginn—a partnership which delighted the crowd so much that they cheered themselves hoarse. So unrestrained did they become, indeed, that the ceremony had a startling sequel. Several onlookers, athirst with enthusiasm, fell upon the couple and embraced them with tremendous gusto—in fact they literally engulfed them. A minute later the happy pair was nowhere to be seen and the crowd departed highly elated.

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

Hip and Marygold alone, with the exception of Maude and Tom, who had squirmingly tried to persuade them to go to a pantomime with them in order that they might get acquainted with that little ape Daisy.

She could see the little ape now, busy performing before Valentine Selfe, and Valentine Selfe's kindly encouraging smile and obvious approbation.

Less than a minute later her sister-in-law was at her side, Daisy in tow.

"Oh, Nell! He doesn't handle children himself, but he is going to give me an introduction to the British Studios to a man who is producing a piece with a child in it right now. Isn't that wonderful. Oh, I am so glad that I went against all this stuffy family, and had Daisy taught to step dance and ballet dance and everything. A waste of money! Was it a waste of money!! He says that good child actors are impossible to get. She is going to have a voice test on Wednesday, and then they are going to take camera tests, or whatever they do, the next day, so she shan't be tired."

Happy, hilarious and lit, Constant Campion's chief was saying, "You can make a Boston tea-party of all the tea in the world. You are my cup of tea."

To which the giggling little chorus girl responded, "Oh, do you sell tea in Boston? Look now, I'm serious. Do you ever go to New York?"

The chief subsequently wandered over to Constant Campion's side and put an arm familiarly round his neck.

"Oh, boy!" he said, with the heavy solemnity of the slightly tipsy. "This is the best party I've ever been at. This, my boy, is life!"

But Tom Campion caught Hip by his elegant shoulder almost at the same instant.

"Look here!" he said. "I've just heard something I don't understand. What is Marygold going to do with Valentine Selfe?"

"She's done it!" said Hip. "Don't worry, old boy. She's done it."

"You don't mean . . ." said Tom.

"Everything," said Hip airily. "Everything once, and several things twice."

Tom walked over to his wife.

"You," he said, "are coming home."

"It would take a dozen better men than you to get me out before the last guest," said his wife firmly. "So now you know."

Tom then walked over to the Reverend Wilfred Campion.

"Is this the kind of party you ought to be at?" he said.

"I don't know," said the Reverend Wilfred. "It's the kind of party I like to be at. Come, come, my dear boy! The cloth no longer segregates us."

"Segregate!" said his brother. "You are in the thick of it, you poor boob, if you only knew."

"A man who does not mix with his world cannot help his world," said the Reverend Wilfred.

"You aren't mixed, you're sunk. Look here, let me tell you something about Hip and Marygold and that man Selfe."

"I'm not here in my professional capacity," said the Reverend Wilfred loftily. "I'm here as a simple citizen of the world!"

"And how simple you will find out to-morrow," said his brother savagely.

Amy said, "Now don't go all family and spoil the party. We don't go to many, and we're not paying for this one, you know."

HIP kept his family gaily corralled.

"I've heaps to tell you," he said, "that I haven't had time to. You must stay."

"Of course you've lots to tell us," said the Reverend Wilfred. "We are going to stay and have a quiet family pow-wow."

"I'd like an explanation," said Tom.

"You'll get it," said Hip, "all in good time, my good boy. Friends first, family last. That's my motto. Have some more champagne, old boy. It's free! . . . At the moment," he added under his breath.

Several times the host lifted his glass.

He said, "To the gay adventure! Come on, folks. No heel taps."

Nellie Campion was furtively thumbing

cards about, passing them as cautiously and cooly as if they were indecent postcards.

Out of the corner of his gleaming eye Hip watched her little activities with interest. The agility and the unobtrusiveness with which she made her commercial circle round that room was little short of miraculous.

He had some difficulty in restraining Constant Campion from accompanying his chief home.

He said, "I shan't be in England to-morrow. I'm clearing out, and there are things I want to discuss with you. You must stay."

Yet when the party had finally completely evaporated with the last guest at half-past eight, and they found themselves a complete family in a suddenly enormous, dissipated-looking, overheated and untidy room, there was no lovely, radiant, exciting and excited Marygold.

She had somehow disappeared.

"Where's Marygold?" they chorused.

Hip said, "Come on upstairs. We can't talk in this circus tent."

He was suddenly tensed and cat-lithe.

"Well," said Constant Campion unsteadily, "this party must have cost a pretty packet, but it was worth it, old boy. It was worth it!"

"Two hundred pounds!" said Hip.

"Two hundred pounds, old boy!"

"What I say is," said Constant Campion, "if you are going to give a party, make it a good one. Don't stint!"

"My sentiments," said Hip.

Nellie and Amy had little cosy visions of a family supper being arranged upstairs by the beautiful Marygold, perhaps with additional champagne.

"Hooray for Hollywood!" said Maude Campion suddenly.

"Well, hooray anyway," conceded Hip.

He had a little suite upstairs, a doll's-house affair, quite sparsely furnished. His luggage was packed. It was a meagre affair of shabby portmanteaux.

The family gazed at it like a horrible anticlimax.

"That doesn't look like Hollywood," said Maude Campion.

"I suppose not," said Hip. "Do sit down. I'm afraid I haven't any cigarettes left. But then, it doesn't represent Hollywood. It's Marygold who is off to Hollywood. She's marrying Selfe in New York. Of course, you wouldn't see it because it was in the Australian papers, but Marygold and I were divorced a year and a day ago. Yes, the little creature's become absolute. What you have taken part in to-day was an elegant farewell party given for my late wife. No heel-taps, no regrets, just a great big beautiful beau geste."

"I told the fellow," said the Reverend Wilfred in a hollow voice, "that it was to my idea a broad-minded binge."

"That," said Hip, "was the chief social reporter of the *Daily Whisper*. I saw you having a chat with him. I hope that I have started a new vogue in no regrets; the lighter social arts of divorce. The parting of a lady and gentleman should be attended with a certain grace, a certain elegance, don't you think?"

"You mean," said Tom, "that's what they were hinting at? I thought they meant that Marygold was his mistress."

"Oh, how could you!" said Hip. "How very, very crude!"

He looked round at them.

"Well, you've all had your little bit of fun out of this party. You, Nell, have gone snivelling round selling hats to the wealth and beauty of the land, creeping about with your little cards in your hand. You'll get people to your lousy little shop that would never even have stopped to glance at the window! You've had your share of benefits! As for you, Constant, you've been the big man, the man about town, the citizen of the world before your fat little middle-class Manchester-reared chief, who's never met a real actress before, but always dreamed that he might one day if he was a bad man. You've gained his respect as you couldn't have done by yourself and years of solid hard work and thinking and planning and slogging. That's the way the world is. If you play your cards

The Broad-minded Binge

properly now, he'll turn to you for all sorts of worldly advice you won't be able to give; advice on women and clothes and wine and cigars—things you've never had the guts to learn anything about. You've had your whack, my boy, out of this party."

"Was that man Mr. Selfe gave me an introduction to real?" said Daisy's mother suddenly.

"Oh, yes," said Hip easily. "He was the goods all right, and he is producing the film that Selfe mentioned, and they do want a child in it, and they are on the look-out for a new child actor. That's true, all right. If you go down to-morrow with his card you will get what you want. He's a big man, Selfe. Even if your kid isn't much good they will try and give her the part, because it's Selfe. Don't forget that, will you, when you receipt the bill?"

"Receipt what bill?" said Wilfred.

"You'll get your audience. You'll get your bit of advertising out of this, and rich advertising," said Hip. "Here's a sample. Your boy friend left me these notes. They are headlines. 'A new vogue in Divorce Parties.' 'We who are Divorced Salute you.' 'A delicate Gesture from the Divorcee to the Divorced.' 'English Clergyman Brother says he approves of the Modern Mode. No Rancour, No Resentment, a Generally Christian Spirit. The Reverend Wilfred Campion of St. Michael's characterises the proceedings as a Broad-minded Binge.' They'll have your photograph in," Hip mentioned. "Of course you'll get a lot of letters, but your church will be crowded. If I were you I'd preach next Sunday on Savage as against Civil Divorce."

"Is Selfe going to get you a job?" said Nellie Campion suddenly.

"Good heavens, no! A gentleman can't ask another gentleman a thing like that."

"You didn't ask him?" said Tom, suddenly.

"I'd have died rather than ask him!" said Hip.

"Does Marygold know that you are paying for this party?"

"I'm not," said Hip lightly, "but she will never know that. You are. Fifty pounds each! Unless Constant, who is rudely rich, or Tom, who is quite wantonly wealthy in a quiet way, should agree to settle the whole amount."

"And if we don't?" said Tom hoarsely.

"Then the whole world will know," said Hip softly and negligently. "I shall be arrested for not paying, and then the newspapers will get hold of the stories, because I shall tell them. You wouldn't have me spoil the one perfect part in the one perfect scene that I've ever put over?"

Then pandemonium broke loose. Its tears, its vociferations, its wild accusations and its unsilent fury were broken up by the appearance of the manager of the hotel with the bill on a salver. Instant silence fell.

Hip waved his hand airily.

"My brothers and sisters," he said, "have decided to give me this party. Your hotel will have a great deal of free publicity to-morrow. How about knocking twenty-five pounds off the bill for that? Have someone carry down my luggage, will you, please? I have a train to catch. It's been a lovely party. If you don't believe it, you see to-morrow's papers."

He turned and cast a look at his clerical brother.

"Broad-minded Binge," he said softly. "What a headline! What a title for a play!"

He deposited his luggage in a cloak room and later repaired to a dingy public house where he was joined by a dingy man.

"Sorry, pal. No luck. The company's complete."

"Oh well," said Hip. "One must keep on trying. Lend me a quid, old chap! This is all I've got in the world."

He produced half a crown and put it on the table.

"I may be poor," he said, "but I've just been to a lovely party!"

DON'T BE VAGUE—

ASK FOR

Haig



IN THE AIR

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Six Experiments Which May Change Our Lives

(Continued from page 11)

to purify the returned serum. Organs, such as glands, kidneys, livers, ovaries, were cut out from 26 dead cats and fowl. They were plunged into glass vessels filled with anti-bacterial fluid, pipes from the "heart" were connected to veins and arteries, and the "heart" was started.

For 20 days blood serum and nourishing solutions pulsed through the organs. All but two retained life and health, some even growing. Said Lindberg: "They could have remained in the apparatus much longer."

Though human organs have not yet been thus "pickled" in British or U.S. laboratories, Russian biologists have proved it to be possible. They even claim to have preserved a gland and a kidney taken from bodies recently dead, and to have grafted them successfully into a young gland-deficient girl and a man whose kidneys were diseased. The next step waits only upon the necessary perfection of surgical skill. Given this, there is no reason why sound kidneys, livers, glands, hearts even, should not be kept indefinitely in hospitals, and grafted when needed. Plastic surgeons have proved how readily tissue from one body will grow and flourish in another.

This wonderful new technique is just around the corner. Allied to Schliephake's curative short-waves, it seems eventually to promise a life-span doubled or even trebled.

3. World of Supermen

More dramatic even than the control of death and disease is the idea of controlling man himself. Yet modern study of our bodies' mysterious little glands, on which our health, minds, personalities, abilities and morals directly depend, is turning the possibility of the Superman from romance to reality.

The ultimate, and not so distant end will see every child moulded from birth into perfection of mind and body, every fault, mental or physical, smoothed out by administration of gland extracts.

Fantastic? No. Chemists are now isolating and even duplicating chemically, the liquid "hormones" which the glands pour into the blood to do their work. When this flow of hormone is in equilibrium you get the rare superman; hormone maladjustment produces the mediocre, suffering man of to-day.

Dozens of hormones have been isolated from living glands, studied, chemically analysed. Probably scores more have not yet even been discovered. But eventually the composition and functions of every hormone will be known, and injection of laboratory-made hormones will negative deficiencies of our own glands.

Already crude successes have been reached with the administration of extracts made from animal glands. Stunted children have been made to grow furiously; feeble-minded, personality-lacking, weak, irritable people have been turned into normal, intelligent beings when their glandular lacks were made up from outside. But such extracts are difficult to make, rare and expensive. It is only the chemical synthesis of hormones which will really make the moulding of human beings a possibility.

The Pituitary, Gland No. 1, produces eleven known hormones, and largely controls the other glands. Most obvious results of pituitary-deficiency are stuntedness, sexlessness and, in women, lack of the maternal instinct. Of pituitary-excess, uncontrollable growth to the giant stage. Manipulation of the pituitary has produced lions the size of cats, could probably produce cats the size of lions (you remember Wells's "Food of the Gods"?). Whether you like it or not, "bad mother" rats injected with one hormone at once began to show extravagant affection to their young.

The Thyroid has profound effects on mentality, a few grains of its hormones making the difference between idiocy and genius. Often mistaken for neurasthenia, slight thyroid deficiency can be remedied by extracts. Complete understanding of its

hormones, and ability to duplicate them, will revolutionise mental medicine, wipe out madness and idiocy (and, possibly, dictators), raise the mental standard of the world to unbelievable heights.

The Thymus controls, among other things, development. The offspring of rats dosed with extract have month-old appearance at birth, grow with extraordinary rapidity. Given to backward children, it would almost certainly speed mental and physical development.

The Adrenals affect the whole body. A newly discovered hormone, Cortin, will change the weakness, restlessness and irritability of adrenal-deficients into energy and confidence.

Far more subtle effects are, of course, attributable to glandular maladjustment—from susceptibility to disease or sexual perversion, to baldness and hairy legs. Every aspect of our physical and mental character is under the sway of some hormone or other and, for this reason, will soon be under the control of man.

A world without deformity, ugliness, phobias, tempers, and other whimsicalities of nature might in some ways be dull. But it would be a finer one than ours. And, anyway, it's going to come pretty soon.

4. Food from the Laboratory

Next to health, I suppose food is the most important factor in the life of man. Thanks to the way in which world economists have done their job, food-famine and food-glut to-day co-exist. But this does not deter the scientist from his search to make in his laboratory a perfect "chemical food" which will have the nourishing properties of a dozen types of natural food rolled into one, an infinity of flavours and appearances and which will cost so little that the poorest dole will eat his four full meals a day. And that search is on the road to success . . .

There are, apart from the assorted vitamins—most of which can be isolated or manufactured chemically—three essential ingredients of human diet. They are fats, carbohydrates and proteins. Fats are easily made from petroleum and other oils; carbohydrates can be built up chemically. But protein is the most essential and the most difficult of the three. Meat is largely protein. So are the cells of your body. Without protein in your diet you cannot replace the wastage of your cells. You die.

Chemists analysing proteins found they had a really appallingly complicated molecular make-up. They were composed of strings of molecules of what are called amino acids combined together. Now scientists have isolated and made many of these acids, and found some of them to have foodlike properties. But they have not yet found the magic formula for combining them together into a protein.

They know that Nature easily does this. You eat a steak. Your digestive processes break down its protein into its constituent amino acids and hand these on to the blood which circulates them throughout your body. At their destination they are somehow reassembled into protein again—to make human flesh. It is this building-up process the scientists are seeking.

A really important milestone on their way has just been reached. An American research worker was recently experimenting with rats. For months he had fed them on an artificial chemically-made diet composed of fats, carbohydrates and various assortments of the 28 known amino acids. Invariably after a few days they died. Finally, as he was despairing of success he decided to add one more recently-discovered amino to the mixture of 17 which he was using. The mixture looked much the same. It didn't suddenly turn to solid protein. But his rats lived, grew fat. Artificial food had at last been made. In it must be all the essential ingredients of protein, which the rats were themselves transforming into body-matter.

Now, on such a food you could exist and retain your health indefinitely. But the scientists want more. They aim at transforming these unpleasant mixtures of chemicals into pleasant-looking, pipless, rindless, boneless solids with an even vaster variety of flavours than that of Nature.

Such a food would avoid the accumulation of waste, non-nourishing matter with which we are saddled by ordinary foods. Mass produced, it would be absurdly cheap. Prepared by dieticians it would be perfectly balanced. It would produce no dyspepsia, promote no nightmares. . .

But—to look very far ahead—when the scientists do succeed in building up protein, or flesh, will it have life?

5. Breeding New Plants

Synthetic food may abolish the slaughter house and the wheatfield. But I think there will always be farmers to grow us strawberries and tomatoes; our gardens will always need trees and flowering shrubs; our homes would look very bare without flowers. Agriculture and horticulture will go on.

But the flowers and plants of to-morrow will be very different from those of to-day. For the agricultural scientists are now busily breeding entirely new vegetable races. Fantastic new flowers, with colours, shapes and perfumes far surpassing any we know; tropical plants which will bloom in midwinter English gardens; delicate fruits which will be available through the four seasons; plants of every kind immune to disease, untouched by insect pests.

Laboratory students of plant heredity know that inherited characteristics are passed on by microscopic bodies, named chromosomes, in the germ cells of the parents. Male and female chromosomes combine in the offspring to produce an "average" of the parents' qualities.

The plant breeders are deliberately mating exceptional plants and producing new and improved offspring. For instance, a breeder plants a field of lettuce. Out of thousands of plants, a few ripen early and show exceptionally large hearts. These are segregated and "hand fertilised." The result is a species of large-hearted, early ripening lettuce. This simple technique, carried on over many generations, is already producing such results as giant fruits and vegetables of every kind; plants which ripen a fortnight before their time; tropical plants which will withstand cold climates; fruits with resistance to disease; cucumbers with thin, edible skins; peaches, plums without stones; tomatoes without acid and crammed with vitamins; larger and more beautiful flowers.

But it is a slow business waiting for Nature to produce "mutations" or freaks from which to breed. So man himself is speeding up Nature. Scientists have found that they can change the chromosomes in pollen by bombarding it with X-rays. The resulting offspring from fertilisation with this pollen are nearly all freaks. Some may have, say, tiny stalks and huge flowers; double or treble blooms; utterly different shapes of leaf and flower; new markings and colours; even new reactions to climate and disease.

In nearly every case these freaks can be "fixed" into a new species embodying these qualities permanently. So far no one can actually control the results of X-ray bombardment. It is a matter of treating thousands of plants and picking only those which show desirable or really novel freakishness. But within the next few years this recently discovered technique will create hundreds of new plants, fruits and vegetables none of which we should even recognise to-day.

Simultaneously, experiments with earthless growing hint that the factory and not the field may produce the flowers and vegetables of the future. Spangenberg, the famous German, showed recently that green cattle fodder can be grown in a week inside dark metal trays by treating seed with a chemical solution of the salts (Continued on page 94)

Isn't he grand?

Yes, he's going on fine now, regular gains in weight, eats well, sleeps well and looks well—and isn't his Mother glad she gave him Allenburys! He's never looked back, since she found out about the special advantages of Allenburys—the graduation of the three foods, for instance, to coincide with the changes Nature makes as Baby grows older—not big changes, of course, but necessary changes to ensure Baby's healthy development.



Then there was the discovery by Science that many babies suffered from a lack of Vitamin D, without showing obvious signs of it. Allenburys Foods promptly had included in them an extra proportion of Vitamin D over and above that normally present in milk. (That's why Allenburys Babies always have sound bones and teeth).

Again, many babies have delicate digestions and Allenburys have now found a way of making the foods so easily digestible that troubles from this source are very few and far between. Just to make sure, however, they introduced Allenburys Half Cream for premature and very weak babies. Allenbury's Foods are as easily digested as breast milk.

They make Allenburys Rusks, too, for babies at the teething age. These also contain Vitamin D and give baby something to chew and exercise his gums on, and are very carefully made—not too hard or too soft, but just to His Worship's liking. Also there is the Wise Mothercraft Bureau, run by a woman doctor, ready to help about *any* baby queries (so long as they do not call for the family doctor's advice).

Allenburys is the best food *you* can give *your* baby, too, so ask your chemist for the hermetically sealed tins or fill in the coupon below for a sample.



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Allenburys No. 1. From birth to three months. In tins at 2/-. Double quantity 3/9. Four times quantity 7/-.

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Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins 1/3 (34 rusks), 2/3 (68 rusks), 4/6 (150 rusks).

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Fill in your baby's birthday, or expected birthday, write your name and address clearly in the white margin below and post to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

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which exist in earth. Flowers and fruits grew with astounding speed too, but, for maturity, needed eventual transplantation to earth and sun. But now a U.S. experimenter has replaced the action of the sun with an extra chemical in the earth solution. He grows flowers and plants at astounding speed in closed metal containers piled one on another in a dark room.

Rare orchids, raised in sterilised glass containers holding an "earth" jelly made of chemical salts, and protected from weather and disease, are now being sold in America.

Possibilities are immense. Chief points are: independence of season (strawberries at Christmas); extreme speed of growing; "perfect" soil for each plant; immunity from disease and pests; cheapness (one "factory" would be the equivalent of hundreds of acres); easy distribution (each city would have its own plant factories).

Combined with advanced plant breeding, this earthless growing is going to revolutionise our ideas of flowers, fruits and vegetables.

6. Via Rocket

There are two reasons why the world needs a new prime mover. The first is necessity. In from 20 to 50 years, experts say, petrol will be exhausted. The second is speed. Aeroplanes even flying high in thin air will not exceed 500 or 600 m.p.h. Higher and thinner they cannot go. Their wings and propellers wouldn't "bite."

That is why rocket transport is going to change our lives. Rockets need no air. The recoil from their explosive gases propels them even through empty space. Speed is limited only by the muzzle velocity of these gases.

Rocket planes are nearer than we think. After 15 years' work with the famous Smithsonian Institute and other bodies, Dr. R. H. Goddard, known by every rocket expert, has developed a rocket motor weighing 5 lb., burning petrol and liquid oxygen, and developing over 1,000 h.p. (200 h.p. per lb., compared with a petrol engine's maximum of 1 h.p. per lb.)

His rocket is controlled by a gyroscopic "automatic pilot," which holds it on course by moving flame-directing vanes when any deviation occurs. Highly successful tests over deliberately short distances proved his apparatus perfect.

Realising that passengers could not stand the terrific acceleration of a rocket leaving earth, and wishing to save the precious fuel burnt on the preliminary climb, Dr. Goddard has now patented a hybrid rocket-plane, which climbs to the stratosphere with conventional wings and motors, then folds these away in the fuselage and switches on the rocket tubes. Once speeding in thin air at 2,000 to 4,000 m.p.h. such a machine would burn little fuel, its momentum carrying it along. It would, of course, land as an ordinary plane: Goddard believes that he has here laid the basis for a successful commercial

Six Experiments Which May Change Our Lives

rocket-plane. But, improving on him, British experts suggest a modification of the Mayo composite aircraft now being built for Imperial Airways.

A motorless rocket glider would be carried to a great height on the back of a big motored plane, released, and left to climb higher and travel in the stratosphere on her rocket tubes. Folding wings would improve the performance, but even with conventional wings speeds of 1,000 to 2,000 m.p.h. would be reached. London to New York in 90 minutes. . .

Only perfection of design and fuel is necessary before such travel becomes a fact. Already liquid fuels four times as efficient as explosive powders are being used, and now a French scientist claims to have developed a one-atom type of hydrogen which is three times as powerful again. Incredible as it may seem, I honestly believe many of us will see transatlantic rocket passenger planes, and even faster mail rockets fired 20 or 30 miles high from guns to sear across the ocean in an hour and land with radio-controlled parachutes at the other end.

Already German experts boast they could send a mail (or bomb?) rocket for 500 miles and land it accurately. Within five years, they say, the same will be possible with passengers.

END

The Big Woman (Continued from page 21)

Jock knew all about those wild parties in Shepherd's Market Mews flats. Dulcie had even told him of the infatuated Spanish count who had fallen dead drunk over her balcony at the Sissons' villa in Cannes at three o'clock in the morning, although there hadn't been any need as, somehow, the thing had never come out in the papers.

And Jock, on his part, had made no attempt to keep it from Dulcie that an elderly, frivolous millionairess from Chicago had paid for his board and lodgings in Juan les Pins for three months. He still carried the gold cigarette case initialled with diamonds she'd given him.

"So you see, Bertha, there's nothing much left."

Bertha was profoundly shocked, but pretended not to be. She saw Dulcie's point. They were so stale in their love, this beautiful bored girl and her band leader; scared of an emotion which didn't need cocktails and a run of crazy parties to keep it alive. Yet there was something about Dulcie which tugged at Bertha's sane compassion. She was like a child who had done something wrong and didn't know quite in which way her badness lay.

"We're just shoddy and rotten," she burst forth while Bertha scuttled to the back of her to measure the gown from that angle. "It just isn't possible that Jock and I can give each other a clean break. . ."

"But, m'lady, you're not rotten . . . you're not. . . ." Bertha removed a bunch of pins from her mouth and squatted on her haunches. "Really rotten people never see themselves that way; they don't stop to be ashamed and sorry . . . besides, now that you and your gentleman know all the worst and the best of each other. . ."

She left the sentence in the air and her mind went hurtling back twenty-two years. She and Dick hadn't known a thing about each other. Not even the little unimportant things. She had nearly spoiled their first breakfast together by putting sugar in his coffee. She'd been so blinded with the lightning of her love that she never watched how many glasses of wine or whiskies and sodas he drank, until after their marriage. It had taken three months of bewildered misery for Bertha to discover that Dick was a shirker; that he'd never work and had counted right to the end on his father carrying on with his allowance.

And Dick, for his part, had been so mesmerised by Bertha's splendid figure, her flashing dark eyes, the soft texture of her

large white arms and creamy rose cheeks, that he had never stopped to remember hers was the simple mind of a peasant girl. It was only after their marriage, when he was satiated with the beauty of her body, that he began to flinch at her clumsy table manners and drawing Somerset accent.

No, considered Bertha now, she and Dick hadn't known a thing about each other, except their fierce physical desire.

All this she tried to put into words, as her capable fingers worked on the hem of Dulcie's wedding gown.

"M'lady, you're worrying about something which isn't there . . . you and your gentleman love each other in spite of all you know. You aren't going to disappoint each other. Can't you see it's much better that way than going to the altar rail as strangers. . . ?"

Dulcie's drooping lips quirked into a smile.

"It certainly makes sense, Bertha . . . thanks a lot. You've almost made me believe I'm going to be the ideal wife and mother. . ."

And she thought silently, this big woman who, if rumour was correct, had been the mistress of one of the Chevertons, possessed a rare wisdom.

Later she was conscious of a strange sense of spiritual cleanliness when she left Bertha's small upper room. This Bertha Brown . . . Alicia Scott had said something about there having been a scandal in the Wrye family in connection with the sewing woman and the present Earl's young scapegrace brother . . . but Dulcie, bothered with her own problems, hadn't listened carefully, and now Bertha's sincere simplicity, her straightforward philosophy, had struck a new chord of optimism in her heart.

Dulcie was going to stop brooding about hers and Jock's shoddy pasts. Bertha was quite right. They stood a better chance of making a show of their marriage, knowing each other so well and she, Dulcie, wouldn't have Jock, staring at her with shamed eyes and belittling himself: "Dulcie, I've so little to give you . . ." and she wasn't going to retort, her eyes hard and bright like diamonds: "Come to that, we're pretty well quits, old dear . . . let's have a drink on it."

Her next fitting was a week hence and Bertha, looking out of the window, saw a high-powered battleship-grey car turning into the street. It drew up outside her house and a smartly dressed young man, with a sleek black-lacquered head got out to help Dulcie to alight.

But Bertha hardly paid any attention to

them. Her eyes, round as saucers, were staring at the chauffeur at the wheel, dressed in grey to match the car. . . Her heart was thudding against her ribs, her legs felt suddenly so weak that she thought she was going to topple over in a big huddle on the floor. What, in heaven's name, was Dick doing, sitting there, all dolled up in a chauffeur's uniform?

Dick . . . thinner, with silvered hair showing beneath his peaked cap.

It must have been telepathy which made him look up at the window. She caught the startled expression of his eyes, that slow entrancing smile of Dick's which hadn't faded a whit in all these twenty-two years, and withdrew hastily into her room.

She was still white and shaken when Dulcie entered, introducing the lacquered-haired young man unceremoniously.

"This is my leader of the band, Bertha . . . he defies superstition and insists on seeing my frock. Why, how pale you are," the girl was full of concern. "You look as though you'd seen a ghost. . ."

Bertha smiled weakly.

"Perhaps I have," she said, holding out a big hand to Jock Jennings.

Dick came back that evening. Bertha wasn't surprised. All the while she snipped and pinned at Lady Dulcie's wedding gown she'd been preparing herself for Dick. She managed to reply coherently to the girl's merry prattling, now about the frock, now to tell Bertha how she and Jock were going to New York for their honeymoon, and that they were "on the wagon" until their wedding day. But all the time a hard crust was forming itself around Bertha's heart, shutting out Dick Cheverton. She prayed fervently that he wouldn't come to her and knew it to be a prayer which wouldn't be answered.

Yet, when her landlady came up, soon after Bertha had finished her frugal supper of bread and cream cheese and a glass of milk, to announce, "There's a gentleman to see you, Bertha, dear . . ." she wore a brave, kind smile, going back in spirit to when she'd always had a welcoming smile for Dick no matter how late or how drunk he came back to the hotel in Bloomsbury.

"Well, Dick. . . ." She stood aside for him to pass into the room. He wasn't wearing uniform now and, except for those silver wings at his temples and the gaunt thinness of his face, the last eighteen years mightn't have happened. This was Dick . . . her lover, the man (Continued on page 96)



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who used to wait for her in the orchard down at Wrye . . . the man who had rushed her off to London to marry her.

He said, his voice cultured in tone and as smooth as satin :

"It's nice of you to see me, Bertha. . . ."

She shrugged a big shoulder and remained silent, as was her habit when she had nothing definite to say.

Then Dick began telling her about himself. He'd had his good times and his bad . . . he didn't apologise for the way he had treated her and she was glad of this because even now she couldn't have borne to have Dick Chiverton abase himself before her. He'd been abroad most of the time, he told her. Fortunes Dick had made and lost them; he'd lived like a millionaire in the Argentine and lost every cent he possessed at one crazy poker party.

"But, Bertha, believe me or not, I've never stopped thinking about you, wondering about you . . . yes, and loving you. At first I was glad when you walked out on me; you, with your honesty, your clean way of living, scared of debt and drink and all the rest, you were such a reproach to me that I was never comfortable with you . . . but I loved you, Bertha . . . I loved your big, beautiful body and I loved your fine soul. . . ."

Bertha closed her eyes. When she wasn't looking at Dick it seemed as though they were back in that orchard when he used to make just this sort of passionate worshipping speech, his thin sensitive hands locked in hers, his lips eager for the kisses she was so anxious for him to take from her.

But she wasn't going to give way to sentimentality. She had won through without Dick; she'd been happy in her quiet way. She didn't want him back. She refused to believe that he'd gone on caring the way he said, when for years he'd been nothing to her but a stillborn memory.

"I heard you've made good, I was so glad," Dick went on. "You're the best known sewing woman throughout Mayfair. . . ."

"You must be a pretty good chauffeur to be taken on by a stylish young man like Jock Jennings. . . ."

She hadn't meant that unkindly. In the passing of time she had forgotten the difference in their social status; she and Dick were two people working for their living, each making good along their own lines.

But Dick flinched as though she had struck him. She remembered how he had looked just this way, screwing up his left eye and grabbing at his underlip with his teeth as though in physical pain, when he heard finally from his brother, the present Earl of

Wrye, that his father intended sticking to his word and wasn't going to help him financially.

"Bertha"—Dick made a stumbling movement towards her—"Bertha, I want you . . . when I saw you at the window this morning everything seemed suddenly all right with me again; I thought, 'there's my brave, sweet Bertha,' and all the bitterness went from me. I stopped hating my brother for refusing to have anything to do with me because I'm a disgrace to the family; it didn't matter any longer that I can't go to my club and that the few people I still know in Town cross the street when they see me coming because they're afraid I'm going to touch them for a fiver. . . ."

"Dick, stop, stop at once, I tell you . . . it's no good . . . it's too late. . . ." Bertha held up her hand, fending him off. "Dick, I'm nothing to you. . . ." She paused, searching him with her dark, kind eyes. "If you're asking me to take you back I'm going to say 'No.' . . . Go back to your job, Dick, and forget all this nonsense. . . ."

Then Dick said :

"I haven't a job any more. Jennings gave me notice this morning . . . I'm not a very good chauffeur, Bertha . . . I faked qualifications to get the job because I was hungry, and now I've nothing but a lukewarm reference and a month's salary. . . ."

She was about to offer him money. All her savings, if only he would go away and leave her in peace.

But it wasn't money that Dick wanted. Despite his debonair appearance, the unflinching confidence of his smile, something had smashed inside Dick. He was nearer fifty than forty, but to Bertha he was more helpless than the baby which had died in her arms.

He told her, as though he guessed her intentions :

"I haven't come to cadge money; it's you I want . . . the consolation of your big, strong arms, Bertha, the generosity of your love to give me back my faith in myself. I'll get something to do quickly enough . . . I don't want to live on you, my dear; I'm just so terribly tired, Bertha, and there's no rest for me anywhere but with you. . . ."

She didn't believe all this highfalutin talk. Dick was "out" and she was the only person he could turn to. He relied on her completely, just as the little baby would have done, had he lived.

She didn't want Dick back. She was scared of having him on her hands for the rest of her life. But he was so helpless, so like a child, and Bertha, with that part of her heart frozen up since she lost her own baby, could

The Big Woman

never bring herself to deny a child when it needed something of her.

She took him roughly by the arm and led him to the easy chair. There was an evening paper on the table. She pushed it into his hands, commanding gruffly :

"Read that until I've got you some supper ready. . . ."

He didn't have to ask her whether he was to stay. He could tell by the look in her eyes that Bertha, of all the friends he'd had in his prosperous days, of all the women who had fawned upon him and helped him spend his money, was going to stand by him. He'd come home . . . after an absence of twenty-two years.

Bertha bustled into her tiny kitchen and surveyed the contents of her larder. There was a slice of ham and some eggs. Selecting the three largest, she remembered how at one time she'd always been on to Dick to try her omelettes. She had to laugh, thinking that twenty-two years had passed without his having sampled her much-vaunted cooking.

She broke the eggs into a basin and started to beat them vigorously. Her mind flicked all at once to Lady Dulcie Grayle who'd looked so happy with her "gentleman" this afternoon. Well, maybe, she, Bertha, had helped them a bit, pushing forward her sound common sense against this modern day masochistic hysteria.

What was it she'd told Dulcie: She and her band leader had nothing to fear because they knew each other so well. *All their faults.*

Come to think of it, she, Bertha Brown . . . no, Bertha Cheverton, had no silly girlish illusion about her handsome husband any longer; and he, for his part, knew her to be a simple working woman, with no education, living in two rooms and liking it.

And all at once a gaiety came to her heart. Already she was looking into the future and saw the tiny cottage in Somerset she was going to buy some day. Dick would see to the garden and bring her fresh vegetables every morning; he'd have to help with the chickens too; with a man about the place, she decided definitely to have a pig. And just to oblige she'd take in a little sewing, boasting to the vicar and the doctor's women-folk :

"I made the wedding dress for Lady Dulcie Grayle. . . ." and reel off a string of other distinguished names . . . all these people who would talk of her, the big, capable Bertha : "As the little woman who runs up my odd things. . . ."

END

The Romance of Ballooning

(Continued from page 13)

terrified them, and they retreated. Then a man crept up with an ancient firearm, took careful aim, and fired. The hole made by the ball in the rubber provided an outlet for the gas to escape, and the sight of the shrinking form of the balloon evoked a shout of triumph from the villagers, who rushed at it once again and tore it to shreds. Finally they attached the remains to a horse's tail, and the animal galloped in terror over the fields and far away.

This panic behaviour of the humble villagers of Gonesse resulted in an official proclamation being published throughout France. It ran :—

"Anyone who shall see in the sky such a globe, which resembles the moon in an eclipse, should be aware that, far from being an alarming phenomenon, it is only a machine, made of taffetas and light canvas, covered with paper, that cannot possibly cause any harm and which will some day prove serviceable to the wants of society."

Indeed, Society with a capital "S" was already intrigued by the Montgolfier discovery. King Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, the Royal Court and the *élite* of Paris all assembled at Versailles on September 18, 1783, to witness the first ascent of a balloon carrying a live cargo. The balloon, a magnificent affair 46 feet in diameter and gaily decorated, had suspended from it a wicker basket into which the Montgolfier brothers led a sheep, a cock and a duck. As soon as it

was filled with hot air from the specially kindled fire, the balloon was released and, to the inevitable booming accompaniment of cannon (which, in this case, was nearly drowned by the noise of the bleating, quacking and crowing of the terrified passengers), rose majestically into the air. It came down in a forest several miles away, and the livestock were found none the worse for their historic experience.

This success resulted in the first human flight being organised, and for it the Montgolfier brothers built a large balloon with a gallery around its lip and facilities for the burning and stoking of a fire while in flight, so that the passengers could keep the bag filled with warm air and thus prolong their voyage.

Louis XVI considered that the hazards involved were too great for normal citizens to undertake. He therefore arranged for two criminals under sentence of death to be entrusted with the first experience of human flight, and it was only the eloquent persuasion of his cousin, the Marquis d'Arlandes, that forced him to change his mind and see in the experiment an honour for the participants that should never be allowed to go to criminals. The names of the first men to fly would be remembered throughout the ages.

So it was that once again the Court and all Paris gathered to view still another balloon ascent; but this time, instead of a sheep, a

cock and a duck being the passengers, there were Monsieur Jean François Pilatre de Rozier, young Director of the Royal Museum, and the well-known Marquis d'Arlandes.

After a delayed start, due to the balloon being ripped by the breeze chafing it against a pole used for suspending the empty bag over the fire, it was released, and silently and incredibly rose swiftly from the ground and sailed away into the sky. It came down the other side of Paris between Petit-Gentilly and the Boulevard, and de Rozier and the Marquis stepped from it unharmed.

Delirious with excitement by the triumph of these two men, the whole of France went crazy in their enthusiasm for the balloon and the new worlds that it imagined were opened up for Man. The fact that men had at last flown and returned to earth safely blinded the people to the limitations of the new science. They saw in it the means of conquering time and space, the means of easy and swift travel. A sage who dared to say that the winds had yet to be conquered, that a means of controlling direction and speed had yet to be found before ballooning could be anything but a plaything, was beaten by his wrathful neighbours. Had not Man flown? Had he not conquered gravity? The rest was easy. So said the frenzied people of France; but over a hundred years were to pass by before flight was controlled and the ecstatic (Continued on page 98)

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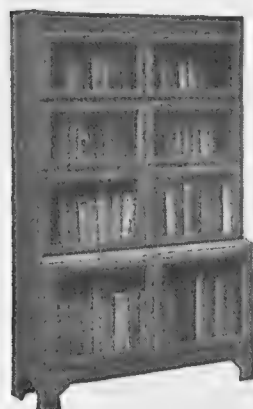
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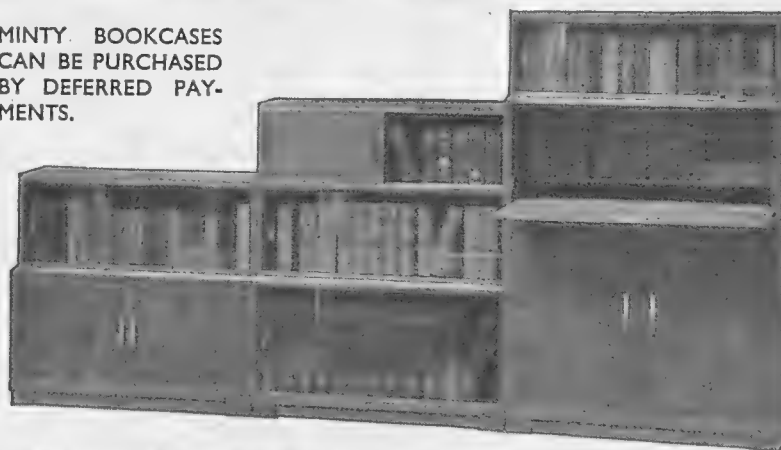
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visions of those who saw de Rozier and d'Arlandes fly into the sky were even partly fulfilled.

But, as a sport, ballooning was universally claimed as a success, and rightly so. As such, and preserving almost without change all its primitive devices, it has remained so to this day. The only fundamental difference between the balloons of those romantic days in the early 1780's and those of the present day is the substitution of gas for hot air. Lunardi was one of the first to use gas. On September 15th, 1784, he rose in his balloon from the Artillery Ground, London, to the cheers of 150,000 people. Subsequently the balloon was on view at the Pantheon, Oxford Street.

Many are the fascinating stories of these early balloon flights. Limitation of space forbids me to dwell on Madame Thible, the first woman to fly, who found the experience so exhilarating that ecstatically she burst into an operatic aria, on Blanchard and Jeffries who—did you know?—flew the Channel from England to France in 1785, and on those brave men Coxwell and Glaisher who, way back in 1842, without oxygen or electrical heating apparatus set off in a balloon to explore the stratosphere from Wolverhampton. During their flight, on which they endured terrible physical suffering, they reached a height of 37,000 feet—an unbelievable achievement that was not to be eclipsed by any human being until Professor Picard reached 53,000 feet 89 years later.

I first became interested in balloons some time ago when I was engaged on research work for Alexander Korda's film "Conquest of the Air," which is to be an accurate record of the history of flight. I had been a power pilot for years, and I had always regarded ballooning as being a poor comparison to the glorious independence and vital thrill of flying powerful aeroplanes.

But after studying the stories of these early balloonists, I began to realise that the still, silent sensation of ballooning was something new to the modern airman, accustomed to noise, and power, and speed, and more power and more speed. The paradox intrigued me. The earliest form of flight was something new to this Day and Age. In 150 years of attempted development it had remained unchanged. In every essential a balloonist of 1936 experienced the same sensations, flew in exactly the same craft, employed the same technique, as the eighteenth-century pioneers. Here, then, was about the only way to escape from the mad roar of the twentieth century and to explore the restful quietude of a past era.

Though discarded long since as being of any practical use, the balloon is still pre-

served in certain countries, notably Germany, for the pleasure of enthusiasts. The congested network of high-power electric cables all over England that is a menace to the safety of aeroplane pilots is a thousand times more of a menace to the pilot of a balloon drifting at the will of the winds, so that there is no ballooning in England. I therefore had to look abroad for my opportunity.

It came with an invitation from Gordon Selfridge, who had been asked by the Düsseldorf Aero Club if he would like to bring a small party of British airmen over to experience balloon flight.

Utilising the practical facilities of the modern flying machine—and enjoying the flight especially in view of the contrast it offered—I flew to Düsseldorf with Lord Donegall, who was one of the earliest of private pilots and a keen and fine airman, and we met there the rest of the party. All its members had arrived by private aeroplane too. To welcome us were our hosts under the leadership of Herr Wegenast, chairman of the Düsseldorf Aero Club, his wife, and daughter. That evening a dinner was given in our honour by the Mayor, and included in those present were high officials in the German Air Ministry and Air Force, and Herr von Gronau, hero of many magnificent flights, and now chairman of the German Aero Club. He had come to Düsseldorf especially to honour us with his presence.

In the morning at eight o'clock we were taken in cars to the Sport Platz, where the three balloons that had been allocated to us were being filled.

It was a glorious morning. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky. Three huge canvas pipes snaked along the grass from the belly of each balloon to the union valve which fed them with coal gas at a pressure of three atmospheres from a town 20 miles away.

At last all three balloons were filled and their baskets attached. Gently they swayed in the breeze as the ground crews clustered round holding them down and adjusting the ballast. The beautiful warm yellow of their fabric made these three great spheres look a fine sight with the bright blue sky as their background. On each, in large letters, was printed its name: BRANDENBURG, DÜSSELDORF I, and DÜSSELDORF II. I was introduced to my pilot, Herr Major Witt, who led me to the basket of Düsseldorf I with two other passengers, giving us a few simple directions as we walked.

To my anxious concern, I discovered that the sides of the basket barely reached my waist. Surely that would be very insecure? Surely I might well fall out? And what about the landing? I had discovered that there was a 30-mile-an-hour wind away from

The Romance of Ballooning

the shelter of this hill, and that meant hitting the ground with four people in this tiny basket at a horizontal speed of 30 miles an hour, quite apart from our vertical speed.

My anxiety for the future was cut suddenly short by the realities of the present. There was a shout of command, the ground crew fell away, and swiftly and relentlessly we left the ground.

Without any exaggeration I can say those first five minutes were the most insecure of any I have ever spent. I dared not move for fear my shift of weight would burst the floor. I dared not move because a slight loss of balance and away I would go over that ridiculous side to the basket. I dared not move for fear that I should slip and catch hold of the rip cord string which dangled enticingly over my head. And then I found that I could not move because every muscle in my body was rigid and tense.

I raised my eyes from the fascination of seeing the earth silently receding, and saw the other two balloons still near us. We had all been let loose together. This for some reason reassured me, and suddenly the veil of terror was lifted and I relaxed, relaxed into a world of quietude and peace, of exquisite unreality. I was able to look about me and take stock of what I saw and heard.

Once a balloon is released and is suspended in the air, it moves with the air, just in the same way as a twig in a stream will float with the stream. It follows then that it is still in air, however fierce and fast the wind may be on the ground; so that no sound, not even of a breeze whispering past the ear, accompanies balloonists. But away far down below, all the myriad noises of modern civilisation are reflected upwards.

At 6,000 feet above Crefeld I heard a band playing. I looked over the side and saw, crawling along the main street an ordered procession of tiny human ants.

The frontier of Holland was drawing close. We had to come down. More gas was let out, and slowly we descended. As we came down, I tried to think of a phrase that would succinctly describe this, the most romantic of travel experiences. I decided I could not do better than my German pilot. In a list of instructions handed me at the start he had written a quaintly vivid plea. "Enjoy," it read, "the divine quiet and sublime beauty of nature in great height."

I cannot bring myself to spoil the peaceful memory of my flight into the past by attempting to describe the horrific but strangely exhilarating experience of landing in a 30-mile-an-hour wind.

END

Outposts of Empire (Continued from page 23)

eat and sleep. Approaching it from the desolation of the bush, it has a settled air of homeliness; from the direction of the top paddock it looks pretty; from any other direction it looks, I'm afraid, a little dingy, a little squalid even. Wood-heaps, old tumbling-down cooking galleys and refuse tips are not ornamental.

Behind it, by way of the wood-heap, is the bucket-shower, which is perhaps our greatest luxury, although, as will be obvious, I have not been able to find any angle from which to take a photograph which could flatter it or give it a kindly look.

The legend, "Gents' Bathroom," in royal blue lettering (which so far has defied time and exposure) on its background of an enamel plate six inches by two (which still preserves its pristine whiteness), advertises the purpose of the dilapidated erection which certainly does not suggest it. Its prim neatness is rather startling, nailed up there above the entrance-hole in the fertiliser bags, and its history somewhat obscure. Nothing much more seems to be known about it now than that it was unscrewed and stolen from above the bathroom door of some unknown, or forgotten, hotel.

The house, the "bathroom," the "humpy" (an erection wholly of corrugated iron with

an earthen floor, used alternatively as a spare bedroom, and, during the establishment of the seed beds, as a place of temporary incarceration for the fowls), the bulk shed for storing the cured tobacco, and the two "semi-detached" curing barns, tall concrete structures with ventilating turrets, whose severe white outline is suggestive of the architecture of Spain—these make "home," the citadel from which each day we sally forth to wage war on that tireless antagonist, wild nature. We have no homely amenities, no garden—unless three anæmic-looking banana plants which produce no bananas and a paw-paw tree which produces no paw-paws may be dignified by that name. They would have been ornamental, but last dry spell the "brumbies" (wild horses) came round one night and dismembered them. The bush encompasses us everywhere about so closely that a few steps takes us from the comparative civilisation of "home" to the changelessness of ten thousand years.

Water—or rather, the lack of it—is a grave problem in the dry winter season. Two years ago, when the supply in the tanks gave out, the only other available supply was in a pool in a chain of lagoons running down towards "Grandpa" Wettig's, a greyish clay water with a taste like greyish clay

water. We had, perforce, to cook and make our tea with it, but no matter how much tea went into the pot the brew never changed its greyish clay colour. "Dysentery brew" it was called. We drank it for weeks.

In 1931, when the two original settlers arrived on this block, there was no water available within a radius of five miles, and such of it as there was at that distance only in an odd lingering pool in the otherwise dried-up bed of the Walsh river, which in normal flood (if it ever has a normal flood) debouches into the Gulf. That is to say, the country in which they pitched their first camp was destitute of water for approximately eighty square miles. And they had come to settle upon it at the recommendation of the government to grow tobacco! They bought what they could afford at a cost of fourteen shillings for each eighty-gallon tank (roughly fourpence a gallon) and transported it over five miles from a pool close to Chewko. Add to its cost the labour of fetching it, and add to that labour and cost the discomforts of economic griminess and the irritating niggardliness of eking out supplies, and you have a condition of affairs at the outset which was not calculated to inspire the pioneers with a very sturdy optimism. We decided to sink a well. (Continued on page 100)



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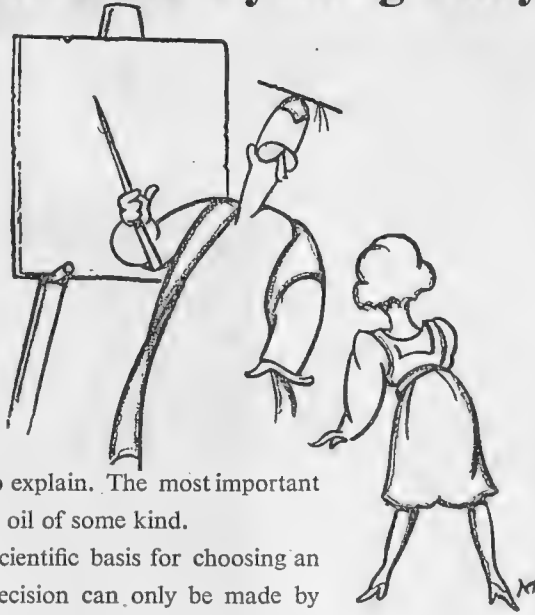


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Charlotte Russe says—



I do not say that all water-divining is quackery, but I must say that the pantomime conducted by the pseudo-scientific government gentleman who was hired at a cost of two guineas, regardless of results, did not inspire me with much faith in his spooky powers. A man who puts a two-shilling piece in his mouth, pennies in his boots, a little bottle of water under his hat, and stones of some peculiar properties in the pockets of his coat—as, incredible though it may seem, that gentleman actually did—and goes fossicking around holding a little piece of copper wire in his hands looking for his divine manifestations, smacked to me more of the asylum than the laboratory. There may have been some good purpose in his queer performances, but I do not know yet what it is. I do know, however, that he did not find water, though he said he had found it.

He found the spot on which the well should be dug. Water, he said, with aggressive precision, would be found at a depth of thirty-seven feet. How he knew it would be found at thirty-seven, and not at, say, thirty-six or thirty-eight, was his own business. He told us so when we asked him.

However, it was not obtainable at thirty-seven. It was not obtainable at forty-seven, and I doubt whether it would be obtainable at a hundred, or a thousand; and seven. "Brad" and Dick, two muscular well-sinking experts hired for the job, went away leaving us with no water, a yawning hole in the ground forty-seven feet deep and a hole in our pockets seventy-five pounds deep. Seventy-five pounds is a lot of money to pay for a hole in the ground.

In contrast, when we get the rains in the wet summer season, we have usually far too much water. I have known four inches of rain to fall in three-quarters of an hour, a stupendous downpour which had to be seen to be believed. Deeral, on the coast about a hundred miles away, has had seventy-six inches in less than a week, which is twice the average fall in parts of England for a year!

Too much rain and too little of it. These are the drawbacks to a climate which in other respects throughout the greater part of the year is ideal, a perpetual warmth and genial sunshine. Yet in spite of it, and though I like it, I must confess at times to a wistful longing, a hunger, for the dewy freshness of a real spring morning, with trees and hedges burgeoning; even for stark winter with its rains and sleets and fogs, with gaunt trees bare of foliage and snell winds whistling through them. There is here no burgeoning spring, no russet autumn, no biting winter, only languorous monotonous summer. It is so long ago I sat before a fire that I have almost forgotten what it feels like. I have not even seen a fireplace. In Mareeba there is, I believe, only one house which holds such a luxury. And it is never used, for there is no need to use it.

The effects of such isolation and climatic geniality is that most of the settlers go about in such various stages of undress that they are not far removed from actual nudity, and the effects of such nudity are that arms to the shoulders, legs to the thighs, and often bodies to the waists, are so deeply browned that in some lights they look black. It may be (I don't know) that prolonged exposure of the bare body to the strong rays of a tropic sun may induce what I have heard spoken of as "sun cancer," especially in the fair-haired, the pigment of whose skins is always less resistant than that of the dark-haired, but I have, so far, known no cases of resultant ill-effects. Indeed, I would say that after proper, gradual acclimatisation such exposure is more beneficial than harmful, although in saying that I am careful to make the qualification that I am speaking only of this part of the world. I know from experience of them that there are other places in the tropics in which such exposure would be positively suicidal.

Most people, I suppose, certainly most city

Britannia & Eve for September, 1936

people, would be shy of life in such a place. They would be inclined to account it not life at all, but a living death. To them loneliness is a matter of people—or perhaps I should say lack of people—and not what it really is, a condition of the mind. They account life real life only in a crowd. They would go mad, maybe, if compelled to live week after week, year after year, amid an arid wilderness of trees, meeting only occasionally one or other of their few neighbours, having practically no social intercourse, no dinner parties, no pictures, no theatres, no games, no holidays, no fine clothes to wear (or, having them, nowhere to go to wear them), no library conveniently round the corner, no daily newspapers by their breakfast plates . . .

Nevertheless, it is a good thing for a man whose life is lived amid the crowds of cities to get away from them sometimes. It is good for him that he should sometimes forsake the comforts and security of his known places to go adventuring, to stimulate atrophying muscles by hard physical work, to adjust his sense of values and take stock of himself (which he cannot do with other folk constantly nudging his elbow), to restore his jaded palate by eating only simple foods when he has truly earned them, to let the fresh winds blow the foetid airs of crowded places from his mental as well as his physical lungs.

A naked-foot at a dinner table may seem to him now to have something positively indecent about it, a bronzed naked body sitting next him revolting, or a long, lean, bare, brown arm stretched across the width of the table to reach the butter bowl the height (or depth) of boorishness. I assure him he would get used to it. Not only that, but he would get to like it. I even venture to suggest that when he went home again after such experience, back to his world of taboos and time-tables, he would think back wistfully to the days when he sat down to meals in shorts and nothing else; when he ate from large enamel plates and drank oceans of tea from enamel pint mugs; when wood ash gave a piquant, if unintended, flavour to the stew; when a steak grilled on hot wood "coals" tasted as good as, if not better than, a steak cooked any other way; when the "slop basin" was the wide world outside behind his back; when the "chair" he sat on was an upturned kerosene box, and there may possibly have dropped down the back of his neck some cold brine from the slabs of corned meat impaled for keeping on rusty nails at the top of the veranda posts.

He would curse the constriction of collars and marvel at the absurdity of ties; he would feel uncomfortable, self-conscious, perhaps even a little foolish, in the sober respectability of his black bowler hat; his cramped feet in airless socks and shoes would long for cool freedom and the easy play of toes . . .

That is, if he went back. He might not want to go.

For who after years in nothing but shorts and a "jacky how" (which is our familiar name for a sleeveless singlet, though I am not sure that that is the right way to spell it) would care to go back to vests, shirts, waistcoats, pull-overs, coats, collars, ties, long trousers, underpants, socks, shoes, suspenders, cravats, gloves, umbrellas and all the other appurtenances of a civilised life?

Who after years of sleep in the open, or on a veranda, with the night wind tousling his hair (if he still has it), without once having suffered the claustrophobic confinement of a bedroom, would care to go back to the closed door and the window "three inches open at the top"? Who wants to shave every morning, wait turns for a sloppy bathroom, and spend an hour or more every day dressing and undressing, when he may shave only if he feels like shaving, can dress in the morning in ten seconds by getting out of pyjama-trousers into shorts, and undress at nights in even less time by reversing that simple process; can perform his ablutions by racing round barefoot to the tank-stand with a toothbrush and afterwards standing beneath a bucket-shower and pulling a string?

Does a life like that appeal to you?

END



By
Appointment



OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

East Wind in Morocco

(Continued from page 17)

with a flash of his perfect teeth, that there was one very good reason for the journey.

"And what is that?"

Sylvain spoke quite seriously. "On the boat across the straits there is a little gambling machine. One plays with fifty centime pieces, and certain combinations bring one as much as five francs in return. Think of it! One and threepence for three halfpence. The prospect surely dazzles you!"

With equal gravity Berenice said, "The possibility of winning such a sum tempts me almost beyond endurance."

"Of course, one sometimes loses. The tragic possibility has to be faced."

"Your logic makes the journey seem inevitable."

After dinner they strolled in the gardens below the hotel. Sylvain, here, was as eloquent as he had been silent in London. He told amusing stories, and supplied vivid items of potted Spanish history. His behaviour was irreproachable. Berenice could almost have felt piqued at his impersonality. But, as they bade each other good night, he atoned with a remark that proved him not quite indifferent to her charms.

"In London, in that strained artificial atmosphere, you managed to be more beautiful than any woman I had ever seen. Here—"

She waited, understanding quite well that he was pausing merely for effect.

"Here," he said, "you are so much more lovely that in my knowledge of English there is no phrase to describe you."

"But you speak English perfectly."

"I know I do," he admitted quietly.

IN her room a huge bowl by the window was full of delphiniums. A note on the table beside them ran:

"I was going to send roses, but red, white, yellow and pink are all colours that ask questions. Blue is affirmative. Please come to Morocco. Remember that you risk only fifty centimes—in the gambling machine.—S. S."

Hastily she scribbled a note in reply: "Blue seems to be the right colour."

THE villa was white and square, like a giant lump of sugar dropped carelessly on the side of a sandhill facing the sea. To the east lay hundreds of miles of those sandhills, stretching right away to the Sahara. A wide veranda, closed in by glass over which the shutters were lowered most of the time, ran round the ground floor of the house.

Berenice could not understand why such a pleasant sitting-out space should be enclosed—till she had been some hours at Grimaud. Then she knew. For a sandy wind blew incessantly from the east, whipping a continuous stream of dust along the *plage*.

So Berenice and Sylvain lounged in the glass-walled veranda, talking idly, sipping occasional drinks. "If only we could go out and bathe or walk," lamented Berenice.

"Not while the east wind blows. But soon it will drop."

The wind did not drop. They stayed indoors. The Spanish housekeeper, Lina Maguiro, arranged their meals, but they saw little of her, and Berenice was glad of it, for from the first moment she distrusted that dark, handsome woman, who had about her the air of a veritable *femme fatale*. Lina was, perhaps, thirty. She had black hair, done in a great coil on the nape of her neck, and a warm complexion that she powdered to an even deeper shade. Her mouth was large, thick, shapely but coarse, and painted a deep crimson.

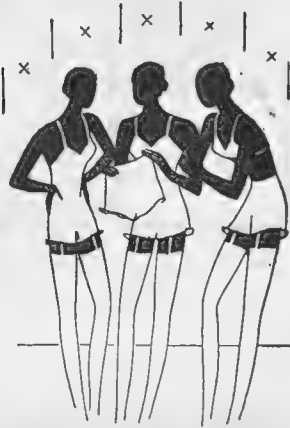
One rarely saw Lina smile. She was a brooding, silent creature. Sometimes Berenice wondered what she was doing here, what her relations might be with Sylvain.

On the third afternoon in Grimaud, Berenice said, "Let's go out. I shall go mad if we sit here any longer. I don't care if the whole of the Sahara blows over us."

Sylvain said, "I will show you my bathing pavilion," and they battled their way through



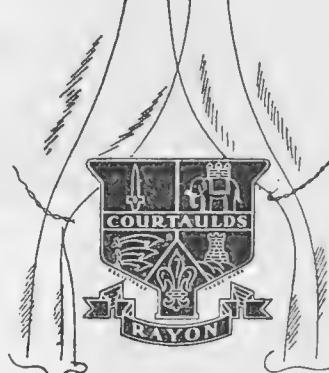
When work is done and pleasure calls
To theatres, dances, concert halls,
Remember that the right man falls
for **RAYON**



Underwear in all its phases,
Chic and sheer it quite amazes,
Hear this trio sing its praises
Hoo **RAYON!**



These two young people have a flair
For what is "right" in sporting wear.
They find there's nothing to compare
with **RAYON**



Discerning shoppers always aim
To see this Shield—that's how it came
To represent the greatest name
in **RAYON**

Rayon is what you used to call artificial silk. Its name was changed because it isn't silk and it isn't artificial. It is a beautiful thread . . . a miracle of science, a manufacturing marvel. Rayon has set a new standard of quality in luxury wear, and an altogether new standard of value. Look for the Courtaulds Shield, the sign of quality—the assurance of quality, on anything you buy made of rayon.

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON

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36.C.68

the dust storm to the gay red and yellow building on the beach.

They were not talking; the wind made that too difficult, and their feet were silent in the sand. They came to the pavilion, and looked in a window. Berenice, embarrassed, drew back at once. Sylvain laughed. For inside was Lina, sitting on the knee of a man who, though he wore European clothing, was dark-skinned enough to be a Moor.

Sylvain said, "Well, that's Lina! But she's none the less an excellent housekeeper."

"You let her carry on as she likes?"

"What harm does it do to me?" asked Sylvain, in his lazy, indifferent way. "I'm not concerned with her emotions any longer."

"That means—you once were?"

Sylvain laughed unpleasantly. "She has her points."

Berenice shivered. Suddenly she was filled with a real hatred of Grimaud. She thought Sylvain's last remark in extremely bad taste; altogether he was getting on her nerves. Stung to frankness, she exclaimed, "I don't like this place. The sun suggests warmth, but one is shivering. And this awful everlasting wind."

"Let's get back to the villa."

"To sit like goldfishes in a bowl." Berenice decided that she would leave on the next day; she had had enough of this adventure.

They struggled back up the slope, their feet sinking in the sand at every step.

Back in the villa, Berenice asked, "Do you ever *do* anything here? Do you always just sit and drink sherry and stare at your mosaic ceiling?" She flung open a window, the sensation of being shut in was oppressing her. Lina and her admirer were returning, with their arms round each other's necks. The association with a coloured man seemed so to degrade Lina that it was almost in malice that Berenice seized her camera and took a photograph of the loving pair.

Sylvain rose lazily, closed the window without asking if he might, and slid his fingers down Berenice's bare arm. "Where there are two," he murmured, "there is always something amusing to do."

Berenice swung sharply to face him. Up to now he had behaved with complete propriety; she had felt quite secure. This visit was unconventional; now it seemed that she had flattered her host by imagining that he would not take advantage of it.

She jerked away her arm. His retort was to seize her roughly in a strong embrace.

Struggling wildly, she managed to evade his hold. She dashed upstairs in a frenzy, and bolted her door. In a moment Sylvain was hammering upon it. She ignored his shouting, but presently was dismayed to hear the sharp clicking of a key. Sylvain had locked the door on the outside.

That settled it. She had been quite crazy to come on this journey—in search of peace. Her motive mocked her now, for the hectic round in London had at least been fenced by security. She realised, angrily, with what cunning Sylvain had brought her here, by persuading her first to the visit to Spain, and then suggesting the further journey to Grimaud in so flippant a manner as to disarm her.

She flopped on the edge of her bed, wondering what she could do. Perhaps Lina would come, and be helpful. Sylvain could not keep her a prisoner; it would be too dangerous a procedure for himself. But perhaps, in view of her own indiscretion, he was counting on her not daring to invoke retribution.

CHARLES FORDYCE was not prone to precipitate actions. One business acquaintance had said of him, "It's not enough to show him four sides of a square: he makes an octagon of it and inspects it from every angle."

But when he received the telegram from Berenice announcing that she was going to stay with Sylvain Sidonio in Grimaud, concluding with the would-be comforting phrase, "No need to worry conventional housekeeper will chaperone," he did not hesitate.

It was not that he doubted his wife. He knew her to be frank, (Continued on page 104)

Jeune Fille turns into lovely lady in three days



MILDRED,
LADY ORANMORE
AND BROWNE



AT SIXTEEN she was a slim fair girl who escaped from house and town whenever she could—to ride her pony up hill and down dale.

"But one day a white satin gown arrived for my first hunt ball," says Lady Oranmore. "I tried it on—and heavens! my face didn't match my arms and shoulders at all. Such weather-beaten skin! And the ball so near!"

"It was my governess told me about Pond's Creams. I used them, and in three days my skin became as soft and smooth as if I'd given it a season of care. Ever since, I've used Pond's Creams," Lady Oranmore adds. . . . And you've only to look at her to see how lovely they have kept her complexion!

You can have a skin as lovely as Lady Oranmore's. Pond's Creams are easy to use and this is how they will work to make your skin so beautiful:

Rough skin turned satin-soft at once

Wind and sun are constantly drying your skin. Raw little edges break free! And whether your skin is dry, oily, or normal, it soon looks dull and coarse.

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream contains the substance found in beautiful young skin which makes it soft and smooth. When you use Pond's Vanishing Cream, this substance is absorbed by your skin, making it like velvet.

Also, there is a second substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream. This *nourishes*, makes your skin firm, corrects drooping contours, fills out lines. Spread on Pond's Vanishing Cream *always* before you powder. It will make your powder go on smoothly and hold it for hours, while it keeps your skin soft and fresh. Use this cream at night, to beautify your skin as you sleep.

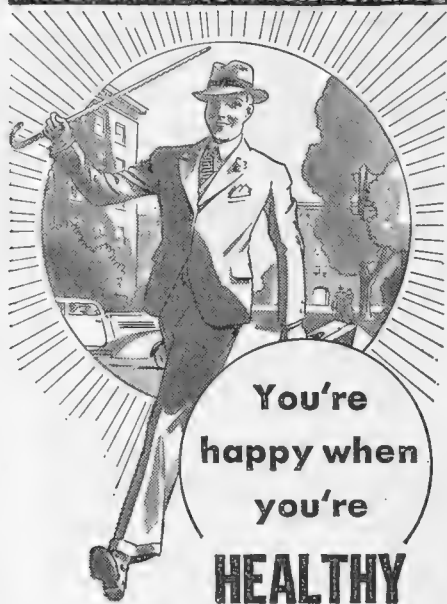
But, first, always cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Use it every night. It clears out the pores and stimulates your *under-skin* so that blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores disappear. Start using **Pond's** Pond's Creams today.

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C1103-2, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Happiness isn't a state of mind—it's a state of health. And how can you expect to be gay and jolly when your system is poisoned by constipation? Get your internal health right and you'll be happy.

Here's what to do. Eat two table-spoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day and you'll soon find that your intestines will act in normal, regular way. In cases of chronic constipation eat it with each meal.

ALL-BRAN contains the "bulk" necessary to exercise the intestines. In addition Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains Vitamin B to tone up the system and iron to enrich the blood.

ALL-BRAN is delicious served with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way
to relieve

CONSTIPATION

7½ D Per Packet

East Wind in Morocco

honest with him even if, on occasions, she was socially ingenious. He remembered and believed her ironic remark, "Truth is one of my few vices." But he knew, too, that her sudden headstrong decisions could land her in difficulties, and now he recalled his own immediate, instinctive dislike of Sidonio.

His reaction was both definite and swift. He motored to Croydon, and less than two hours later was in a plane to Madrid. Thence he travelled by train to Algeiras, and on to Gibraltar, where he took the boat for Tangier.

Up to now his journey had been straightforward. But the Arab chauffeur of the taxi he hired in Tangier seemed to have only the vaguest idea of direction. They drove for hours through a biting, whistling sandstorm, and the driver, every time Charles urged him to better efficiency, merely lit another foul-smelling cigarette.

When they were within sight of the villa the driver, with consistent incompetence, found something wrong with the car. Charles got out while the Arab smoked and hummed and tinkered with the engine.

SYLVAIN, baulked of his attempt to get into Berenice's room, returned to the veranda, to find Lina holding Berenice's camera. He hardly heard Lina's remark that she had always wanted a camera of her own, and rapped irritably, "All right, you can have that one."

He went to one of the arched windows, and started in dismay. Some distance away, standing by a stationary car, was the figure of a man, obviously an Englishman. Inspection through field glasses revealed who it was. Sylvain turned agitatedly to Lina. "Listen, Lina, you have always done what I have asked you, haven't you?"

Faintly scornful, she said "Always." Her significant laugh annoyed him; he had tired of her attractions long ago. "Mrs. Fordyce is in her room. Locked in. She must not get out."

"So! You resort to force in these days." Lina was more contemptuous than disapproving.

"There's a car over there. It's Mrs. Fordyce's husband. He'll be looking for his wife. He mustn't see her—or me. When you open the door, say that Mrs. Fordyce left for London an hour ago. Say I'm—oh, anywhere. I'm out, you don't know where."

"And what," asked Lina, ever practical, "do I get out of all this?"

Sylvain unlocked a desk. "Here. A thousand pesetas."

Lina took the money. "It is not much," she grumbled. "Look, the traveller is back in the car, it is moving." She turned again to Sylvain, to say angrily, "I cannot endure that Englishwoman. Let her husband take her. I shall be glad."

"But you don't understand. If he finds her now there'll be murder. Listen, Lina, another thousand pesetas—"

"Ten thousand, and I will do anything you ask."

"I haven't such a sum in the place." She handed him a pen. "A cheque, then."

"Ten thousand. That's a hell of a lot."

"I need it. I'm leaving you, Sylvain Sidonio. I'm sick of this place of intrigue, of your affairs. I'm through with you. Ten thousand will give me a chance to escape."

The car was now but a hundred yards from the villa. Sylvain said desperately, "If you let Fordyce find his wife, I'll tell the bank to stop payment," and scribbled hastily.

Lina took the still wet form, and cried as Sylvain darted into an inner room, "Don't worry. I will arrange everything."

THE whistling of the wind muted the noise of the car till it was quite close to the house. Berenice, peering hopefully from her window, saw only the top of its ancient hood. Charles, as he stepped out and ran up the steps, was out of her range of vision. Had she known he was there the situation would have been



"What marmalade can I buy for a change?"



"Golden Shred," of course it's only 6½d. a lb."



Buy 'Golden Shred'.....and see how much better it is.. it's absolutely pure

Add 'Golden Shred' to the shopping list—it costs less but it's liked a lot more than ordinary marmalade. Fresh fruit with pure white sugar and Robertson's famous recipe give 'Golden Shred' its delicious and distinctive flavour.

1 lb. jar 6½d
2 lb. jar 1/-



ROBERTSON'S
'Golden Shred'
Orange Marmalade

Willing.

even more of a waking nightmare, for she could not have made herself heard, and however hard she rattled the door she could not open it.

With a serious face and puzzled eyes Lina confronted Charles. She noted that he was handsome, and though he was dressed in casual travelling tweeds, the details of his appearance suggested that he was rich. Also, it was immediately clear that he spoke Spanish perfectly.

In a flash, Lina concocted a scheme.

No, she said, Mrs. Fordyce was not here. She had left for London the previous evening. Her master, she thought, was in Monte Carlo. She herself was on the point of departure; she was leaving for England. But a difficulty had presented itself. The garage had just telephoned that they had no car available, and she could not imagine how she was to get to Tangier in time for the ship's departure.

Charles hesitated. His cue was obvious, and yet he was still too concerned over Berenice to take it.

Lina, sensing the trend of his thoughts, added, "Mrs. Fordyce was anxious for me to travel with her. But I had affairs that kept me till this morning. Such a charming woman, Mrs. Fordyce, so amiable."

Charles, still scowling slightly, said, "Yes. Yes, of course. I'm returning to Tangier, and there's room in my car, if you care to take it."

"I'll get my things." Half exultant, half nervous, Lina explained, "I am taking only one suit-case. Perhaps you will wait in the car while I get it?"

BERENICE had estimated Lina rightly in imagining her to be clever and dangerous. Lina knew her own assets, that she was beautiful, attractive to most men; she was cunning, and during the uncomfortable car drive was wise enough to talk little.

By the time they arrived at the hotel in the steep, winding main street of Tangier her very quietness had become interesting to Charles. He wondered what this exotic southerner was doing, travelling to London, a town she admitted she did not know, with a single piece of luggage? He ventured a tentative inquiry.

Immediately her distress seemed apparent. "Wait," pleaded Lina, "till we can talk quietly. Perhaps in the *patio*. Thank heaven one does not feel that terrible east wind in the town."

Presently they were sitting beneath a gaudily striped umbrella in the courtyard that was enclosed by the four inner walls of the hotel.

Charles observed that she was despondent. She seemed, indeed, to be striving to keep back her tears. He waited for her to regain her composure, and was rewarded by a long glance of tender gratitude.

"You are tired," he said gently.

"It's not only that." She gazed at the stone floor.

"Don't tell me, unless you feel you'd like to."

She spoke fiercely. "It isn't that I like to. I *must*."

Now Charles was perturbed. "Well?" he asked.

"I told you that Sylvain Sidonio had gone to Monte Carlo."

"Hadh't he?"

"Yes. But not alone. Mrs. Fordyce went with him."

Charles started visibly, and she continued, "They left because I made unpleasantness, because I could no longer endure their intrigue. Sidonio is always like that, always in the midst of some affair. I implored Mrs. Fordyce not to go with him. She was determined."

"But—but why did you not tell me at the villa? Why did you lie to me?" His tone was angry, suspicious.

Now Lina allowed two tears to run down her cheeks. "Because," she almost sobbed, "I couldn't stay there myself. I am afraid of Sidonio. We had a terrible dispute—all of us. I could not be there on Sidonio's return. So I determined (Continued on page 106)



TINTARA does me good

Because it is a *natural* tonic wine—as naturally beneficial as the fresh sea air. By *natural* I mean that it is not medicated in any way—Nothing added, nothing artificial. It is a full-bodied Australian Burgundy made from grapes grown on ferruginous (ironstone) soil, and we all of us know the value of iron. Take my advice and drink this wonderful tonic daily. You'll very soon notice the difference.

Burgoyne's

TINTARA

FERRUGINOUS

AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

In Bottles 4/- & 2/2. In Flagons 6/- & 3/-.

A Flagon equals a bottle and half a bottle.

3d. deposit on flagons.

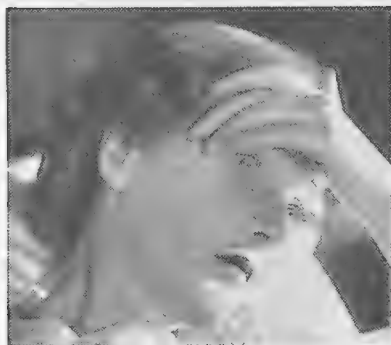
EXCELLENT for Anæmia—Debility—After-effects of 'Flu—Neurasthenia and for all who are convalescent.

A Natural Tonic Wine



WILCOX

Are you one of those who DREAM TOO MUCH ?



THEY are not necessarily nightmares, those recurrent dreams that rob your rest of all real restorative effect. Dreams of any kind indicate that part of your consciousness is doing overtime, doubtless because your nerves are overstrained.

Nourish, strengthen and steady your nerves with PHOSFERINE. You will not only sleep more soundly; you will rise refreshed, fitter in every way. You will enjoy life more thoroughly. PHOSFERINE is a concentrated essence of recognised nerve foods, so prepared that they are taken up by the blood-stream almost instantly. PHOSFERINE invariably takes immediate effect and its benefit is lasting.

Get a bottle at your
Chemist's to-day.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

From Chemists,

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the
1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

WARNING.—The Public is warned against
purchasing worthless imitations.

that I would leave Morocco, and you—you looked so kind I thought you would help me to get to London, where perhaps I can find work."

Charles stared at his shoes. Berenice, too, had lied to him. Her intentions, from the start, could not have been innocent. One could see that this poor woman was distracted, and only too reluctant to tell him of his wife's deceit.

Under his breath he muttered an oath. And then for a full three minutes there was silence. At last he said, "Do you still want to go to London?"

"Yes. Yes, please."

"Very well. We'll go together."

SYLVAIN tiptoed to Berenice's door. All was quiet within. He turned the key with a sharp click. A moment later Berenice had undone the bolt on her side.

She stood in the doorway, fully dressed for travelling. One glance at Sylvain told her that he had lost his assurance, that something had happened to perturb him. She went quickly past him, and to her surprise he made no attempt to stop her.

In the hall she hesitated. Sylvain, from the landing above, asked "You are leaving?"

"Yes." A slight awkward pause preluded her request: "May I have your car to drive into Tangier?"

Sylvain said, quite without expression, "I am not at the moment in the mood to be made use of."

Berenice slammed out of the front door. Immediately the sandy wind slashed her, and after the first twenty yards' walk she felt she could sit down and weep in sheer misery at her plight. The road looked endless, winding away through the hills, but there was nothing for it but to go doggedly on. At the worst, if she had to foot it every step of the way, she would reach the town in four hours.

Afterwards, she was to remember that walk as the most horrible adventure of her whole life. Charles had warned her that Sylvain was a philanderer; she had been foolish enough to rap back that he was interesting and that conventionalities bored her.

And now she was paying for her theories with a hideous bout of unconventionality, plodding along this parched, stony road.

After an hour's walking a dozen Arabs with their inevitable string of donkeys overtook her. She bargained with gestures, and mounted the largest of the animals. But a mile on such an inadequate mount convinced her that she was better on foot. Another hour's walking, and a lorry overtook her. The Arab driver gave her a lift willingly enough when she proffered a handful of small notes.

At last, the town. She leapt from the lorry, called a sleepy taxi driver, and went straight to the British post office in the Petit Socco. She was writing her telegram to Charles, announcing her return, when a voice at her side exclaimed "Surely—Mrs. Fordyce!"

Berenice turned to the man who was writing a wire at the next desk. She was suddenly conscious that she was dusty, dirty, travel-stained. There was young Lionel Attwell, gaping at her. The last time she had seen him was at a party his parents gave when he got his Air Force commission.

"You!" she exclaimed, adding rather banally, "How on earth did you get here?"

"With a Moth one gets anywhere. I brought a friend down yesterday, and am going back in half an hour's time. Three hops to London."

Her mind moved quickly. "You've a vacant seat?"

"Yes."

"I wonder—if you could possibly—" she broke off, fumbling for the handkerchief she had thrown away in disgust an hour ago.

"I mean, could I come with you?"

"Of course. Only too glad. Why, whatever's the matter?"

"Don't take any notice. I've had a tiring day. I mean—"

"I say, I'm frightfully sorry." Lionel, with his British terror of a scene in public, led Berenice out, across the narrow market alley,

East Wind in Morocco

and into a dark corner of the nearest café. "You'd better have some strong coffee," he advised. "And don't tell me why you're so upset, because you might be sorry afterwards."

Berenice smiled through her rather grimy tears. "You're terribly kind. I'll be all right now. It's such a relief, the chance of getting home quickly. You see I've no luggage or anything."

"All the better for the plane," said Lionel heartily.

BERENICE let herself into the flat. It was quiet, and she supposed that Charles had not yet returned from the office. But the butler told her that the master had left three days previously, without saying where he was going.

Berenice felt somewhat perturbed. Sudden departures were not a habit of Charles's. She went into the lounge, studied herself in a mirror, and decided that the first essential was to bath and change. But just as she was about to ring for her maid she heard the front door open and close. And then voices, talking in Spanish. Puzzled, she waited.

The next moment she was so startled that she wondered whether her fatigue were giving rise to hallucinations. In came Charles, and behind him was Lina Maguiro, looking cheerful and triumphant. At the unexpected sight of Berenice Lina stopped short; her eyes darkened with fear.

"Charles! Wherever have you been?"

"To Grimaud," he said quietly.

"I left there yesterday. Spent the night in Paris. The plane needed repairs."

"But—I don't understand."

Berenice swung round at Lina. "What are you doing with my camera?"

Charles had to translate, and Lina said sulkily "Mr. Sidonio gave it to me."

Again Charles was interpreter. Berenice rapped, "That was very kind of him," and seized it angrily.

Lina, feeling herself losing ground, thrust herself between the explanations of the other two. She pleaded with Charles, in her best coercive manner, "You will look after me? You have promised to take care of me, haven't you?"

Berenice, in a voice that was slightly husky, said, "You must ask this woman to go, Charles."

"But hang it all, she's new to London. Oh, what the devil is the answer to all this? Didn't you go to Monte Carlo?"

"Yes, just once, with you. Oh, Charles, I've had a hellish trip. You were right about Sidonio and I was wrong. He's the lowest sort of outsider I've ever met. This woman's his housekeeper, she's been his mistress, and he's sick of her, so I suppose she tried flying at higher game. But how you got to Grimaud—by the way, when were you there?"

"Yesterday. I called at the Grimaud villa at midday. We flew from Madrid."

"I was there yesterday. Whom did you see at the villa?"

Charles swung to Lina. "You," he said. "You told me my wife had left the previous day."

Lina made one last effort. "I can explain. Sylvain was never my lover—"

"I don't give a damn if he was," Charles rapped furiously, thinking how near he had been to falling for the charms of Lina himself.

"Tell her to go, Charles," Berenice insisted. "When I've developed the spool inside that camera I'll show you the sort of man she really likes. It was thoughtful of her to bring the evidence with her. I snapped her with a coloured man, two days ago, in a charmingly affectionate attitude."

Charles moved to the door and held it open. Lina stood stubbornly still for a moment, but she knew that she was beaten. Her right hand gripped tightly on her handbag, on the bag that held Sidonio's cheque and the thousand peseta note. Ah, well, she thought, she must find a Charles without a Berenice, or one (Continued on page 108)

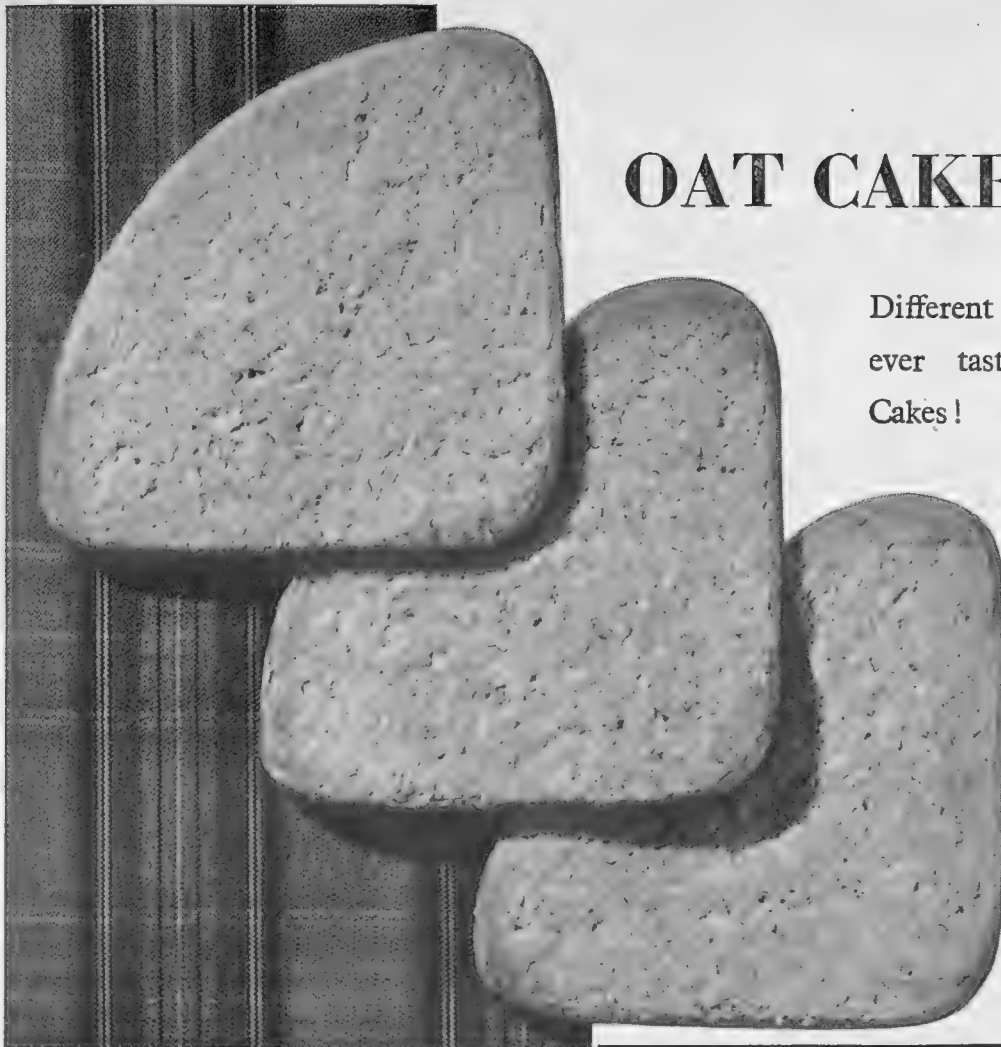
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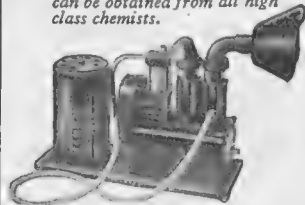
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"GOLDEN EAGLE WEEK"

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LIPSTICK

Tangee lipstick cannot give your lips that painted look — for Tangee isn't paint! In two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6. If you prefer a more vivid colouring, there is Tangee Theatrical—specially suitable for evening use.



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owned by a woman less sure of herself and less beautiful.

Charles saw Lina out and through the hall without a word. At the front door he fumbled in his pocket; one could not turn a woman, even one as wicked as Lina, into the street without any means of subsistence. He pressed an English banknote into her hand. Lina smiled; he thought it was with gratitude, not guessing that she was amused at the unimaginable idiocy of men.

He returned to the lounge, staring still at the front door, and muttered an epithet both forcible and vulgar. Then, hastily, he apologised.

"She deserves it," said Berenice, smiling faintly.

"What a woman! As yellow as— as sand."

"For pity's sake!" cried Berenice. "I don't want to see any sand again as long as I live. That everlasting east wind in Morocco—"

"We're not in Morocco now," comforted Charles.

"Thank heaven for that. But I must explain—"

"Not now. My poor darling, you're utterly worn out." He left the room quickly,

East Wind in Morocco

and returned with a pair of satin mules. "Let me change your shoes. Heaven only knows what you've been doing to those you've got on."

"Walking in them," said Berenice, with a wry smile. "That's very nice of you, Charles." She flopped back on the chesterfield as he knelt before her.

"I noticed those Spanish chaps had some pretty tricks that please their womenfolk."

"For heaven's sake, don't try too many Spanish tricks!" she exclaimed. "If you stay as British as you've always been, that'll be good enough for me. I want to have a bath and a change, and then perhaps you'll let me tell you all about my ghastly trip."

"We'll talk over dinner."

"You haven't got to go out?"

"No. In future I shall be cautious of dining out—it causes such unexpected complications. We'll let business tactics take second place, and enjoy a spot of home life."

Berenice laughed. "You really are rather an old lamb," she said, heedless of all zoological accuracy.

END

Britain's Wartime Larder

(Continued from page 47)

thus by a dispassionate historian in a classroom lecture. The only aspect that will interest these future men will be that which relates to the constructive developments brought about by laboratory research and large-scale experiment in production of synthetic substances.

For although the task of putting Britain into a position to withstand siege is one which staggers the imagination, basically it is as old as war itself. Your supplies may be cut off in a forthcoming war. Right. You must bring sufficient supplies within the walls to prevent the fortress garrison being starved out or reduced through the exhaustion of missiles or the materials to make them. It's a straightforward problem—until you translate it into terms of modern warfare, and an island in Britain's peculiar geographical situation.

In Europe, great national communities are being organised for war. Their eating, manufacturing, and living habits are being drastically interfered with in the interests of programmes of preparedness—preparedness according to new-type war conceptions. A main theme runs through all these programmes. It is that of being self-sustained.

But no other people are in a position so exposed, so vulnerable and so precarious as we are. To appreciate why this is so, when Britain has a matchless navy, a powerful air fleet now being rapidly expanded, a highly trained professional army, and a people noted for their stout fighting qualities in emergencies, and immense manufacturing and money resources, one needs to survey, not the land or the seas, but the skies.

This island, more than any other state in the world, has been rendered vulnerable by the swift march of science and engineering, which have not merely weakened her traditional defences, the great sea moats, but have transformed into weak spots what were formerly keeps and bastions in the natural defence system. The conquest of the air has brought into the technique of warfare a third dimension which did not previously exist.

Every year Britain becomes more dependent on seaborne trade for food and raw materials. Up to and during the first world war that sea-borne trade was vulnerable only on the sea. Now it is menaced from the air. The air threat is far more dangerous than the sea threat ever was—and it was formidable enough.

The backbone of the coalition against Germany was nearly broken because the Germans located its weak spot, and concentrated against it a new weapon, defence against which had not been properly thought

out, organised or perfected. Submarines have now been improved and can be rapidly produced by mass production methods.

But the high-speed bombing airplane is many times more effective than the most modern and far-ranging of submarines. This is not because it can attack a ship more effectively from the air than a submarine can from beneath the surface of the sea. It is because it can reach an even more vulnerable part of Britain's organism than the sea carriers bringing in the essential supplies. It can ignore the ships and concentrate on the ports of entry.

After all, what is it the aggressive power seeks to do? His aim is to break the British power first to resist his assault, and second to strike back and bring him to his knees—as the Central Powers after four years of war were brought to their knees. It is not necessary to destroy fleets and armies to do this. The war histories have already disclosed that the British fleet was nearly immobilised at one time during the war by a near failure of the oil fuel supply, brought across the Atlantic from America. Ships in their thousands may reach Britain's shores, but if they cannot unload, the effect is precisely the same as if they had been sunk without trace on the high seas.

In the last war Britain had a full two years' warning before the submarine warfare reached its maximum. In the next war she will not have two weeks' warning, and perhaps not two days. Hence the policy of preparedness, which is quite new to a Britain which has always been content to muddle through somehow, feeling that its island base anyway is secure, that if it suffers reverses in its wars—always conducted beyond the island coasts, in the sea moats or adjacent continents—it can always pull itself together and make a new and this time successful effort, and that time always plays on Britain's side.

Britain starts late to organise her wartime larder. The Germans have been on the job for three years, and already are almost self-sustaining in food. They can supply one-third of normal motor fuel requirements from their huge oil-from-coal plants, make excellent synthetic rubber and coffee, and are producing annually 30,000,000 lb. of the synthetic cotton called stable fibre (Courtaulds have just built a great plant here to step up by 20,000,000 lb. British production, only 7,500,000 lb. last year, of the cotton substitute). But, then, the Germans have larder lords charged to get specific jobs done. It was not until the spring of 1936 that the Baldwin Cabinet could bring itself to appoint even a food larder lord in the person of

Sir William Beveridge, the famous economist, now chairman of the Cabinet sub-committee whose task it is to make the necessary arrangements for supply and rationing of food in the next war, and not until the second week of July that a munitions larder chief, in the person of Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown, was appointed, not only to organise industry for a quick change-over from a peace to a war basis, but also to accumulate sufficient stores of essential supplies to meet immediate demands of all three fighting services.

A glance over the island picture helps to illuminate the larder problem. We buy about a thousand million pounds' worth of goods and commodities from all the producing countries of the world every year now. The stuff is brought in by the 120,000 ships which enter and leave our ports in the course of a year. Every day these ships dump 50,000 tons of foodstuffs and 150,000 tons of raw materials and fabricated or partly fabricated goods on the docks at our ports.

Using the year 1935 as a yardstick, we want, annually, 110,000 tons of rubber, 340,000 tons of lead, 260,000 tons of copper, 210,000 tons of zinc, 21,000 tons of tin, 900,000 tons of cotton, 1,100,000,000 gallons of petrol, 250,000,000 gallons of lubricants and heavy oil fuel, 400,000 tons of tea, 75,000 tons of cocoa, 15,000 tons of coffee, 150,000 tons of dried fruits, 10,100,000 tons of grain and flour, 1,500,000 tons of sugar.

These are just a few of the larger and bulkier items; and, with the single exception of rubber, of which we are carrying now a year and a half's supply, we are so used to getting the stuff at call, as and when we want it, that we carry only the smallest stocks—8,000 tons of lead, 7,000 tons of zinc, a month's supply of petrol, six weeks' supply of wheat, and so on. Our ownership of the world's most formidable navy, and 20,000,000 tons of shipping—a fleet almost double the size of the American and thrice the size of the German mercantile marines—combine to

make us forget that all this stuff is ferried to us across oceans from India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and other remote places, and that it is being discharged in a never-ending stream at the bottlenecks of our island ports for distribution by road and rail to the centres of manufacturing and local population.

The wheat item is worth a closer look. Thanks to a wheat subsidy, we have stepped up production from an average 47,000,000 bushels in 1929-33 to 65,000,000 bushels, and we have nearly two million acres under wheat. This looks a lot, and I have heard men say with pride that it lessens our dependence upon wheat imports in wartime.

But unluckily we are great eaters of the wheat flour, which, mixed with yeast, salt and water, kneaded to a dough, and baked, makes bread; and we need about 230,000,000 bushels every year; over and above what we grow, even with a subsidy acting as a forcing agent. The average British loaf is a grist of the wheat grown over most of the planet. It consists of about 65 per cent. Empire-grown wheat, and the balance comes from the United States, the Argentine, Russia, the Danube basin, France, Italy, and, in normal times, Germany, which grows a surplus.

Wheat is always flowing to this island in a steady golden stream. We have great granaries, but so fast does wheat go into consumption that there is seldom more than six weeks' supply at any time in the country, and often only a month's. It has been suggested that the whole of the surplus wheat now stored in Canadian silos (there is about a year's supply for Britain) could be bought and transferred to silos here. The suggestion sounds fantastic; but a situation might arise when people would look at one another in astonishment and say: "That proposal, made to the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence in the summer of '36, was obvious common sense. Why on earth wasn't it done?" There is no difficulty about storing wheat if you have the silos. It

can be kept under modern storage conditions for years.

In oats, we have done better. We were importing 900,000 tons a year in 1913. Now we grow over 1,000,000 tons on a million and a half acres, and need only 170,000 tons brought in. As for barley, we have managed to cut needs there over the last two decades from 1,125,000 tons a year to 850,000 tons, although we are growing under 750,000 tons a year on 900,000 acres—in the old days it ranged from 1¼ to 1½ million tons.

But of course we don't use so many horses—under 900,000 horses in the country now. More and more cavalry regiments are being mechanised, and the horse artillery is rapidly becoming the caterpillar artillery. But as needs in horse feed fall, requirements in power machine fuel rise. In the last eight years consumption of the latter has doubled. Last year we brought in 1,200,000,000 gallons of petrol and 250,000,000 gallons of petroleum oil of various sorts—crude, gas, fuel, lubricating.

This has made the war technicians thoughtful, and they have passed their apprehensions on to the political chieftains. There have been several results. Oil concessions have been granted over 7,000 square miles to the Anglo-Persian Oil people, who are busy raising derricks and drilling deep. A great rock reservoir of oil may be pierced, and a mighty uprush of black liquid proclaim the existence of a British oil-field; but at this time of writing the phenomenon is no whit less remote than the developments of Professor Bayly's experiments which would enable us to manufacture emergency supplies of foodstuffs in quantity, and tablet form, from chemicals, water, and synthetic sunlight in factories.

The Government has given the £7,000,000 Billingham enterprise of Imperial Chemical Industries a leg up with a duty concession (the tax which imported petrol has to bear doubles its economic price in this island). They produce liquid fuels by pressure catalytic hydrogenation (Continued on page 110)



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of coals and coal oil at the I.C.I. plant. But the enormous I.C.I. plant produces only 45,000,000 gallons, working all out. This equals about 3.7 per cent. of Britain's total peace-time needs.

It would cost £700,000,000 to erect the plants to output enough oil and petrol from British coal to fill the whole of our national requirements. The sum seems large, but as £1,200,000,000 of capital has been sunk in Britain's railways (a third of that capital is now non-productive), the provision of not much more than half that amount of capital for a synthetic oil business, which seems at least as good a business proposition as a rail transport system, fails to provide the laugh it at first seemed to promise. France, Spain, Japan, and South Africa all now have their synthetic oil factories. None has a commercial basis. All are born out of strategic considerations.

Reverting to the food needs of our population, we have our strong points. Our fishing fleets catch off our coasts more fish than our people care to eat. Last year, the fishermen hauled up a million tons of cod, haddock, hake, herring, plaice, sole, halibut, skate, whiting, and other edible members of the sea population, and sold 50,000 tons of fresh and frozen fish, and 170,000 tons of cured and salted fish, in European markets, as far north as Russia. We can fill our needs in potatoes, of which we grow three million tons on 450,000 acres.

We have almost doubled the fowl population in the last decade, and now have more than 60,000,000 of these useful birds, which lay 4,000,000,000 eggs during the year. We might make these do, although in our contemporary peace-time conditions we have to bring in by ship and rail another 2,000,000,000 to satisfy the demand.

Our dairy herd is expanding owing to the same strategic-considerations factor—translated through the political machine into terms of subsidies and preferences—as operates to stimulate the expansion of the egg-laying, bacon and pork, and beef producing population, and the growth of wheat and sugar-beet crops. We have over 8½ million head of cattle—cows, bulls, heifers, etc.—which provide us with 500,000 tons of butter and 50,000 tons of cheese. But, eating our fill, we still need to bring in as much again of butter, and 135,000 tons of cheese, while our home beef supply falls short by 700,000 tons a year. The pig population has been stepped up to 4,500,000, an increase of a million in four years. We are short of pork, though, by 50,000 tons, and of bacon and ham by 375,000 tons annually.

We have 25,000,000 sheep, and get from their backs a sixth of the raw wool we normally need for our woollen textile mills. But they leave us short of mutton by around 350,000 tons a year.

We have more than a million acres under fruit and vegetable crops, but we have to bring in 1,150,000 tons of raw fruit and

Britain's Wartime Larder

£9,000,000 worth of vegetables. In the last decade our beet crops have been forced up by subsidy from a sugar yield of 75,000 tons to one of 500,000 tons; but this covers under a third of our total needs.

In coal, of course, we are self-sustaining. We sell abroad 50,000,000 of the 220,000,000 tons our 800,000 miners dig out of the pits every year. We can also now supply 90 per cent. of our chemical needs.

We should need large quantities of solvents in war—we use 5,000,000 gallons of turpentine in a peacetime year. But we are operating a new process for producing fully hydrogenated naphthalene, a solvent competitive with turpentine, while various other solvents which we import are now being produced in a big new Merseyside plant where such solvents as acetone and butyl alcohol are manufactured by the fermentation process.

So it goes, one problem overlapping another, and all having to be fitted together before the British leaders, facing the risk of war if Britain does not make herself too strong to tempt attack, can say that they are ready for anything.

Even the problem of the ports must be brought in and dovetailed in its proper place in the picture. It does not need a trained strategical eye to see that Britain is over-dependent on London.

London is the great national storehouse. In a bad year 50,000 ships enter and leave the port; in a good year 60,000. Through this £40,000,000 port gateway—docks spread over 4,203 acres and 45 miles of quays, with warehouses with a storage capacity of a million tons—pass almost half of the stuff we buy abroad. The port is too vulnerable to be counted upon to function in the next war. We should have to rely mainly on the west coast posts. Nor could we rely, as some imagine, on air transport for essential supplies. It would take 2,000 freight-carrying airplanes to carry the amount of wheat a single tramp steamer now conveys in its hold.

Evidently great storage resources will have to be built up, along with the mechanical resources of land, sea and air forces. A year's supply of wheat, oil, meat, timber, tin, copper, rubber, and lead should somehow be assured before Britain can say that her fourth line of defence is properly organised. The cost of providing storage may be high; but once the stuff is safely in the larder, the need for building and maintaining large and elaborate cruisers merely to maintain enormously long communication lines diminishes. The Navy can be freed for its job, which is to blockade and fight, rather than to convoy essential supplies which should be already safely within the British fortress by the time the threat of interrupted supplies takes clear and definite shape.

END.

Books (Continued from page 53)

am not irreverent, and it distresses me to have to confess that the precise nature of the physical and mental discipline which effects the salvation of the central character is not clear to me. As far as doctrine is concerned, I must content myself with saying that the book is a masterly development of a belief expressed by Mr. Huxley not long ago in a preface to the catalogue of an art exhibition—a belief that the means are never justified by the end, but necessarily govern it.

The author's knowledge of philosophy, art, psychology, biology and all the sciences has always been formidable. As I feel my own mind sagging beneath the weight of his learning, I think of his as steel. At present, his ideas flow so easily and copiously that, even in six hundred pages, he can drop only a few hints, it seems, of all he has in mind to say. But what will be the end of him? Silence, one is tempted to answer, a silence profound and remote. "Hamlet," he says

somewhere, "is his own termite, and from a tower has eaten himself down to a heap of sawdust. Honour, Religion, Prejudice, Love—all the conventional props that shore up the ordinary personality have been, in this case, gnawed through." There is much of Hamlet in Mr. Huxley. But just as Hamlet never could suppress the spring of incomparable images welling within him, so Mr. Huxley will continue, though for another reason. It will not be the scientist in him, nor even the philosopher searching for truth, who writes his remaining books—and may they be many! They will be written, I think, as all his books have been written, by the artist who, in his passionate fear for the fate of beauty—so fragile, so tender, so miraculously not yet exterminated in a malignant and beauty-hating world—cannot refrain from crying out. It is this quality which has kept him, amid the sumptuous furniture of his own intellectual life, the most sensitive of living novelists.

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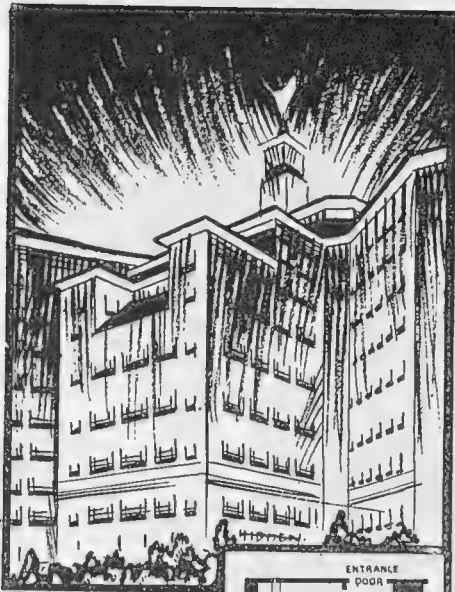
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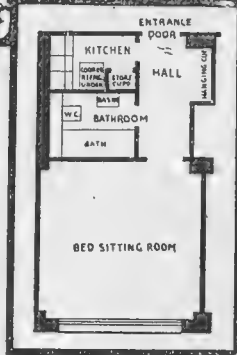
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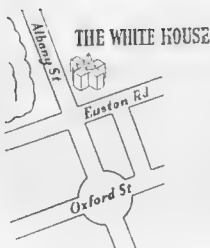
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A FURNISHED dining-room
in a St. John's Court flat

the sunshine (yes, it did shine that day), it had an appearance of vigorous beauty, efficiency and spaciousness, made more cheerful by the flowers which dripped colour from the wider balconies.

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Moving house is not so far from the subject of decoration, and it may be of interest to those who contemplate "fresh fields" to know that at least one well-known decorator has made a very special study of decorative treatment for the modern flat. Maurice Adams' work has that character of modernism which is expressive of all its best traditions, without any of its less pleasing and more eccentric features.

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Floor Treatments

(Continued from page 31)

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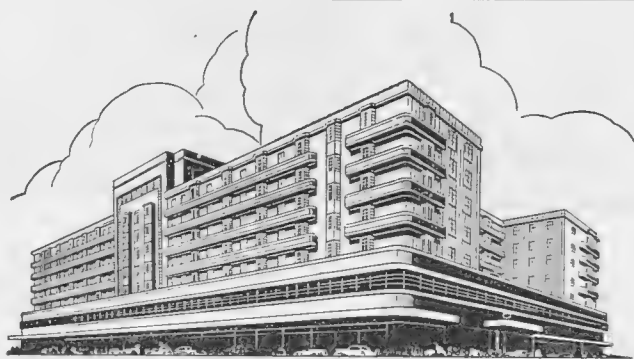
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Balmoral

(Continued from page 8)

not the wit of a Walter Raleigh with Queen Elizabeth, to mend the disaster into a triumph of loyalty, and however Queen Victoria took it she could hardly have said, "We are not amused."

Anyhow, it was by carriage, with outriders and a cavalcading escort, to Balmoral and:

"Hurra! an' shoutin' made a' the words echo,

Till wee robin didna' ken what it might mean,

Or else he'd a-mounted for bonnie Balmoral

An' been there awaitin' tae welcome the Queen."

It was a great day for the whole countryside, and according to the testimony handed down orally, a pleasant day for the Queen and her family. Everybody turned out to greet them as they passed Culbleen and Loch Kinnord, scenes of ancient Scottish history, through the heather and birch-woods of Cambus O'May and by the Pass of Ballater, where the Black Colonel Farquharson rode up a sheer hill-side and escaped from the red-coats.

Beautiful scenery, growing wilder every mile, with Byron's Pannanich on the south side of the River Dee, and his "dark Loch-nagar" in the sky beyond Balmoral. A shower came down the valley, as often happens, only to brighten its face, and the Queen's carriage had to be closed. But quickly the sun smiled again and she had it opened, because she wanted to return the wayside greetings that waited for her.

It was then a small Balmoral, only a modest country house, in the old Scottish style and formerly the property of a Gordon; and the present castle, generally inspired if not actually designed by Prince Albert, was to arise later. So Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, like any other young couple, had the pleasure of creating their new Scottish home. A big place for a little place, and possibly they may have decided on this when, climbing Craig Gowan, the nearest hill, on the afternoon of their arrival, they looked around them. Wildness, but not desolation, calmness and apartness, everywhere the breath of freedom and peace; a land where the world and its turmoils could be forgotten because they were shut out.

By and by, when the Queen published her *Journal of My Life in the Highlands*, local note was made of her comparison of Upper Deeside to the Thüringerwald in Germany, and perhaps this was not wholly liked. Why mix Scotland and Germany?

It was an innocent invitation to the jealousy, native in Highland nature, and to the remembrance of the "wee, wee German lairdie" in the Jacobite ballad. My mother recalled this note of questioning, and, a trifle in itself, it illustrated the mental independence of the Highland folk of whom Queen Victoria was to see so much, and like so well, partly because they had their own character and characteristics.

Men and women of the Aberdeenshire uplands live long, as they live simply, yet there cannot be one alive now who saw Queen Victoria, her husband and the three children they then had, make a first acquaintance with Balmoral. But unchanged are the eternal hills, with their heather blazing red in August, the green fields lying beside the silvery Dee, the spreading woods of fir and larch, the fresh air, laden with wild scents and wonderful vitality, and the vast dome of space overhead, now lit by the sun, now spangled by the clouds. It was all a grandeur linking earth to heaven and always it remains that, for only mankind changes, not heaven and earth.

On Deeside June makes a landscape like an endless green carpet, and the long days hardly know darkness, only a twilight of such witchery that even sleepy-heads would not let it escape them. Often fine weather settles there as if mocking Southerners who, whether they shoot grouse or not, will only salute Scotland on the "Twelfth" of August. Possibly the explosions some of them make,



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and the weird tartan clothes they import and wear, provoke August to a certain unreliability in weather.

At all events September is the month on Deeside to be linked with June for all the qualities of outdoor beauty and life, and as a striking contrast. The mantle of green has turned to a mantle of brown, and in the warm quickness of the sun it gives the impression of a cloth of gold, measureless in spread and exquisite of pattern. No wonder if Queen Victoria eventually came to visit Balmoral twice a year; in the early summer for the "quackin' birk," and in the early autumn for the empurpled heather, and to make her stays as long as she could.

"Settling in" was as interesting to Queen Victoria, as it is to every woman, whether the new home be a palace or a cottage, and it was spread over the years. More territory was bought or leased, to frame the larger turreted and bartisaned castle on its long "haugh," or riverside meadowland. At first it was open to nearly "a' the airts the wind can blaw," but now the trees which were planted make great woods and almost complete seclusion. Only one spot remains where a clear, if far, view can be obtained of the castle in its setting of green and garden.

It is at a turn of a narrow road which begins, a little above Crathie Church, to climb over to the valley of Strathdon.

Queen Victoria was not without a sense of romance, in spite of all her later commentators have said, and an instance of its presence in her can be found on a stone in Ballochbui Forest where she had it put up with the inscription, "The bonniest plaid in Scotland." She had in her mind a tradition that, once upon a time, Ballochbui, haunt of the red-deer and sometime home of the eagle, changed ownership for a tartan plaid.

More, she would have known when her family and courtiers extended to the occupation of Abergeldie Castle, that there is a song, "The Birks of Abergeldie":

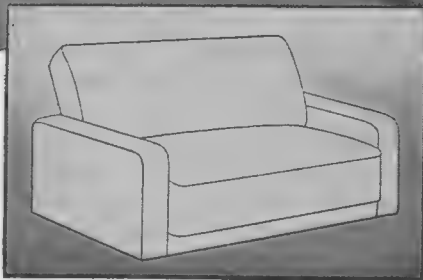
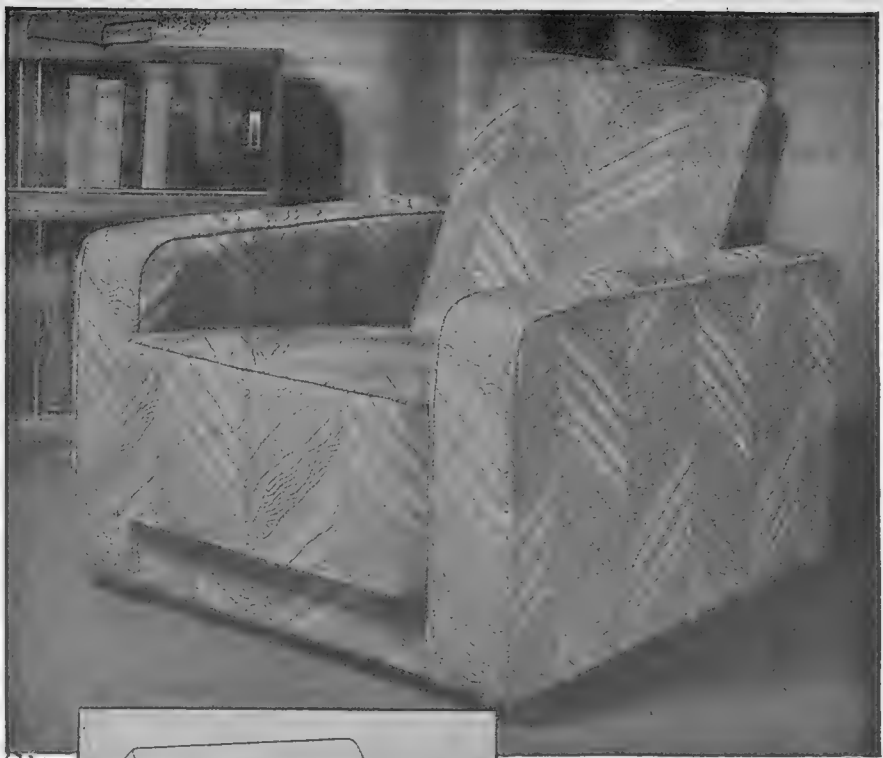
"Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go?
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks o' Abergeldie."

Robert Burns is supposed to have borrowed the tune of it for his more famous "Birks of Abergeldie," and, of course, "birk" is Scots for "birch"; but there are many melodious words that Balmoral has brought to the ears of successive royal generations. Naturally, because, from the beginning, Queen Victoria cultivated a human acquaintance with her retainers recruited from the region, and through them it extended to the "residents" generally; farmers, crofters, cottagers, as well as gamekeepers, ghillies, and others in direct service.

John Brown, whose soul "still goes marching on," up in Deeside, like that of the American John Brown of Harper's Ferry, was the young son of an old Crathie farmer family when Prince Albert picked him out to be the personal outdoor attendant of the Queen. He led her pony when, with the Prince or her youngsters, she went riding among the hills, and his quiet air, his sure attention, and his high intelligence enlarged his usefulness and his influence until, in the goodness of time, he became not only a major-domo to Queen Victoria but almost a national character.

Well do I remember the first occasion that I actually saw Queen Victoria in her carriage and John Brown in the rumble, for when "we were very young" on Deeside he seemed almost as important. She was making an afternoon call somewhere, with Princess Beatrice, her youngest daughter, who was her constant companion wherever she was staying, or wherever she went. The Queen sat low in her four-horsed landau, a short, stout, elderly lady, high-coloured and kindly of face, wearing dark clothes and a black bonnet, ribboned or laced in white. She had fine shoulders as, perhaps with her womanly connivance, various Winterhalter portraits remain to confirm, and they supported her quietly royal air when she leant forward and spoke to John Brown.

He had leapt down from the rumble as the carriage stopped (Continued on page 116)



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and was opening the door of it, Glengarry bonnet in hand; for, needless to say, he was in Highland dress. Deferentially, with bent head, he took her command, then went to a little house occupied by some woman, old or ill, made enquiry as to her well-being and returned with the answer. Meanwhile the much-honoured cottager came hirpling through the door, there to make her best curtsy, which brought a smile and a nod from the Queen.

No doubt a practical token of the Queen's thoughtfulness found its way inside, then or later, but anyhow here was such a scene as remains preserved in that happy and tender Deeside poem by Dewar Willock:

"I'm but an auld body
Living up on Deeside
In a two-roomed bit hoosie,
Wi' a too-fa beside;
Wi' my coo an' my grumpy,
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prooder noo,
Since she noddit to me."

Queen Victoria's great gesture towards Highland things was her early and lasting interest in the Braemar Gathering, and her interest and presence lifted it from a local affair to a fashionable and, indeed, almost a national event. It is only an outward expression of the old Gael and his sports, and how could it be more with the clan system dead and gone these many years? But it is the most engaging memory of what was that we have, and the Stuart blood in the Queen, of which she was proud, responded to it. Certainly the whole outcome was a second modern discovery of Scotland to the world, that of Walter Scott in his novels being the other.

Perhaps it pleased Queen Victoria to drop the purple for a day and be just the Lady of Balmoral, and this let her be the woman. Originally one of the races at the Braemar Gathering was through the rapid River Dee and up a high and steep hill. The Queen realised the strain this put on the competitors, and at her request it was discontinued. She liked to watch Highland dancing and got to know its niceties of step and balance and movement. A Highland reel can be a very gallant spectacle with its flying tartans, its swift-footedness and its collective drum to the bagpipes.

At Braemar, set in a cup of the Grampians, their music calls far echoes, and Queen Victoria would sit for an hour in her carriage watching and listening and making a word of comment now and then to Princess Beatrice. When she grew old she had the Braemar Gathering take place more than once at Balmoral Castle, where she maintained a tartan note in the carpets and other furnishings. Victorian, perhaps, as well as Highland; but in the small, home world of Balmoral, as in the great world outside, she made traditions which have not been quite uprooted, however much they may have changed since her time.

Wife and widow, Queen Victoria was faithful to Balmoral and its simple life for more than half a century, and her spirit as well as her sovereignty dwells among the folk of the countryside. Only recently, up there, I was reminded of how she looked when she worshipped in the little parish church of Crathie, and of a September night when the late Tsar and Tsarina of Russia arrived at Balmoral escorted by the clattering and clanking Scots Greys.

She was waiting at an open window of the castle to receive them, and her bell-like, melodious voice, which King George partly inherited, came through it as she spoke to Princess Beatrice.

If you want to see the ideal Balmoral picture of her, turn to the familiar drawing by Sir William Nicholson showing her walking with her stick and her Scots terrier. The Balmoral atmosphere is in it, because before she took to a bath-chair, she walked in the grounds just so; an aged yet staunch figure, with a wrinkled but resolute face, all betokening the woman in the Sovereign who has given

her name to one of the greatest epochs of British history.

"Mercy, it's the Queen," was the surprised, admiring and almost reverent cry which one often heard as her carriage drove along a Deeside road. Somehow its intimacy echoes as a parting cry between the Balmoral of her long occupancy and the Balmoral since then.

She had become part of the Deeside Highlands by a thousand links, including the tenderest, those of family life. Belief in the luck of white heather was confirmed by the story of how the Emperor Frederick, when a young man visiting Balmoral, came upon a "prig" and offered it to the Queen's eldest daughter, a proposal of marriage. One of Princess Beatrice's children was born at Balmoral Castle, and this family intimacy continues, for when the Duke of Kent became engaged to Princess Marina, it was to Balmoral he took her, there to receive the blessing of King George and Queen Mary.

As Prince and Princess of Wales, King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra had long been familiar with the Scottish Royal home and the neighbouring Abergeldie Castle where their children made holiday with them. It is a pageant of grandmother, father and mother, grandchildren, and then great-grandchildren, represented by King Edward VIII, his brothers and his sister. Surely it is a strong family line into which Balmoral comes, and its members have all continued their loyalties to Deeside, though there could never be a Lady of Balmoral like Queen Victoria.

She had become venerated, almost sanctified, while Queen Alexandra was admired for her graciousness and warmly regarded for her charm and kindness. Nobody could look the Highland laird better than King Edward VII, swinging along in his kilt and his cloak, and always the Balmoral verdict had been that he had a fine figure for the Scottish national dress.

Anecdote about kings and princes, if gossip rather than authority, is at least something of a mirror to them, and King Edward VII is said to have said of Balmoral Castle that it had more draughts under its roof than any place he knew. Another of his comments was that its library was a home of the "great unread," and if the contents included a hundred and fifty volumes of sermons this might be explained. He and Queen Alexandra, when that Balmoral came to them, set about making it more habitable and more comfortable in every way. No small matter either and, indeed, the castle only evolved into one of the most comfortable "big houses" in Scotland, when King George and Queen Mary had their turn in modernising it.

All down the years of King George's reign, she made a rock garden that is the talk and envy of Scottish gardeners, amateur and professional. It is more expansive than Queen Victoria's old rose garden, where the newly-married Tsar Nicolas and his wife sat flirting when the sporting manhood of Balmoral thought he should have been on the hills shooting. Its ornamental iron gates, with "G" on one and "M" on the other, tell of the common interest and pleasure which Queen Mary and King George found in their rock garden.

Their eldest son, King Edward VIII, is sure to carry to it the high interest in gardening which he practices down at Fort Belvedere, near Windsor. His inclination for quiet outdoor things may also, at Balmoral, lead him to his father's regard for forestry and farming, more especially as he is less keen on the gun than the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester.

They were all, like their father, schooled in childhood to Deeside nature and ways, by residence at Abergeldie Castle for a while every year. It was early to bed, early to rise, sunshine and fresh air, a turn at fishing in the Dee, a drive away into some picturesque glen, or tea at Balmoral Castle itself.

Happy is the childhood which has no history, and the memories you will hear on Deeside of the present King, as a small boy, is that he did exactly what any boy does in the country. It is remembered also that he was a "bonnie" (Continued on page 118)

BLOOD-EXHAUSTION

had left him defenceless to germs

The blood is life's vital fluid. It feeds the brain, nourishes the muscles and resists the entry of germs. When blood is exhausted with over-strain, the brain is starved, every action is an effort and disease finds an easy victim. This is why children 'catch things' more easily when they are over-tired. **BLOOD-EXHAUSTION.**

Nature's great blood builder is **GRAPES**. Their rich store of iron increases the red blood cells—the germ fighters. Then, too, half the solid content of grapes is natural blood sugar that becomes instant energy because it

is instantly digested by the youngest child or the weakest invalid.

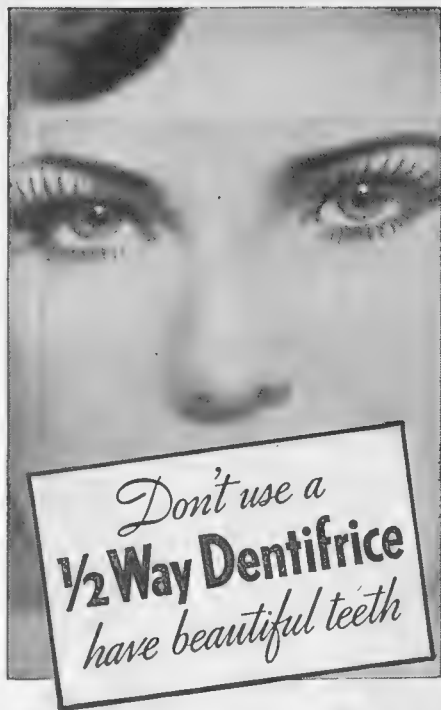
This is why doctors are enthusiastic about Vita. For Vita is fresh grapes just concentrated, that is all—the juice bottled live, natural, unfermented and non-alcoholic. A pound of grapes the Vita way costs little more than a pint of milk. Even a short course revitalises the blood stream and regenerates every bodily function. Taken daily it is Nature's finest preventative of disease. Give your children Vita and give Nature a chance.

VITA

Concentrated Live Natural

GRAPE JUICE

Vita is diluted to natural strength with water or soda-water. One bottle makes 8 to 10 times its own volume. Large size containing the concentrated juice of 17½ lbs. of grapes, 5/3d, small size containing the concentrated juice of 8½ lbs. 2/9d. From all chemists, grocers and stores. Vita Products Limited, 39-45 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.



Don't use a
½ Way Dentifrice
have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhans for the Gums, the dentifrice that does both jobs—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhans is different from all other dentifrices. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you complete protection, makes your whole mouth feel better right away. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhans for the Gums today.

Forhans
for the Gums



BEWARE OF PAIN AFTER EATING

Do you dread your meals? Are you for ever wondering what you can eat with safety and freedom from pain? Are you, in fact, living in fear and agony from stomach trouble?

Scarcely anyone escapes this scourge of modern life. Some are wise and take it in time. Others endure terrible torture—but even they can do the same as the wise ones and find quick relief in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

An amazing volume of evidence proves that Maclean Brand does bring relief. Sufferers from gastric and duodenal ulcers and from acute gastritis have found in it a remedy worth untold gold. Their letters are documents of wonderful joy and thanks.

You can be like them. You can once more enjoy the good food that Nature intends you to enjoy. Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. You have only to take one dose to feel its benefit—and a short course will have lasting effect.

But it must be MACLEAN BRAND with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. None without it is genuine and you dare not risk your health by taking powder of which you know nothing. Maclean Brand is never sold loose. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons, of powder or tablets.

Balmoral

fair-haired laddie, in his kilt and cockit bonnet," and whoever said that, said it well.

Within a single lifetime, not to speak of four reigns, there have been great changes in the historic and beautiful country which is the background of Balmoral. Even the salmon of the River Dee, which waters it from the heart of the Grampians to Aberdeen, have changed their ways for anglers. Whereas they used to make the best fishing in the autumn, now they make it in the spring, and nobody can tell why.

Gaelic in the Aberdeenshire Highlands has pretty nearly disappeared, but the "auld faith" of Catholicism, associated with the Stuarts, still holds its own at places like Braemar and Tomitoul, the highest village in Scotland. Clannishness there is, but clan customs, as they bore on the common life, have been extinct for ages.

When Queen Victoria became the Lady of Balmoral, the Braemar Gathering was a small affair, difficult to reach by the outsider, but it was a real meeting of the clans. Over the Perthshire hills came the Athole men, up from Aboyne the Gordon men, and from Strathdon the Forbes men, walking the distance through the night, and thinking nothing of it. With the Farquharsons and the Duffs, and then the Balmoral Highlanders, they made a brave show as they marched round the ring at Braemar to the skirl of the bagpipes.

This march was the grand feature of the meeting, and it came nearer to an ancient rising of the Highland clans than anything else left in Scotland. Queen Victoria, King Edward VII or King George might, watching it, have fancied themselves the Young Pretender seeing the clans gather in Glenfinnan for the "Forty-Five." But when the Braemar Gathering—omitted this September, in tribute to King George and another patron, Colonel Farquharson—is resumed next year, there may be no clansmen's march, or so it is thought.

"Lochaber No More"! That lament for "flowers o' the forest," in Highland life, that have been "a' wed awa'" sounds sadder in the Highland welkin than ever it did. No doubt everything is better to-day for everybody, more comfort, more health, more recreation, but there is less of the picturesque and the romantic. Even the King can no longer order his day at Balmoral by the coming and going of the King's Messenger. First the telegraph outran him, then the telephone came speaking to London, and lastly the wireless broadcast brings along all the troubled affairs of the world. Our young King can step into his airplane on the heathery lawn of Balmoral Castle and within a few hours step out of it in Windsor Park.

On a September Sunday, motor cars from all distances crowd the Deeside Road, outside the gates of Balmoral Castle, with strangers anxious to see the Royalties attend service at Crathie Church. A glimpse of Princess Elizabeth is particularly desired as she arrives with her Scottish mother, the Duchess of York, and Princess Margaret Rose. Possibly the array of motor cars has less terror for little girls than for grown-ups, but it is all so different from the leisurely, genial days of the one-time Ballater-Braemar Coach. You sat on the box-seat beside the driver, and when the horses were being changed you got down for a stretch of the legs and possibly a "nip" of the brew with which, and golf, Scotland has got the whole world in fee.

No more the fiery cross, setting the heather on fire, no more the long Lochaber axe challenging the "red bluid," though the London papers will always have it so, when they report the "skirl" of the bagpipes from Balmoral. But the great long hills are still azure and brown, in the day and sleeping beauty in the night, when the moon is out and stars dance for the Grampian fairies. A peace of God, high in the Heavens, and greater than man, is ultimate guardian of all the Highland land, and so its soul is kept sweet for King and Commoner.

END



Promenading in the Park..

Perfect for early Autumn days, this delightful little suit is cut with a slickness and dash that only "Tengol" could achieve.

The material is a soft woollen Knit Fabric, flecked with white, and the well-fitting skirt has centre pleats back and front. Restrained originality is introduced on the belted jacket by unusual pockets and cuffs.

Worn over a superbly tailored "Tengol" blouse of Macclesfield silk which has a flattering jabot neckline cunningly stitched to compliment the pockets and cuffs on the suit.

Obtainable in all the newest Autumn shades, from the leading shops and stores.

"Tengol"

Wholesale and Shipping only

F. & Co. Ltd., Chell Street, Longsight, Manchester

and at Morley House, Regent Street, London.



FASHION'S FORMULA FOR AUTUMN

Autumn is always an exciting season. New clothes, new coiffures, new beauty methods add a zest to life for the average woman. And this year fashions promise to be more surprising and exciting than ever. But last season's faves won't do with this season's fashions. You must learn the new beauty formula decreed by Fashion if you value your reputation for chic.

CONCERNING COMPLEXIONS.—All the new and lovely colours in Dame Fashion's palette will compel us to become more complexion-conscious than before. Sunburn is no longer the mode. Pink and white skins are called for, so we must hurry and rid ourselves of those last traces of holiday tan. And the best way to do it is to use an oxygenated wax which absorbs the discoloured outer skin. Mercolized Wax, as this wonderful preparation is called, gently and imperceptibly removes the outer skin with all its blemishes, revealing the fresh, flawless skin now concealed beneath. Try it yourself. The process is perfectly natural and harmless. Apart from the improvement in your complexion no one could possibly be aware of the secret. A brief ten-day treatment suffices in average cases. Then look at yourself in your mirror. You will be delighted with the pink and white loveliness reflected there.

AHEAD OF THE MODE.—Autumn hats follow no set rules—the bizarre styles have one thing in common, they all demand immaculate coiffures. Hair will be worn shorter, but it must be well-cared for if you are to attain the perfection demanded by the new millinery modes. Not every woman can afford to spend much money on constant visits to the hairdresser and home treatments are in great demand. Here is a simple way to keep your hair looking its loveliest. Always shampoo with Stallax. Stallax is a beauty treatment in itself for blonde, brunette, red-head or silver locks. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in hot water suffices for a shampoo, making Stallax quite inexpensive in use. You will find "perms" set better and natural waves and curls take on new beauty—even straight hair can be coaxed to curl after one of these shampoos.

DAINTINESS IN DEMAND.—With every mode feminine daintiness is essential. No carelessness over your underarm toilet—no tolerance of facial growths of superfluous hair is necessary these days. Drastic depilatories are out of date. Modern women use Sipolite, the safe hair eraser, for the removal of these beauty blemishes. Mixed to a smooth paste with cold water, Sipolite is applied lightly to unwanted hair and allowed to dry. When removed, the hairs have vanished, leaving the skin satin-smooth and unblemished. This preparation is so mild in action that it can be recommended with confidence for use on the most sensitive skin.

MODERNISE YOUR MAKE-UP.—Finally—let me give up a new beauty hint. Rouge, you may know, is being fast superseded by a new cosmetic which gives pale cheeks a perfectly natural colour and defies detection. It lasts the day long—and the colour deepens in a warm room or under excitement as your natural colour should. Colliandum is the name of this beauty magic. It is obtainable in powder or compact form.

FREE TO AMBITIOUS WRITERS

Valuable Book on Journalism and Story Writing.—It tells of the Prospects for Spare-time Writers and How to Increase Income by Literary Effort at Home.

The free book issued by the Metropolitan College of Journalism, St. Albans, shows the clear way to success in Journalism and Short Story Writing. It tells how lucrative and pleasurable a pastime is that of spare-time writing and how you may soon begin to earn welcome cash rewards for your contributions.

Send NOW for a FREE Copy of this book, which may prove to be your starting-point for a successful entry into the wide field of Journalism.

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Brit. & Eve.,
Sept. 1936

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM Dept. J2/2,
ST. ALBANS

A Luxurious Alvis Model

(Continued from page 79)

arrangement, one certainly can drive at speed with more than ordinary confidence.

The brakes are most efficient, and a point about them which appeals to me is that they can be firmly applied without giving a violent action. In my view, brakes can easily be too light in operation—but those of the Alvis are just right in this respect.

The coachwork is truly luxurious, the chassis having an 11-foot wheelbase. This enables a 7-seater body to be carried, or, as in the case of the saloon under review, a 5-seater body in which the amount of passenger space is extremely generous.

Similarly there is ample elbow-room and head-room, so that three people at the back do not constitute a "squash." The seating is most comfortably planned and the driving position in particular could hardly be bettered. There is no sense of fatigue, even after a long period at the wheel.

D.W.S. permanent jacks are fitted, and there is a one-shot system of chassis lubrication. Altogether one may say that nothing has been left undone by the designers to provide efficient motoring in combination with a genuine degree of luxury. The price is by no means excessive, with the 6-light saloon listed at £800.

The 4½-Litre Bentley

(Continued from page 77)

in which the shock absorbers are controlled by a small lever on the steering wheel. When this lever is set to "hard," all side-sway is eliminated, and the car will "sit down" with absolute steadiness at the highest speeds.

The steering likewise is highly efficient, and, considering that there is a strong self-centring action, it is remarkably light. For any sort of speed work, this tendency to self-centre is, of course, of the greatest value.

The braking is of a special type. It incorporates a "servo motor," but has also a number of exclusive Bentley features. Certainly it does its work most admirably, and can be used at all times with assurance. The hand brake operates separately in the rear wheel drums.

The coachwork is interesting, in that it is so skilfully planned. The four-door saloon is extremely compact. If it was any more compact, the passengers might find themselves somewhat cramped. As it is, however, there is just comfortably sufficient room for everyone, and space at the extreme rear for a luggage trunk of generous dimensions.

The seating is most luxurious, and the interior equipment includes every accessory of genuine usefulness. First and last, the Bentley is a car for the connoisseur—for the man or woman to whom motoring represents something more than a mere means of progression from one place to another. The saloon model illustrated is listed at £1,510, which is just £50 more than for the equivalent 3½ litre car.

Search for Oil Intensified

IT has now been announced in official circles that the Government have granted to the Anglo-American Oil Company, Limited, marketers of Esso Products, licences to search for petroleum covering nearly 500 square miles in the South of England.

The preliminary survey for petroleum covers a very wide range of field research upon which Anglo-American Oil Company's geologists have been occupied for some months, and none but experts would appreciate the various obscure clues which indicate the possibility of oil being found.

The Anglo-American Oil Company, Limited, the oldest established company distributing petroleum products in the British Isles, have always been in the forefront in every major development in the oil industry. They have spared no expense in the preliminary work, and should the next stage of their operations prove up to expectations, they are prepared to do everything possible to develop to the full the producing and refining of any crude petroleum they may find.



"MIN is marvellous," say all those who use it for their highly polished furniture. You, too, will agree that you have never before used anything that gives such a lovely polish so quickly. You will also be astonished to see how easily it cleans and polishes white enamel paint. Try this wonder worker—it will save you endless trouble.



TINS are only 6^d and 1^d

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

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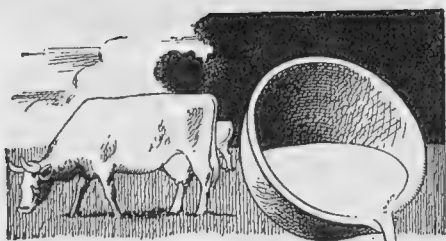


Remove it for ever by Electrolysis in the privacy of your own home

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman and so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete with full instructions, £4 4s. or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ Ltd. (Dept. F.), 189 PITT STREET, GLASGOW



Curd Cheese is NOT Cream Cheese! HORNER'S Cream Cheese is made from pure, rich cream in the heart of Cheshire, and delivered daily to good grocers everywhere. Its delicious flavour, extreme purity and high food value are due to this constant care in making and dispatching.

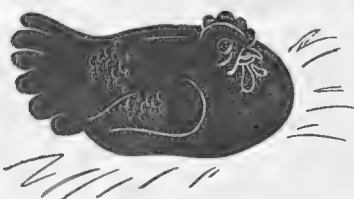
Horner's other delicacies include:
CREAM IN BOTTLES and TINS,
CHESHIRE, CHEDDAR and
GRUYERE CHEESE,
LACTIC CHEESE, LOBSTER SPREAD,
etc., etc.

**HORNER'S
CREAM CHEESE**

WILLIAM HORNER
CREAMERIES, Ltd.,
Ouddington,
nr. Northwich,
CHESHIRE.

**HORNER'S
CHEESE**

**Ever feel like a
BROODY HEN?**



JUST a figure of speech of course—but constipation does rather take the edge off life, doesn't it? And yet nobody need suffer these depressing discomforts when Lixen overcomes them so very easily. Made by Allen & Hanburys, Lixen is completely reliable and effective, yet safe and gentle in action because it contains no harsh or harmful chemicals. It neither gripes nor purges, and is equally good for children or adults. Try it for yourself—it is the laxative that doctors recommend.

OBTAINABLE only from chemists. Liquid, in bottles, 1/9 & 3/-; Lozenges, black-currant flavoured, in tins, 7½d. & 1/-.

**Make LIXEN
your laxative**

and forget what CONSTIPATION is

Canned Fruit and Vegetables

THE recent growth of the canning industry in this country is all the more remarkable when one remembers that its beginning, seriously speaking, coincided with the period of the worst industrial depression ever experienced in this country. Five years ago the canning industry was in its infancy; to-day it is a thriving business, giving wages to many thousands of employees as well as providing an ever-increasing market for many farmers. Vast tracts of country are devoted to the production of fruit and vegetables for the canning factories, and the growers are now reaping the benefit.

Although there are now several British firms engaged in this industry, the most important, from the point of size, sales and production, are Wisbech Produce Cannery, Ltd. They have grown to prosperity under the able chairmanship of Mr. S. W. Smedley, who can almost be called the "Father of British Canning." At one time "canned fruits and vegetables" were solely of American origin; for although peas, potatoes and other standard products have been canned in this country for some time, it is only during the last two or three years that the industry has found it practicable to bring raspberries, plums, blackberries, macedoines and many other products within their scope. Indeed, the Wisbech Produce Cannery themselves now market and can over 18 different varieties. At the Wisbech and Spalding factories alone (other Smedley canneries are situated at Evesham, Ely, and Dundee) Smedley's produce approximately half a million cans of peas a day during the season. Altogether from 12,000 to 15,000 tons of fruit and vegetables are used in the production of between thirty and forty million cans of Smedley produce.

Owing to the astonishing progress in the production of canned produce, it can undoubtedly be claimed to-day that canned foods are hygienically cleaner even than those cooked at home, for the average kitchen does not possess the taint-proof resources of the scientific factories planned by Mr. S. W. Smedley. So much care is taken to ensure absolutely scrupulous cleanliness that there are even manicure parlours in which attention is devoted to the hands of all employees—of whom there are nearly 5,000—whose work brings them in contact with food.

In fact, it is indisputable that Smedley's fruits and vegetables are far fresher than those bought in the market and distributed in the usual way, as from three to five days is the period that elapses under modern urban conditions between the time a vegetable is gathered and the time when it is eaten. Too often "fresh" is quite a misnomer.

It might be truthfully said that the British canning industry, and the great possibilities which it possesses to-day, are identical with the firm of Wisbech Produce Cannery and its progressive and far-seeing head, Mr. S. W. Smedley, whose name on the tin is a guarantee of irreproachable quality and freshness.

ALL golfers will be interested to learn that British Steel Golf Shafts, Ltd., have added Temper "Flex" to their range of golf shafts. The True Temper Limbershaft, which was produced two years ago, has helped many golfers to play a better game and has now many friends, but there are some golfers (especially those who use a fast and strong swing) who find that the "Limbershaft" has just a little too much whip for regular play. For this type of player who wants extra whip, but not as much as the "Limbershaft" gives, they have produced the True Temper "Flex" Shaft. The golfer who plays with a swing of average speed and strength will also find an advantage in using this new shaft, for a club fitted with the "Flex" shaft will have just about the right amount of whip he needs to drive a long ball.

WHEN THE FRENCH PHILOSOPHER

said—"Il faut souffrir pour être belle," he probably knew what he was talking about. In those days of tight lacing and other drastic ways of conforming to the current ideas of beauty, it was necessary to be prepared to sacrifice both comfort and health to be à la mode.

THEN LATER came a flood of chemical preparations intended to reduce weight, some of which relied on methods which, had the truth been known to purchasers, would have been regarded with horror. The surgeries were crowded with women who had ruined their health and instead of becoming slim were just haggard.

AND EVEN TO-DAY many women are the slaves of systems of stringent dieting, resulting in weakness, lassitude, and lack of stamina. If a doctor is consulted in regard to the condition of health, vanity frequently prevents many patients from admitting that they have starved themselves systematically over long periods.

MODERN SCIENCE HAS PROVED that it is possible to be slim and healthy at the same time. In Slendene-Valetta Slimming Tonic we have a preparation guaranteed by the makers to contain no drugs or harmful ingredients whatever. It is prepared from a formula including over forty herbs, and will benefit even the most delicate constitution. It is, indeed, a slimming preparation which acts as a beneficial tonic. Its claims are borne out by the testimony of thousands of women who have attained both slimness and lasting vitality and health.

Slendene-Valetta Slimming Tonic is pleasant to take and easily prepared in much the same way as tea is made.

An interesting brochure of Slendene-Valetta Slimming Tonic has been prepared by Classics Ltd., Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, who will be pleased to post a copy, as well as a sample, free on request.

OVER AND UNDER THE EYES REJUVENATED BY THE HYSTOGEN-DERMA PROCESS



Only one of the many miracles of facial improvement achieved by this scientific and absolutely infallible process . . . the result of 25 years' constant practice and experience. The above photographs are *unretouched* and the second was taken one week after the treatment, which is permanent. Restoration of facial contour: nose remodelling, removal of double chin, nose-to-mouth lines, skin flaws, accident scars, etc., are all equally successful, painless and safe. 10,000 men and women have proved the value of treatment by the world's greatest expert. Consultations free.

Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Write or telephone:

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE

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Britannia & Eve for September, 1936

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...by steamers designed for comfort

Large, airy cabins all with window or porthole, and running water. Spacious promenade decks and public apartments, and all the amenities of luxurious travel and economical rates. Steamers to and from:—

CAPETOWN · PORT ELIZABETH · EAST LONDON · NATAL
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STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

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For Face & Hands

OH! THE LOVELINESS OF THE SUN SOAKING INTO THE SKIN!... BUT OH! THE PAIN OF BLISTERS!

Even the saltiness of sea air can be an irritant to sensitive skins, let alone the sun as well. That is why Larola is such a faithful companion for sea and sunny holidays. Just smooth a little into the face, neck and arms before and after the outing, and neither sun nor wind nor salt sea spray can do other than delightfully tan you.

LAROLA SOAP in boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-, Single Tablets, 8d.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes with Puff. 1/- and 2/6.

LAROLA FACE POWDER, in Pink, White Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6 each.

1/6 & 2/6
a
bottle

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Larola

From all
Chemists and
Stores or Post
Free in U.K.
direct from—

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Write for a free copy of the interesting Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty."

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SEND FOR
THIS FOLDER OF
ACTUAL PATTERNS
OF CASH'S
LINGERIE RIBBONS

Choose the
right kind of
ribbon to
match your
lingerie, from
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Post coupon
below NOW!

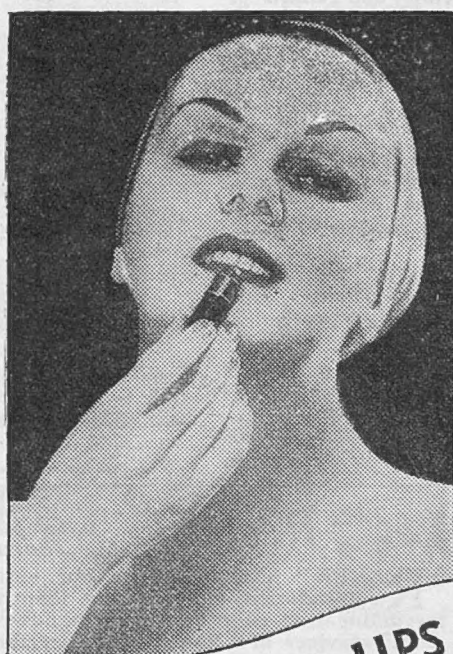
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LINGERIE RIBBONS
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To J. & J. CASH LTD. (Dept. RD.3), COVENTRY

Please send me a FREE copy of Cash's Ribbon Folder containing actual patterns.

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TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH YOUTH

Michel
LIPSTICK

AT
ALL
GOOD
SHOPS

7 APPEALING SHADES: Blonde, Brunette, Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry, The New Modern Tint, Capucine, DE LUXE, 4/6; LARGE, 2/6; POPULAR, 1/6. ASK FOR MICHEL ROUGE AND EYE COSMETIQUE.

● Do you know the beauty Michel gives your lips? How infinitely soft it makes them? How warm and appealing?

One touch of Michel Lipstick lasts all day—through all sorts of engagements and all kinds of weather. Michel is truly indelible. Its creamy base guards against dryness and parching. Its flattering colour gives fresh, young beauty to your mouth. Its perfume is delicate and delightful. Try Michel and see how truly lovely your lips can be. Insist on Michel, the Creator of the Permanent Lipstick which changes colour to suit every complexion.

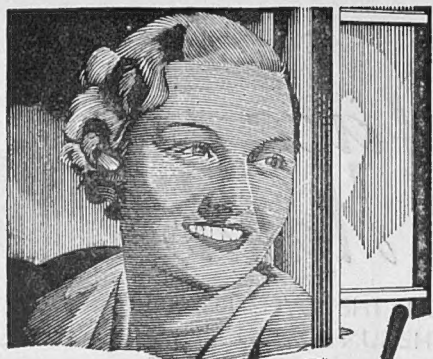
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Calmon & Neate, Ltd., Sole Distributors,
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I enclose 6d. for introductory size Michel Lipstick, in shade.

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TANG!

The healthy TANG of Euthymol Tooth Paste tells you how good it is. Laboratory tests show that in the strength used on the toothbrush Euthymol kills dental decay germs within half-a-minute. Enjoy the cool freshness of this scientific dentifrice and the clean mouth and shining teeth it will give you. Buy Euthymol—dentists have been recommending it for over forty years.

Sold in convenient spring-cap tubes by chemists at 1s. 3d., or send for a 7-day free trial tube to Dept. 33/96, Euthymol, 50 Beak St., London, W.1

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds.

"The only thing that does me good"



For Colds

"Vapex is the only thing that has ever done me good... If I get a cold I at once take a few drops on my hanky and in a few hours I am fit and well again. I tell all my friends about it and they come back and thank me... They say the same as I do; they have tried everything but find Vapex is the very best."

R. L., Hackney, E.9.

Try Vapex for yourself and you will never be without it again. The relief it gives is marvellous. It clears the head and quickly breaks up the most stuffy cold.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.146

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has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on. Only address—

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Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

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All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve," should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

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BETALLER! INCHES PUT YOU MILES AHEAD
Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3 1/2 in.
Thousands of Testimonials from gratified clients (both sexes) since 1907.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
Fee £2 2s. complete. Details 6d. stamp
M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.





"FILLS A GAP
IN BRITISH
JOURNALISM"

Lord Rothermere

I congratulate you on
the first number of
your "news-magazine."

It fills a gap in British
journalism of which
the public was growing increasingly conscious.

We live in momentous times. The number of people in this
country who follow world events with eager, sustained and
intelligent interest is daily growing. "Cavalcade," as a weekly
publication summarising and supplying background to these
events, will help such people to keep their ideas in focus.

Under your charge I am confident that it will never sacrifice
veracity to "smartness," and I trust that your production is
destined to achieve and hold an honourable place in the ranks
of the British Press.

SIXPENCE WEEKLY CAVALCADE

THE BRITISH NEWS-MAGAZINE

If you cannot obtain CAVALCADE from your newsagent or bookstall write for free specimen
copy to "Cavalcade," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, mentioning "Britannia and Eve."

COMPLETE FIGURE CONTROL!

The compress action of our "all-frontal method" creates
a master figure control—perpetuates the slender lines of
youth—defies middle-age dilation of figure—instantly
adjusts itself and back closed.

*Miss M—e, York, writes: "A corset worth buying;
seeing your advertisement has been a perfect find."*

PEACH or WHITE 12/6, 21/- and 31/6.

Sizes 21 to 36, 30 to 36, 2/- extra. Post Free U.K. on receipt
of waist or corset size and P.O. or C.O.D. Foreign Post, 2/-

Surgical model for All Abdominal Weakness, 28/-,
gladly sent on approval for any complaint.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

Should stock corsets not fit, we exchange and make others
with any alterations required, 1/6 extra. List post free.

Pul-front corsets
REDUCING
PATENT NO. 235456

Always order direct from the manufacturers:

The Pul-front Corset Co. (Dept. 31), Newark, Notts.
London Showrooms: 128, Imperial House, 80-86, Regent St., W.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than
prematurely greyed hair, and until
recently few things were more
difficult to combat. The woman
of taste disliked the idea of hair
dyes because they were hard and
artificial in effect, yet there was
no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a

way to bring back the colour and
gloss to faded hair by natural
methods, that not only restores
the colour, but tones up the scalp
and promotes the growth of new
hair—that re-creates naturally
your hair's real colour and beauty
from root to tip, no matter how
long the greyness has existed.

*You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen
years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book*

It will be sent free on request. Write to the Facktative Co.
(Suite 82), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS



DISTINCTION

Woman's ambition to be distinctive
in her dress has outlived the ages.
She seeks adornment that transcends
imitation, the inspiration of creative
art that enhances elegance and person-
ality, original fabrics that diffuse an
atmosphere essentially feminine . . .
To-day, her most exacting require-
ments are met by Burberrys.

The model illustrated is a good quality plain white
satin. Neck design is a hand-made border of
French knots, the jabot centre-piece
adding to the becoming effect.
Flesh shade also stocked. **PRICE 69/6**

Illustration is 44 in. size, but can be made to other requirements.

New issue of Burberry Knitwear folder,
showing season's latest styles, sent
on mention of "Britannia & Eve."

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET
LTD. LONDON, S.W.1



**"Whenever I see
hands in a stocking
I think, 'Ah, Aristoc!'"**

That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-
stocking have come to stand for one and the
same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty,
strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat
of Silk Stockings.'

✱ ✱ ✱ **10/6 TO 3/11**



Regd. Trade Mark

THE ARISTOCRAT
OF SILK STOCKINGS

Manufactured by
Aristoc Ltd., Nottingham, and distributed to the trade only by W. L. Arber Ltd., Western House, 99 Gr. Portland St., London, W.1